

# REAL SPORTS

OCT.-NOV. 1940 10c

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

## COMICS



THE STORY OF  
STANLEY KETCHEL

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines"  
at your next Masquerade Party  
WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

# RUBBER MASKS

IT PULLS ON  
OVER THE  
HEAD LIKE  
A DIVER'S  
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE  
SOME FUN WITH THE  
GANG TONIGHT AT  
THE MASQUERADE

THE MYSTERI-  
OUS CLOWN  
SURE HAS THE  
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE  
AND WHERE  
DID HE GET  
THAT MASK?

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR  
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP  
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best  
grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the  
entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The  
mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe  
. . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-  
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Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness.  
People howl with laughter when you  
put on this life-like mask.

**RUSH COUPON NOW!**

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.  
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 349-M Chicago 31, Illinois  
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.  
 Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

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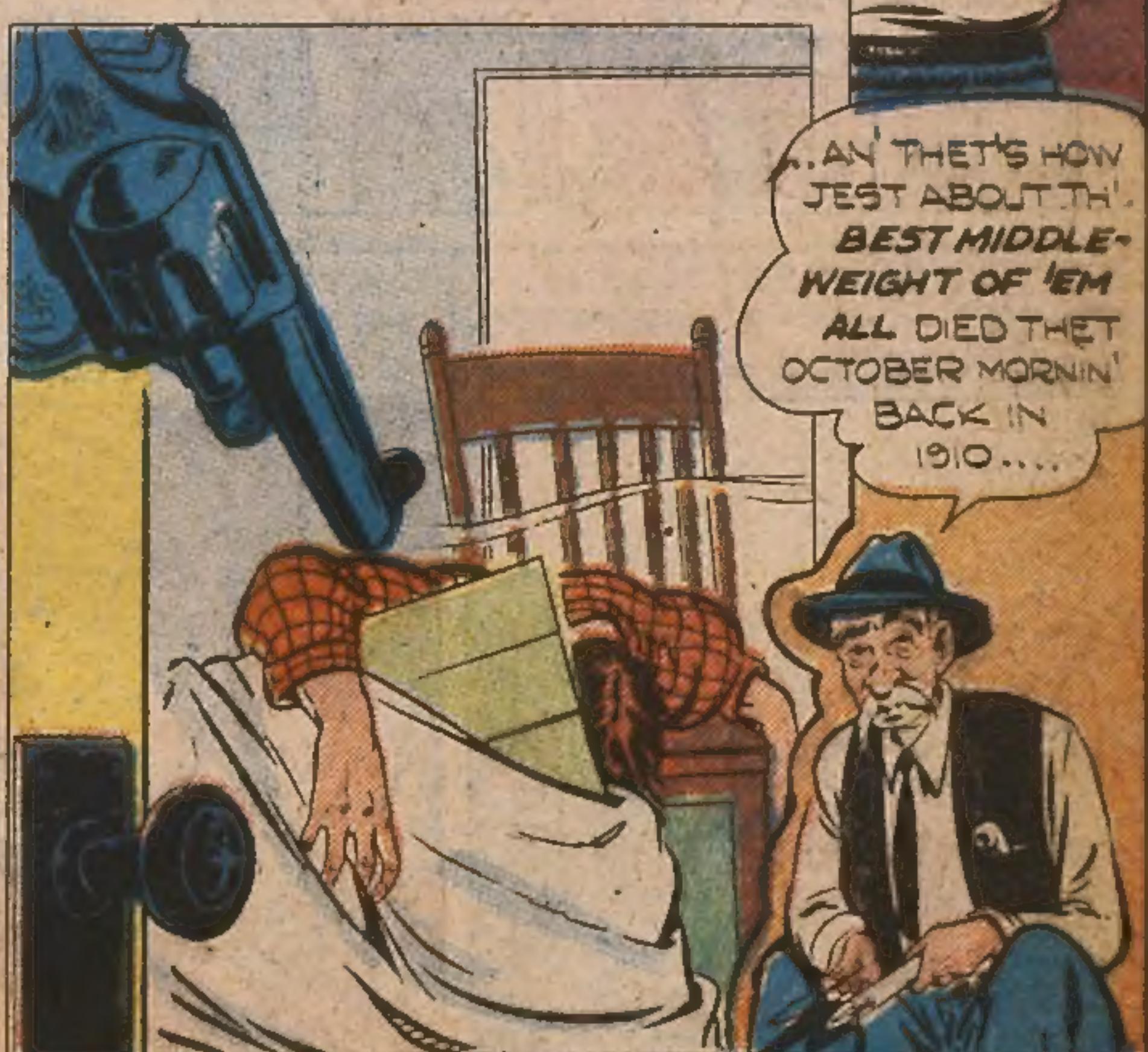
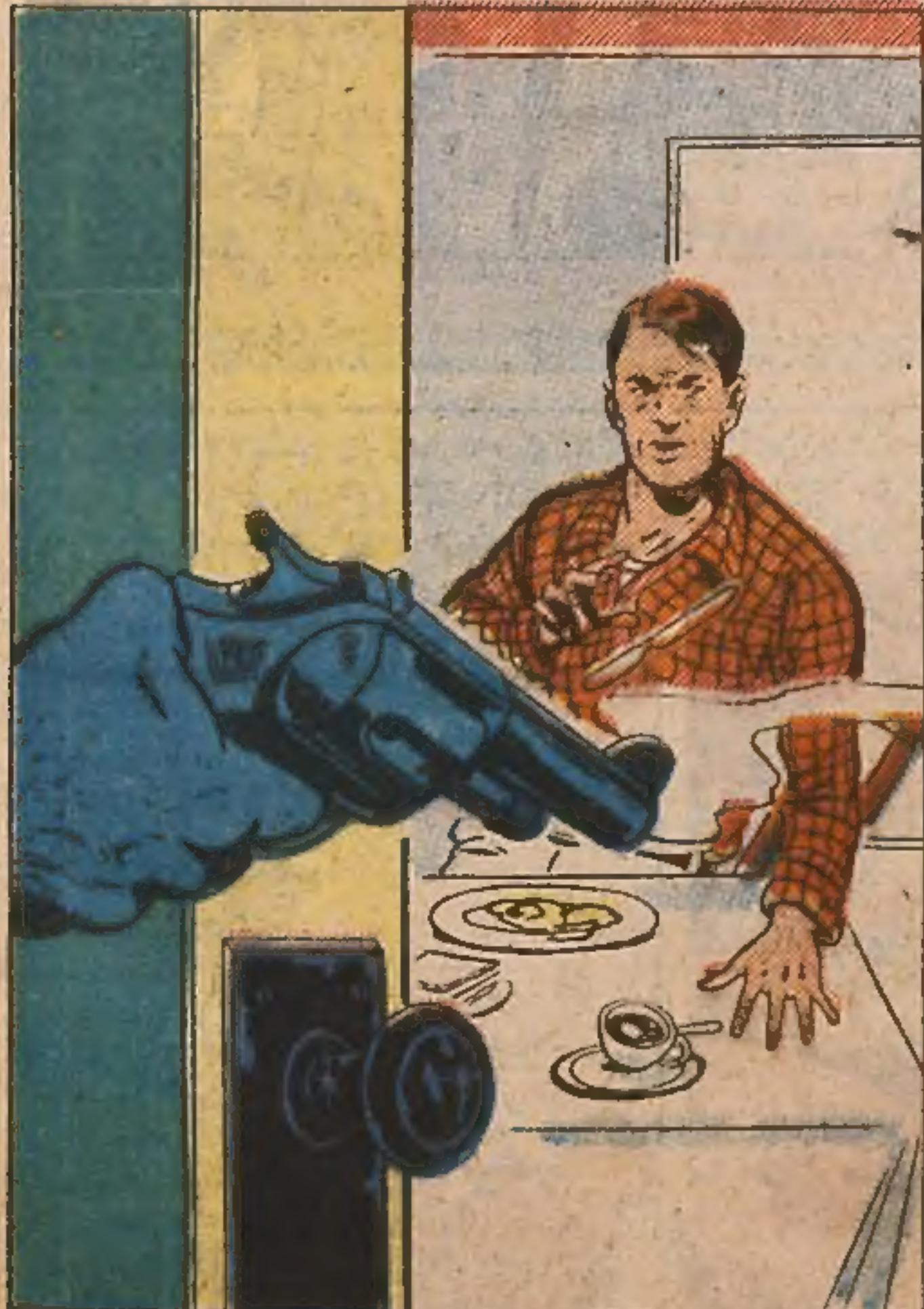
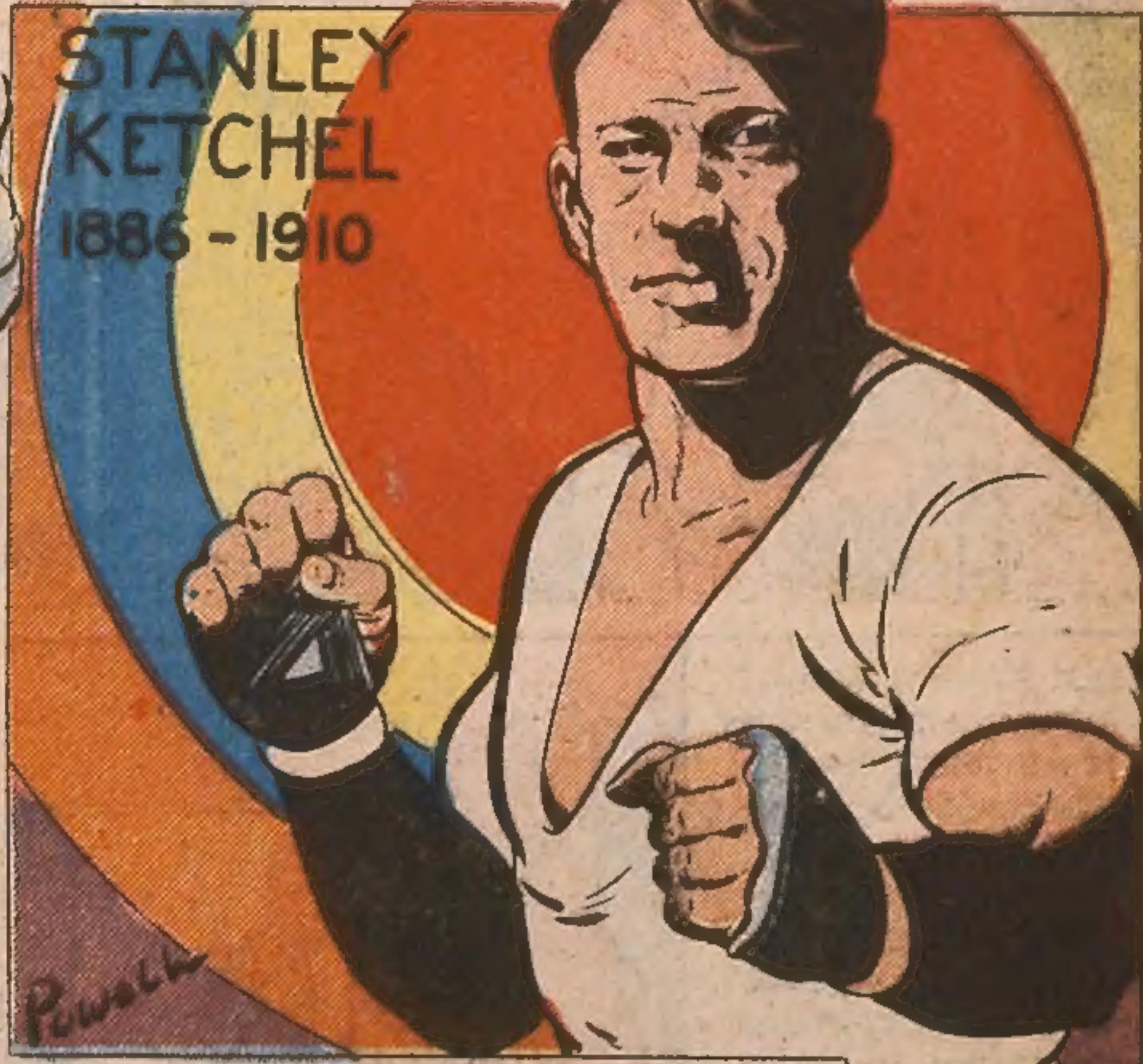
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**RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.**  
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**ORDER NOW FOR HALLOWE'EN**

# THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN

A  
REAL  
STORY

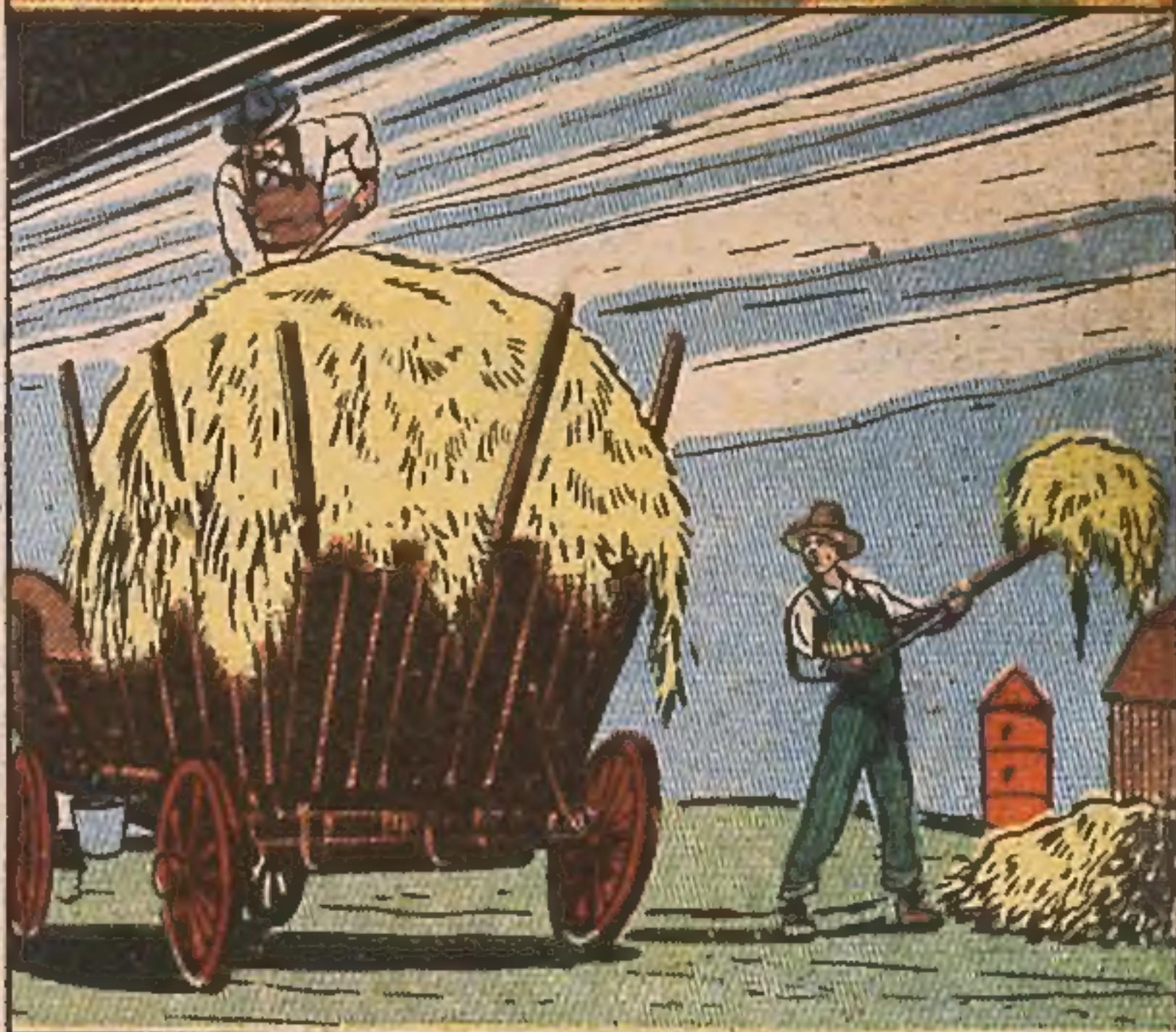


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MEBBE YOU YOUNG 'UNS NEVER HEARD OF STANLEY KETCHEL, BUT ME, I'M AN OL' TIMER 'N' I REMEMBER 'IM.... 'N' SO DO LOTS OF OTHER FOLKS.... 'CAUSE IN TH' TWENTY-FOUR YEARS HE LIVED HE BECAME A LEGEND OF FIGHTIN' FEROCITY.... ONE OF THE ALL-TIME CHAMPS.... C'MON, SET A SPELL... LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT 'IM...



'KETCH' WAS BORN STANLEY KIECAL OF POLISH FARMER STOCK 'N' FER ATIME WORKED ON HIS DADDY'S MICHIGAN FARM NEAR CEDAR RAPIDS...



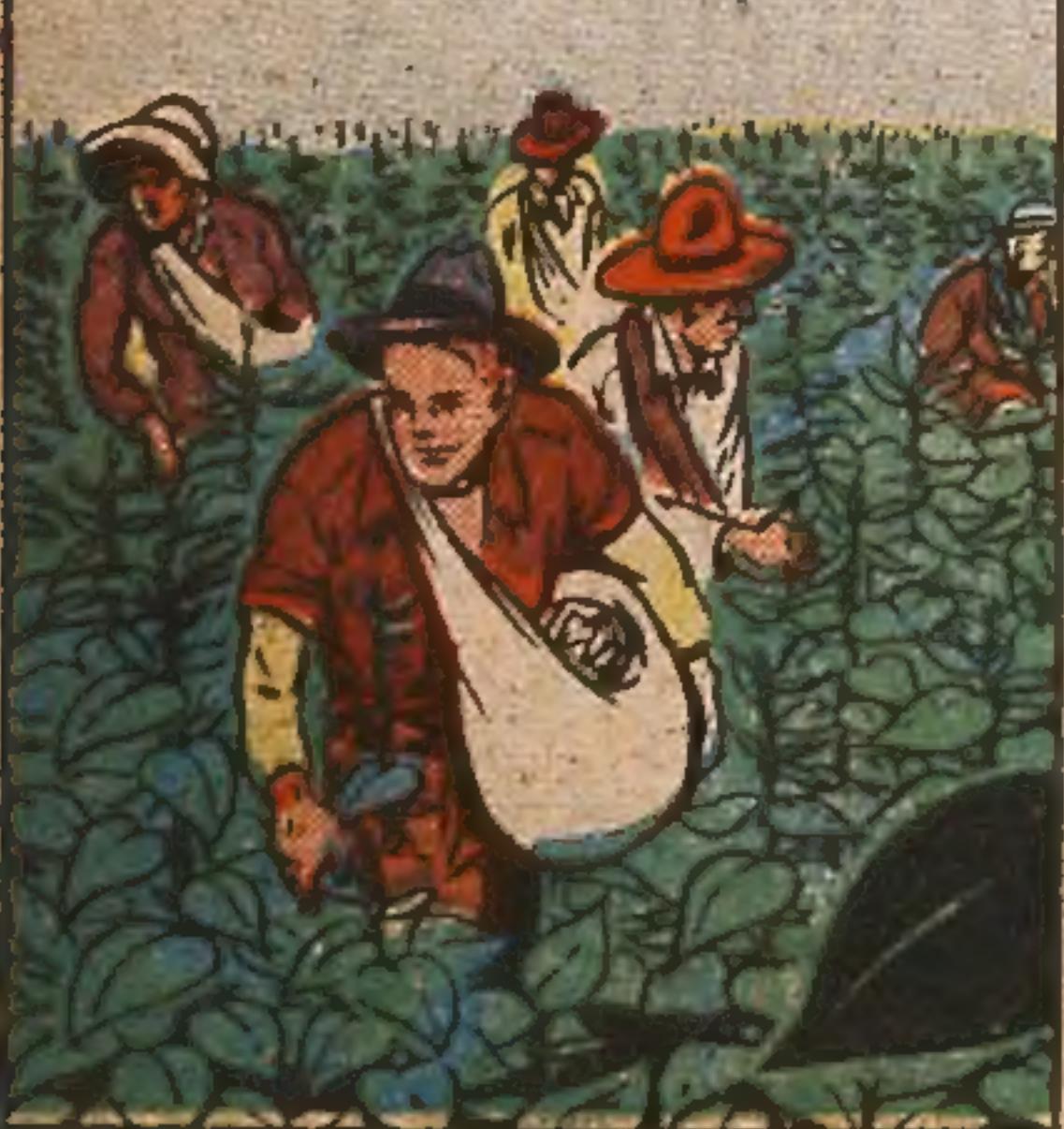
BUT FARMIN' WASN'T FER YOUNG STANLEY 'N' NEITHER WAS SCHOOLIN' SO 'ROUND ABOUT TH' FIFTH GRADE HE QUIT 'EM BOTH 'N' WENT TO WORK IN A CEDAR RAPIDS FURNITURE FACTORY AT FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK...



BUT THAT DIDN'T SET TOO WELL EITHER 'N' WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN THE WANDER BUG BIT 'IM AND HE

STARTED TO WORK HIS WAY 'CROSS THE COUNTRY TO TH' WEST COAST HOLDIN' IN TURN SUCH JOBS AS

FIELD HAND, QUARTZ MINER 'N' CHECKER OF LIVESTOCK... BY THIS TIME HE'D REACHED BUTTE, MONTANA....



THERE, HE GOT 'IMSELF A JOB AS A BELLHOP BUT THINGS WERE SLOW 'N TIPS WERE PRETTY SCARCE....

ANOTHER BUM LISTEN, KID...IF YA NIGHT...I HAVEN'T NEED DOUGH WHY MADE A **BUCK** ALL WEEK!! DON'T YOU DO A LITTLE **BOX FIGHTIN'** LIKE I DO? I COULD GETCHA A MATCH AT CROUSE'S SALOON 'N' YA COULD PICK UP A FEW BUCKS....



I KNOW HE'S KINDA SMALL, MR CROUSE BUT I SEEN JUST GET 'IM FIGHT 'N' HE'S OKAY! ME A PAIR OF GLOVES 'N'

I'LL SHOW YOU! GLOVES? HUH! YOU FIGHT BARE KNUCKLES HERE!

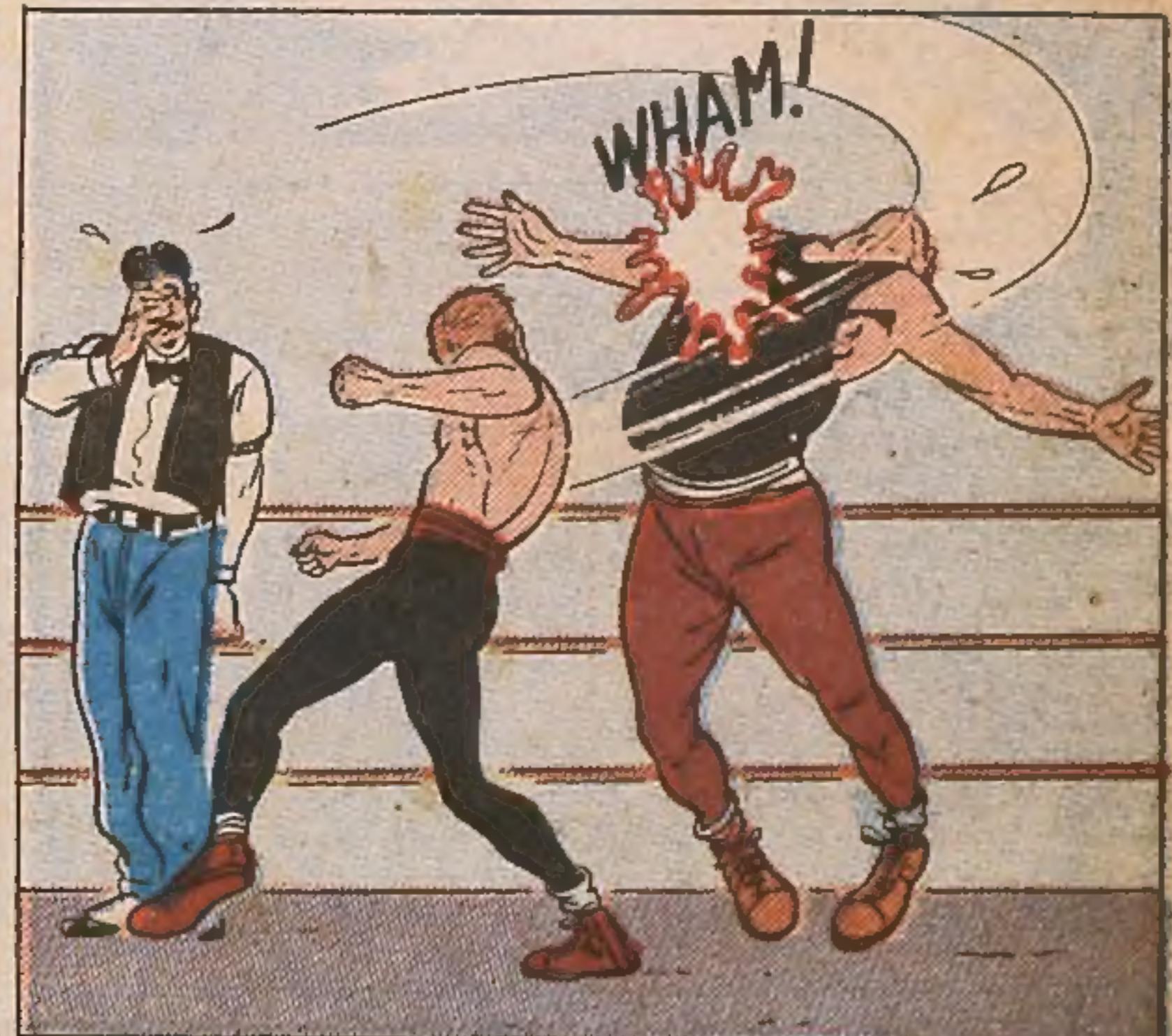


HEY MCGINTY! DIDJA SEE WHAT CROUSE MATCHED ME UP WIT'? A PUNK KID NOT OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE!!



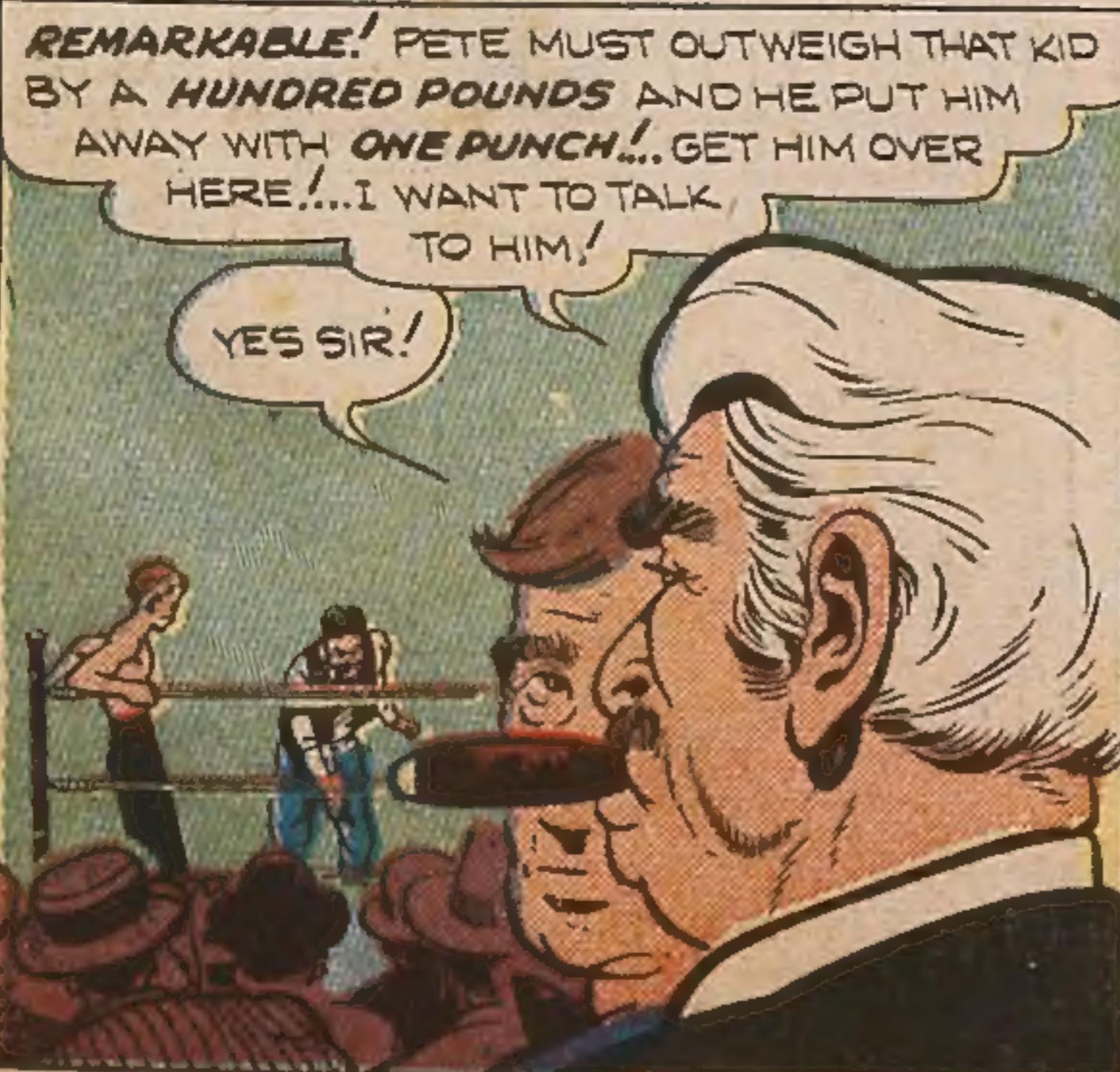
DON'T WORRY, **BABY PANTS**... I'LL END IT NICE 'N' QUICK!!... YA WONT FEEL NUTHIN'!

BONG!!



REMARKABLE! PETE MUST OUTWEIGH THAT KID BY A HUNDRED POUNDS AND HE PUT HIM AWAY WITH **ONE PUNCH**!... GET HIM OVER HERE!... I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!

YES SIR!

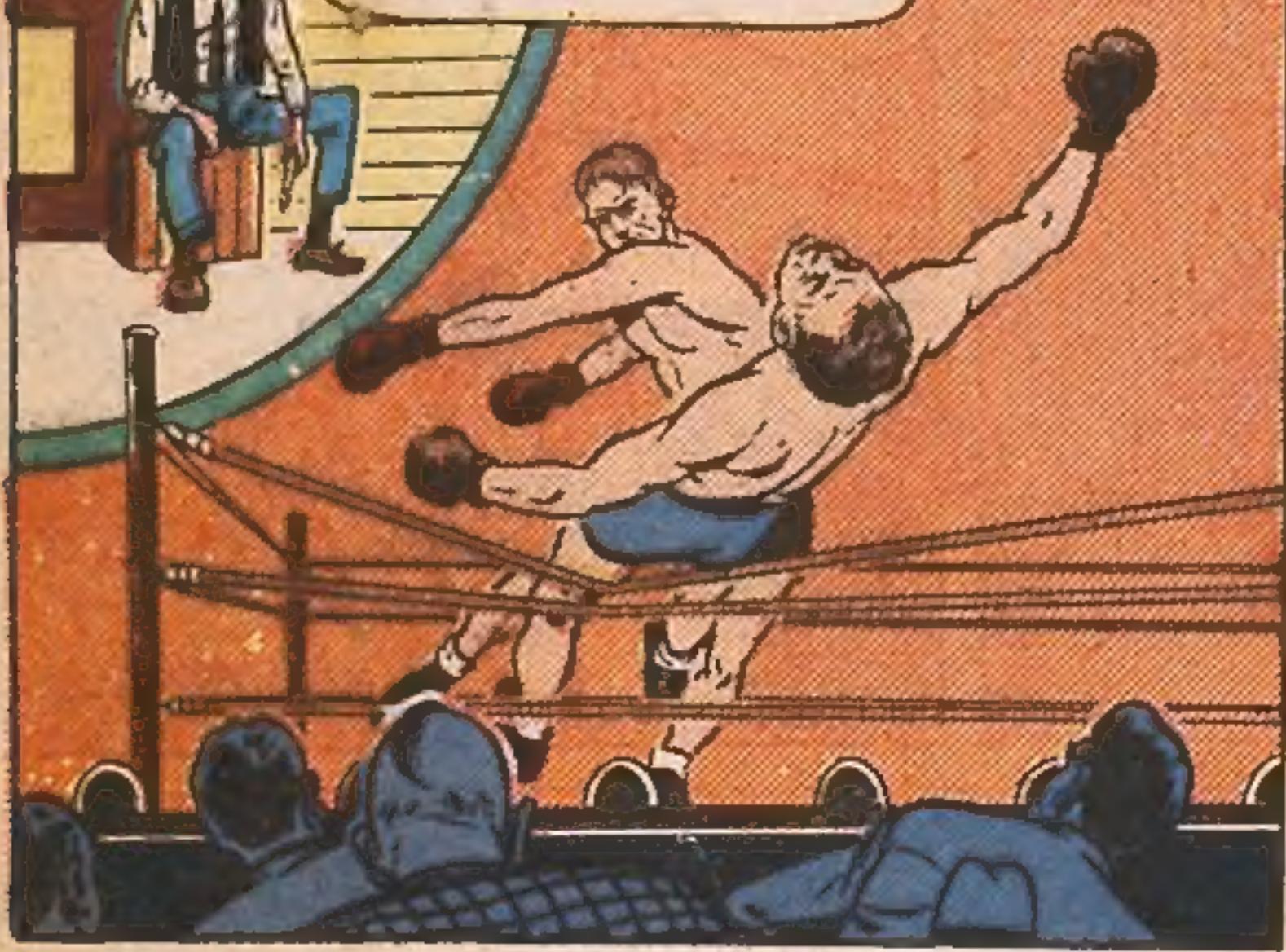


I OWN THE **BUTTE CASINO**, KID AND I'LL PAY YOU **TWENTY DOLLARS** A NIGHT TO MEET ALL COMERS...INTERESTED?

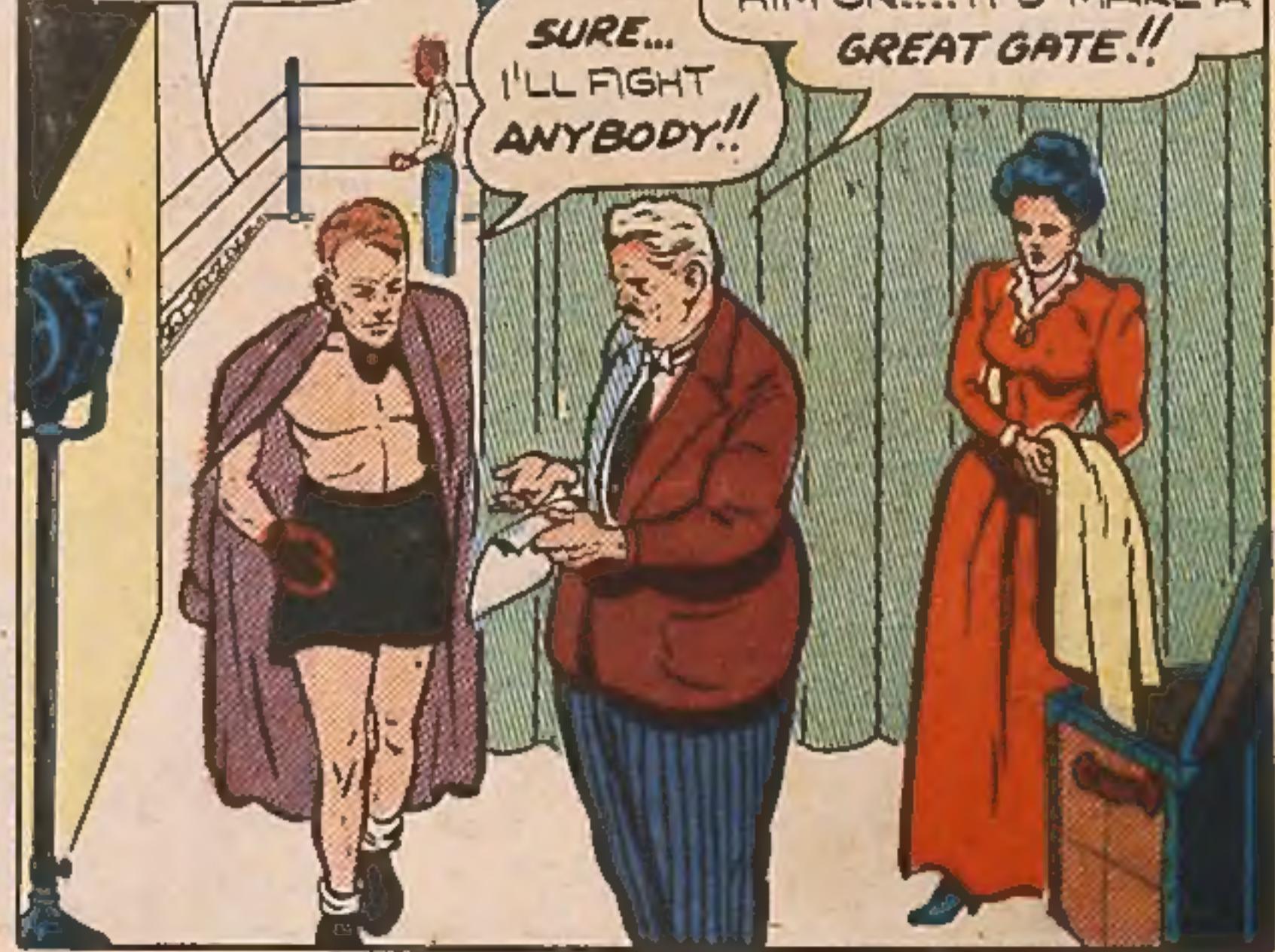
TWENTY....?! MISTER, YOU GOT YOURSELF A FIGHTER!



WAL KETCH DID MEET ALL COMERS 'N' ACCORDIN' TO HIS OWN FIGURES FOUGHT OVER TWO HUNDRED FIGHTS!!.. AS HE PUT IT HE HIT SOME OF 'EM SO HARD THEY SAILED RIGHT OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.... YA SEE, THE RING WAS SET UP ON TH' STAGE OF TH' CASINO THAT DOUBLED AS TH' LOCAL THEATRE BETWEEN FIGHTS....



THAT'S THAT!!..  
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE?..  
A HANDBILL ADVERTISING A KID TRACEY, WORLD'S UNOFFICIAL CHAMPION!!.. WANT TO TAKE HIM ON?.. IT'D MAKE A GREAT GATE!!



UNOFFICIAL CHAMPION... HUH!  
I'LL BET HE'S A BIG PHONEY!

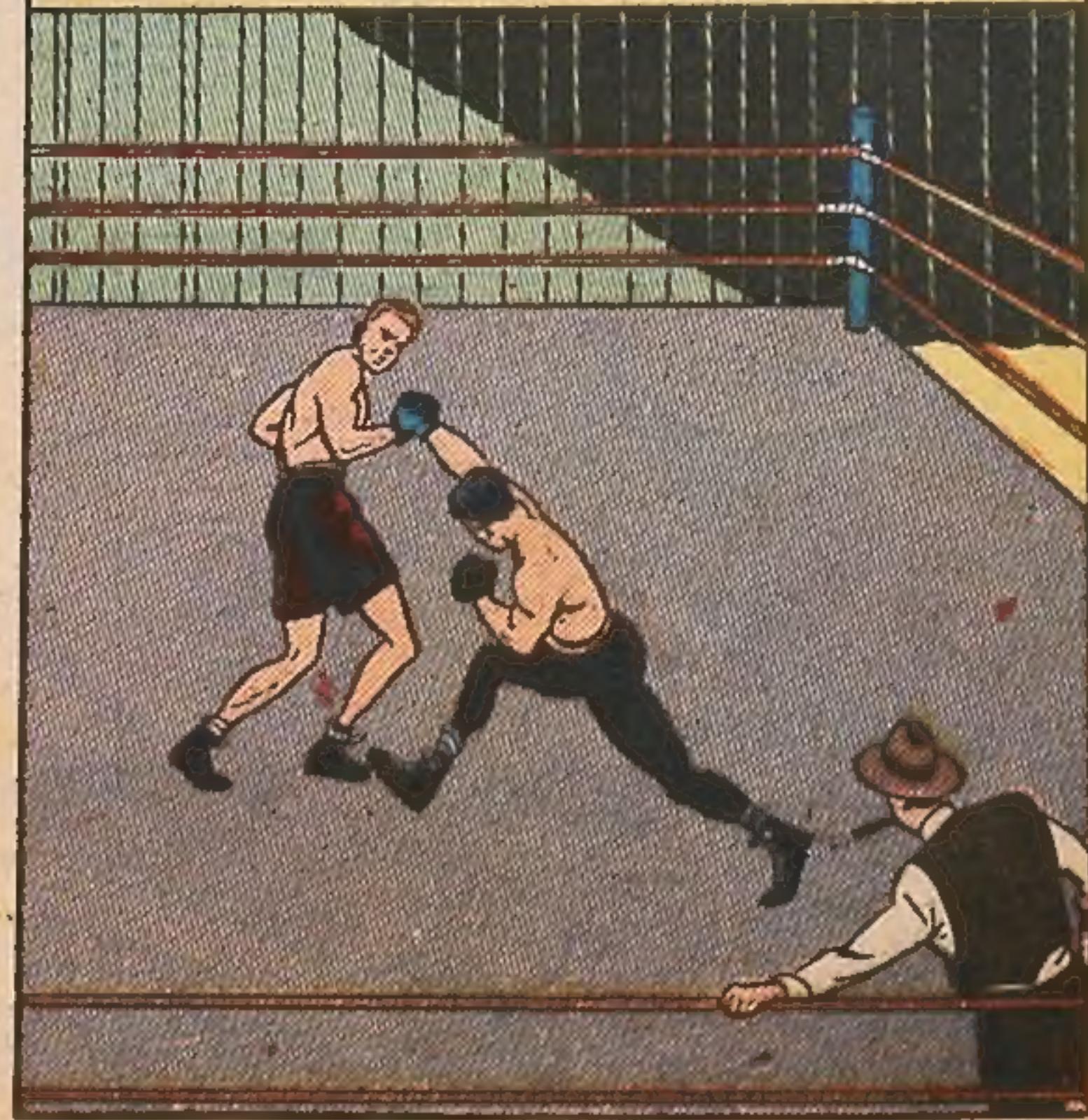
I'VE SEEN HIM FIGHT IN SOME OF THE TOWNS I'VE PLAYED, STAN, AND YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT... HE WINS HIS FIGHTS AND LET ME TELL YOU WHY...



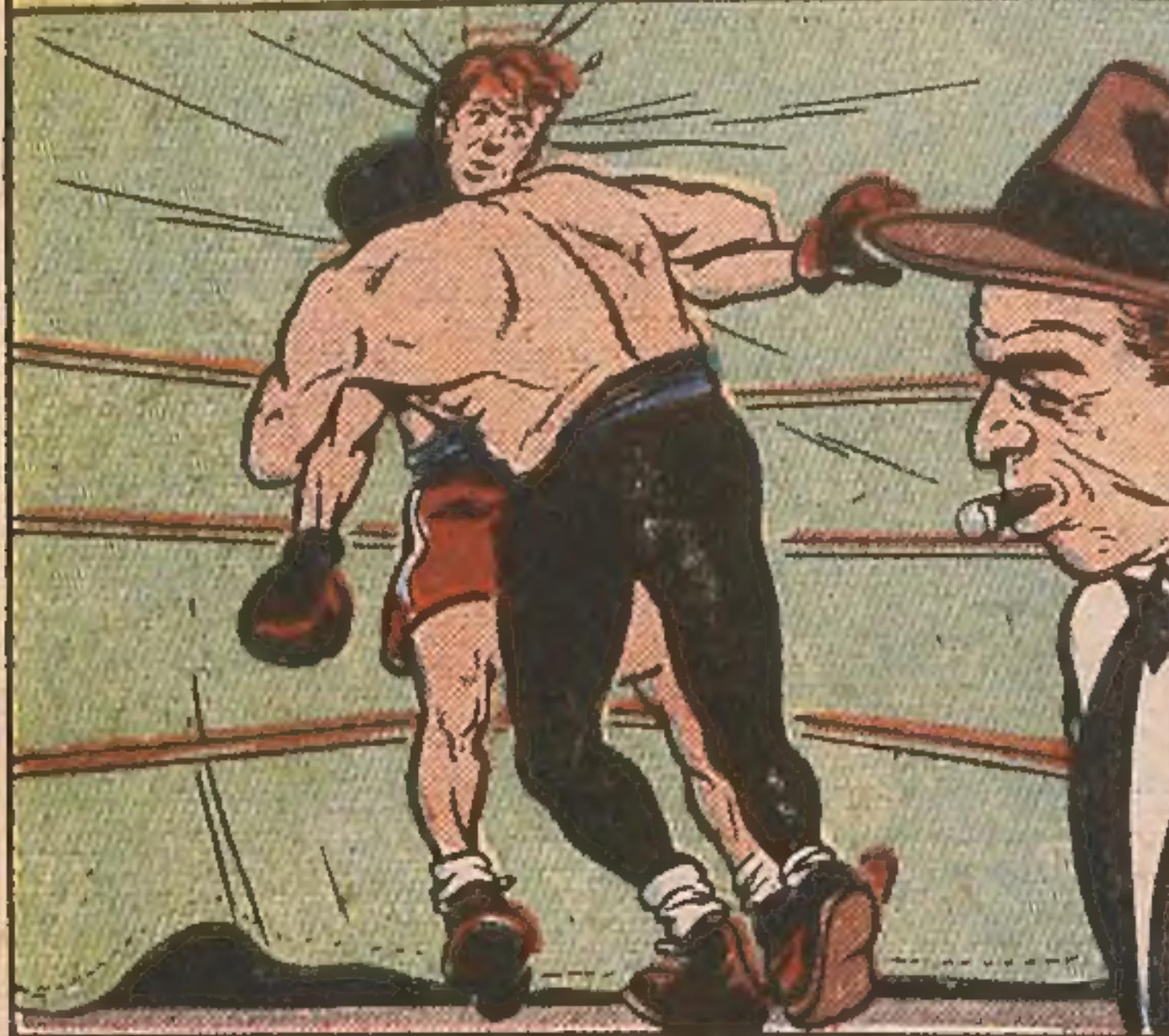
KETCH HAD BEEN FIGHTIN' FOR TWO YEARS BY NOW 'N' WEIGHED HIS FULL 160 POUNDS.. A FIERCE, AGGRESSIVE FIGHTER, HE WAS A GREAT CROWD FAVORITE 'N' WHEN TH' MATCH WITH KID TRACEY WAS MADE, TH' CASINO WAS SOLD OUT A WEEK IN ADVANCE....



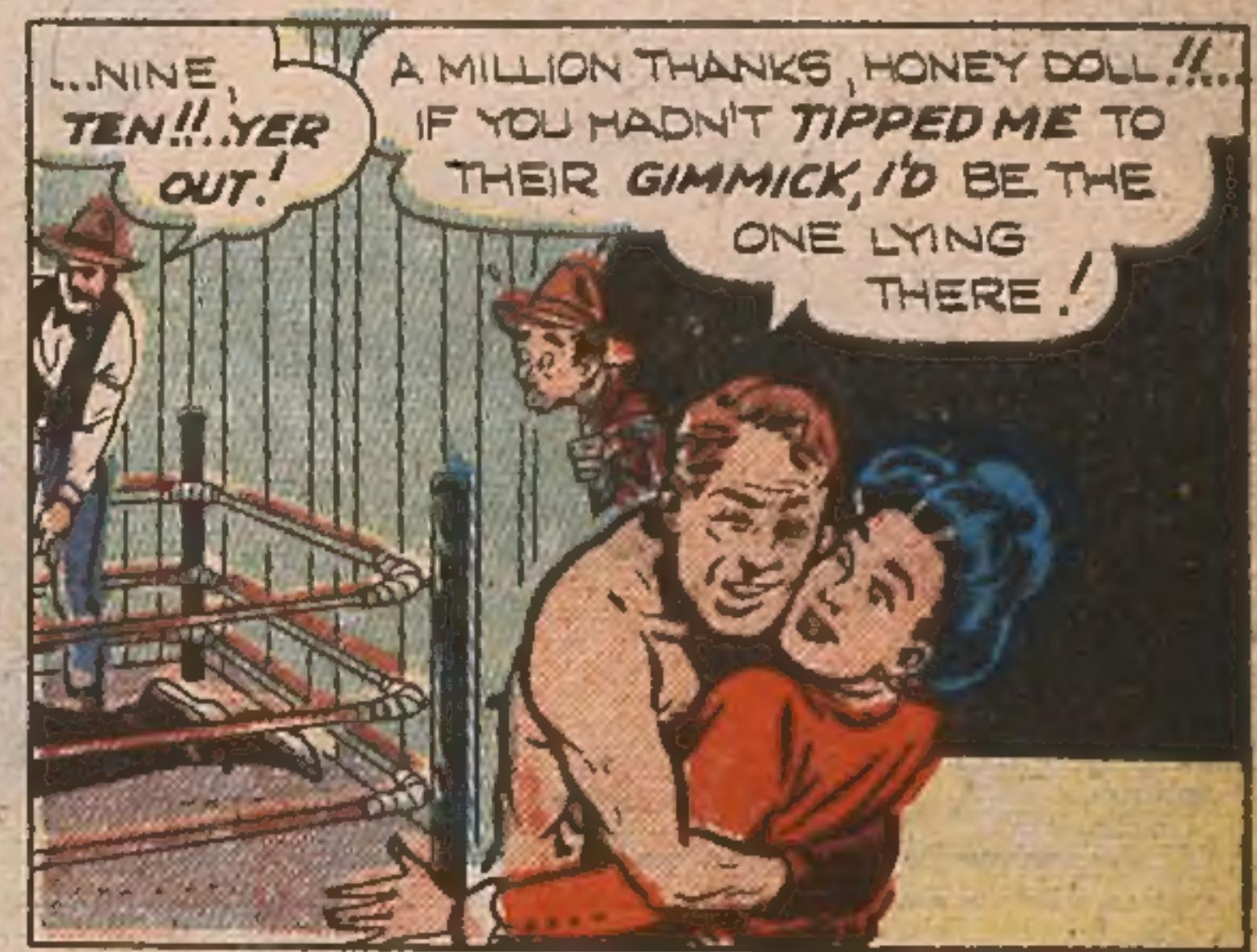
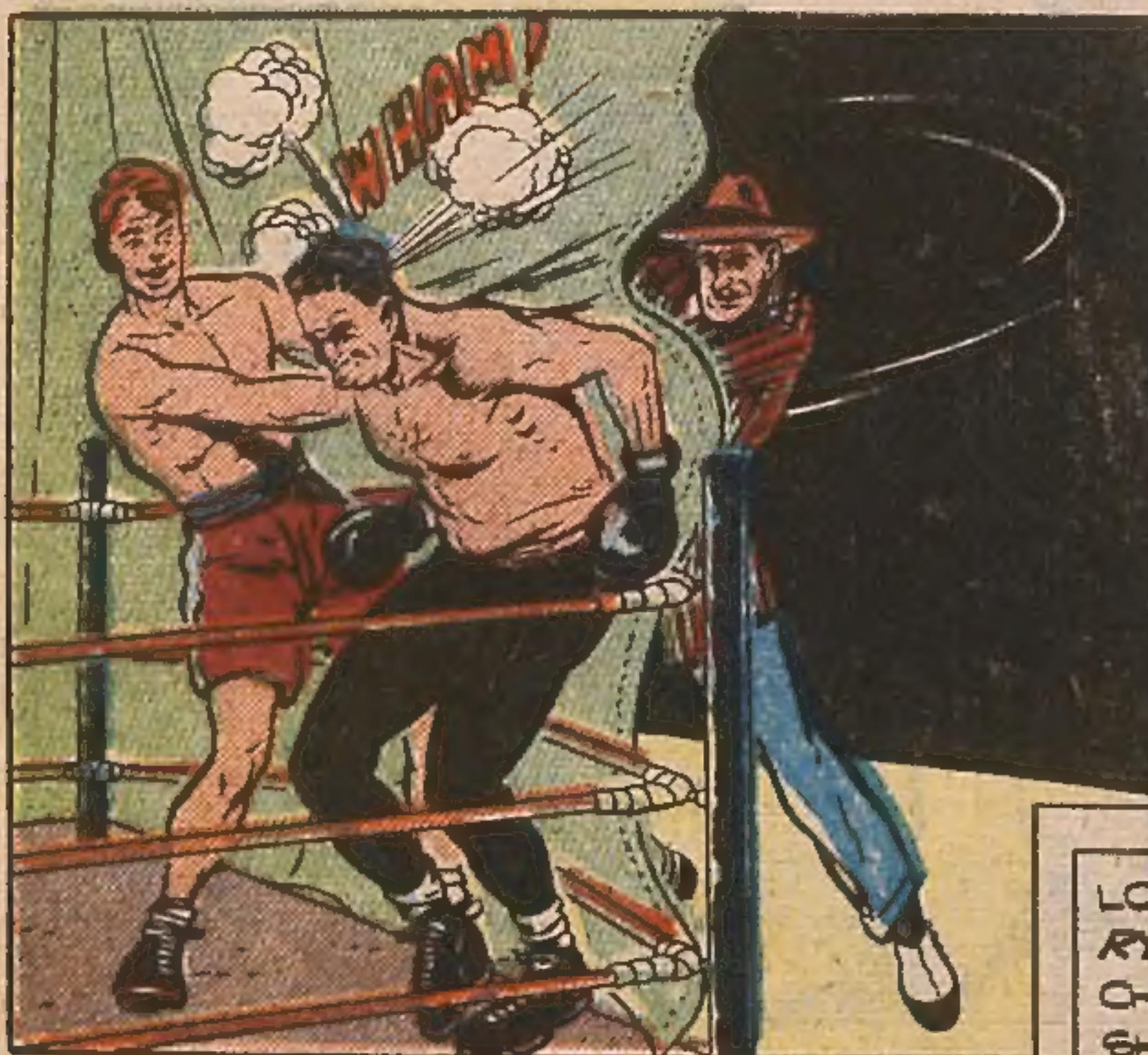
AT THE BELL, TRACEY'S MANAGER DUCKED BEHIND TH' CURTAIN 'N' TH' KID RACED AROUND TO KETCH'S RIGHT, SHOVIN' 'N' PUNCHIN' HIM TOWARD TH' BACK OF TH' STAGE...



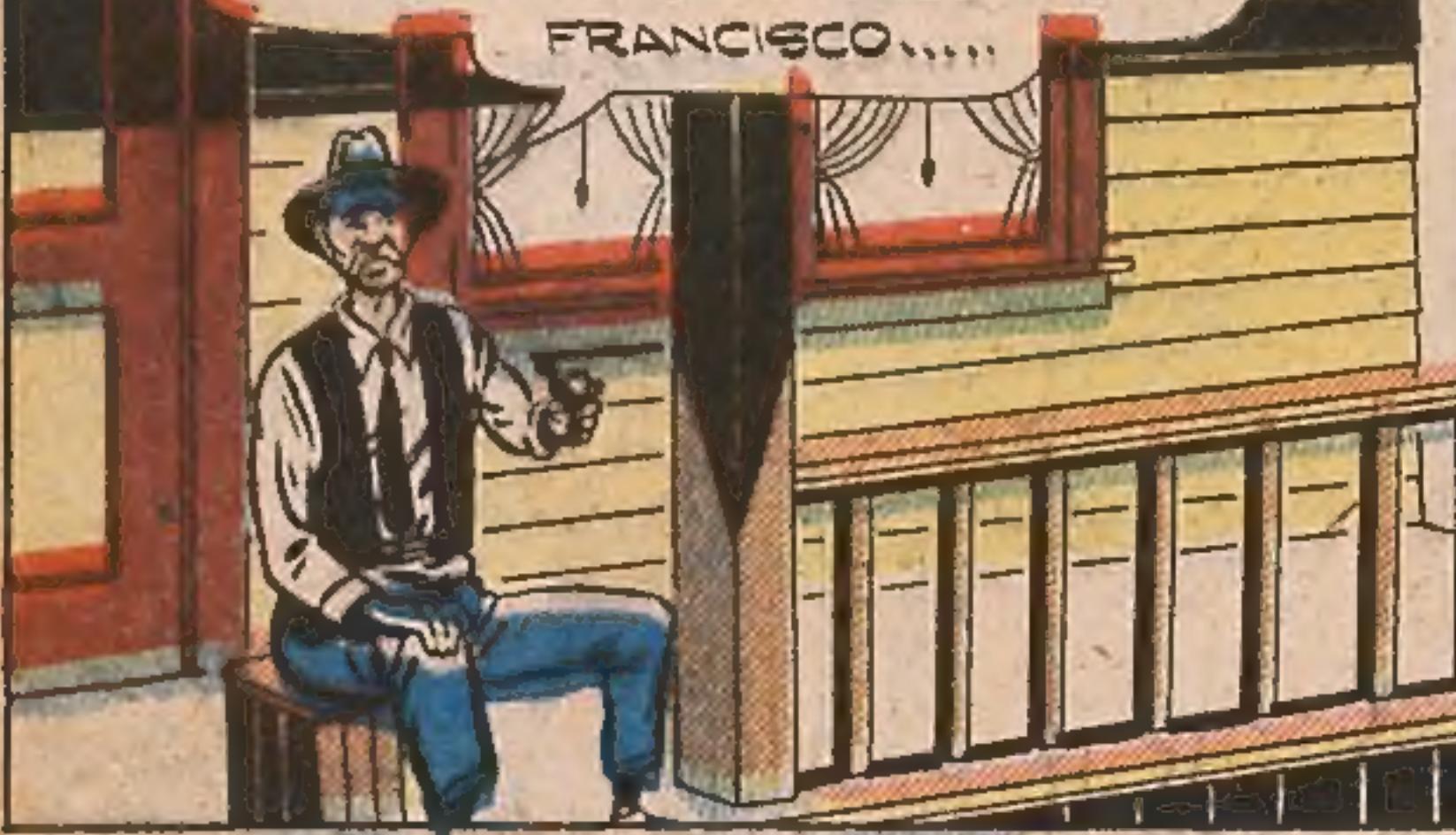
CLINCHIN' BOTH OF KETCH'S ARMS, THE KID KEPT HIM HELPLESS WHILE HE WRESTLED HIM TO THE STAGE'S CURTAINED BACKDROP....



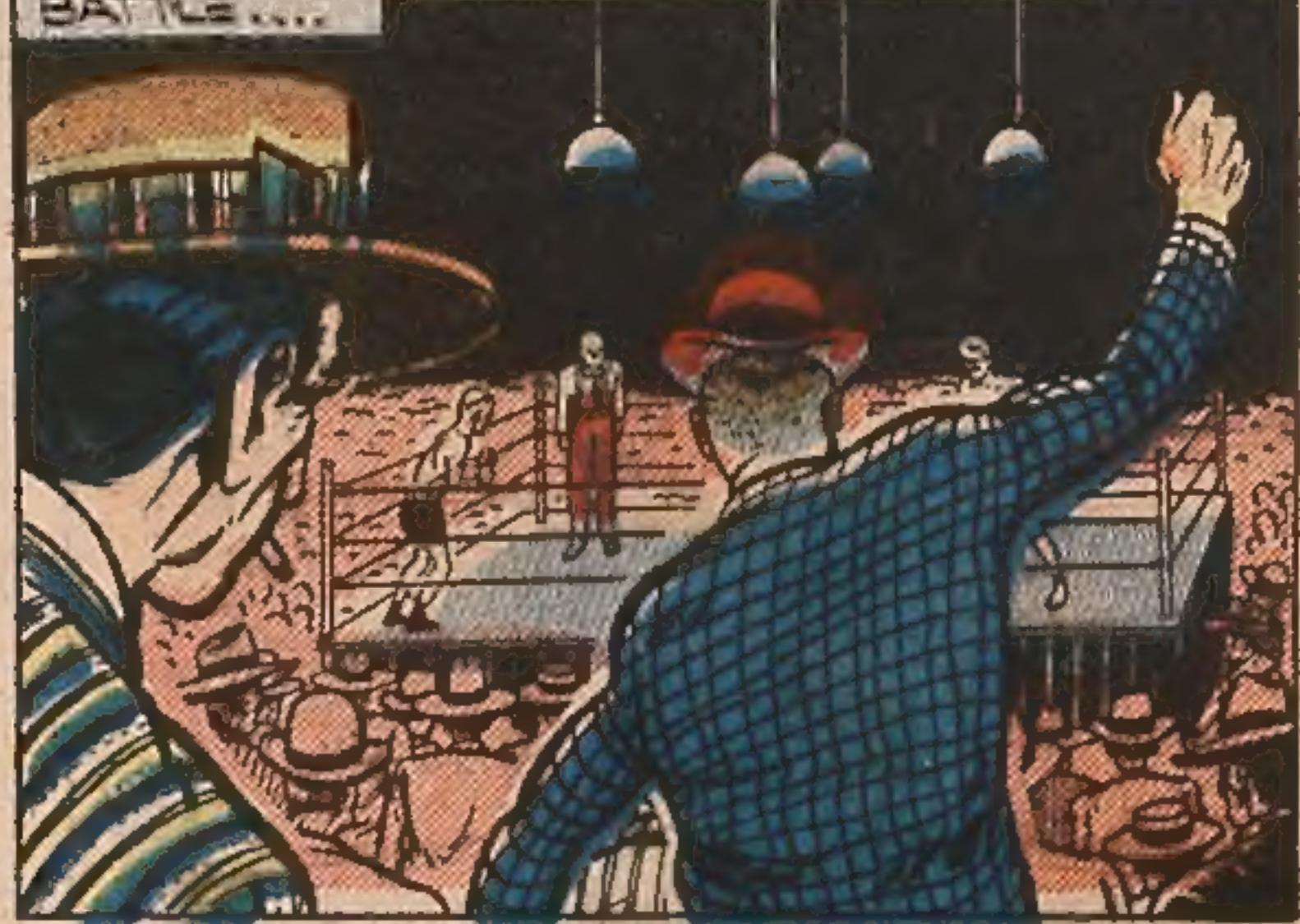
AH!!!...SUCCESS!! NIGHTEY NIGHT, MY DEAR MR KETCHEL!... SWEET DREAMS!



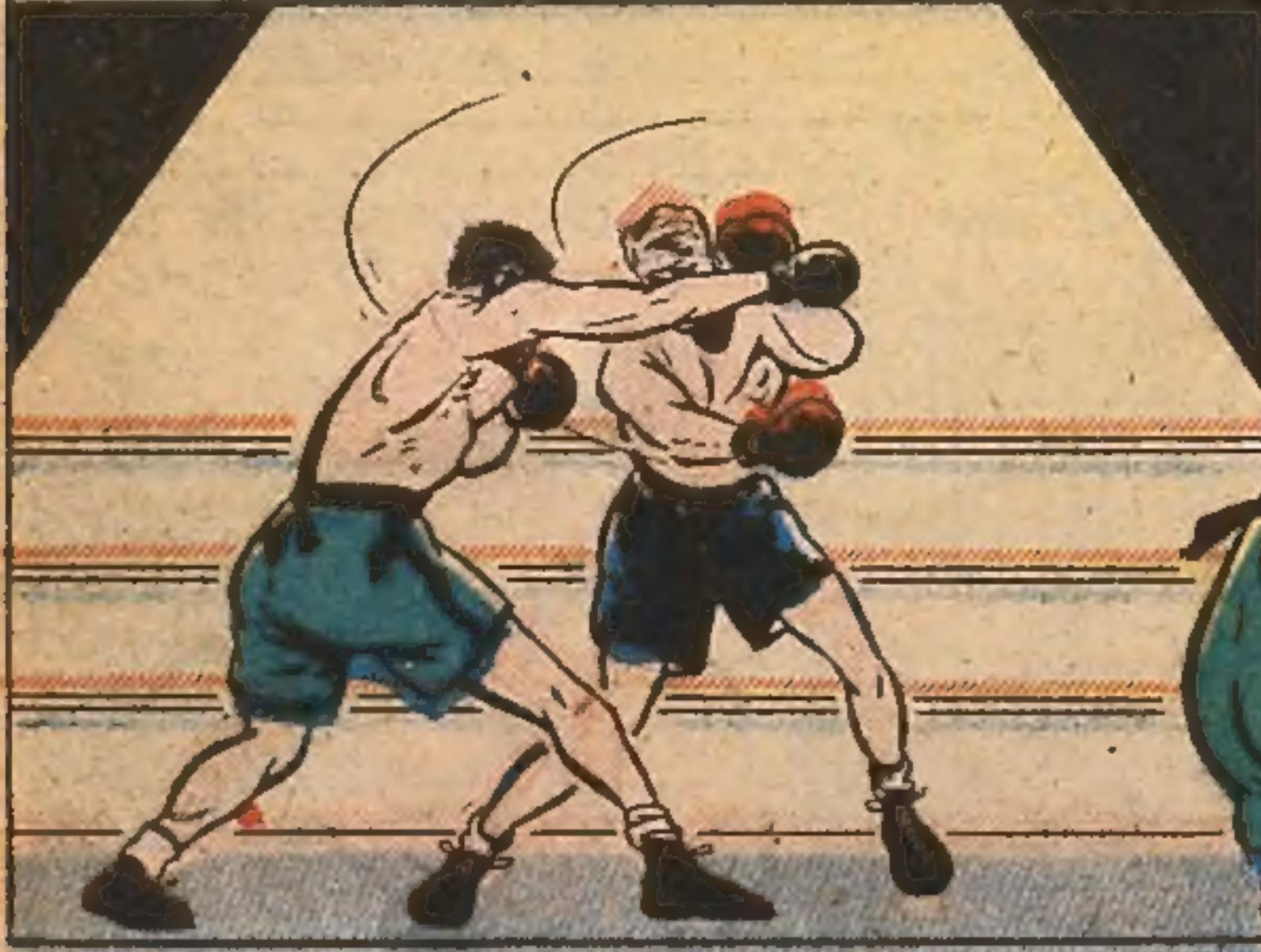
WELL ONE JOE THOMAS DIDN'T THINK KETCH DESERVED IT 'N' SETTIN' HIMSELF UP AS TH' CHAMPION ISSUED A CHALLENGE....IT WAS PROMPTLY MET 'N' A FIGHT TO TH' FINISH WAS SCHEDULED IN SAN FRANCISCO.....



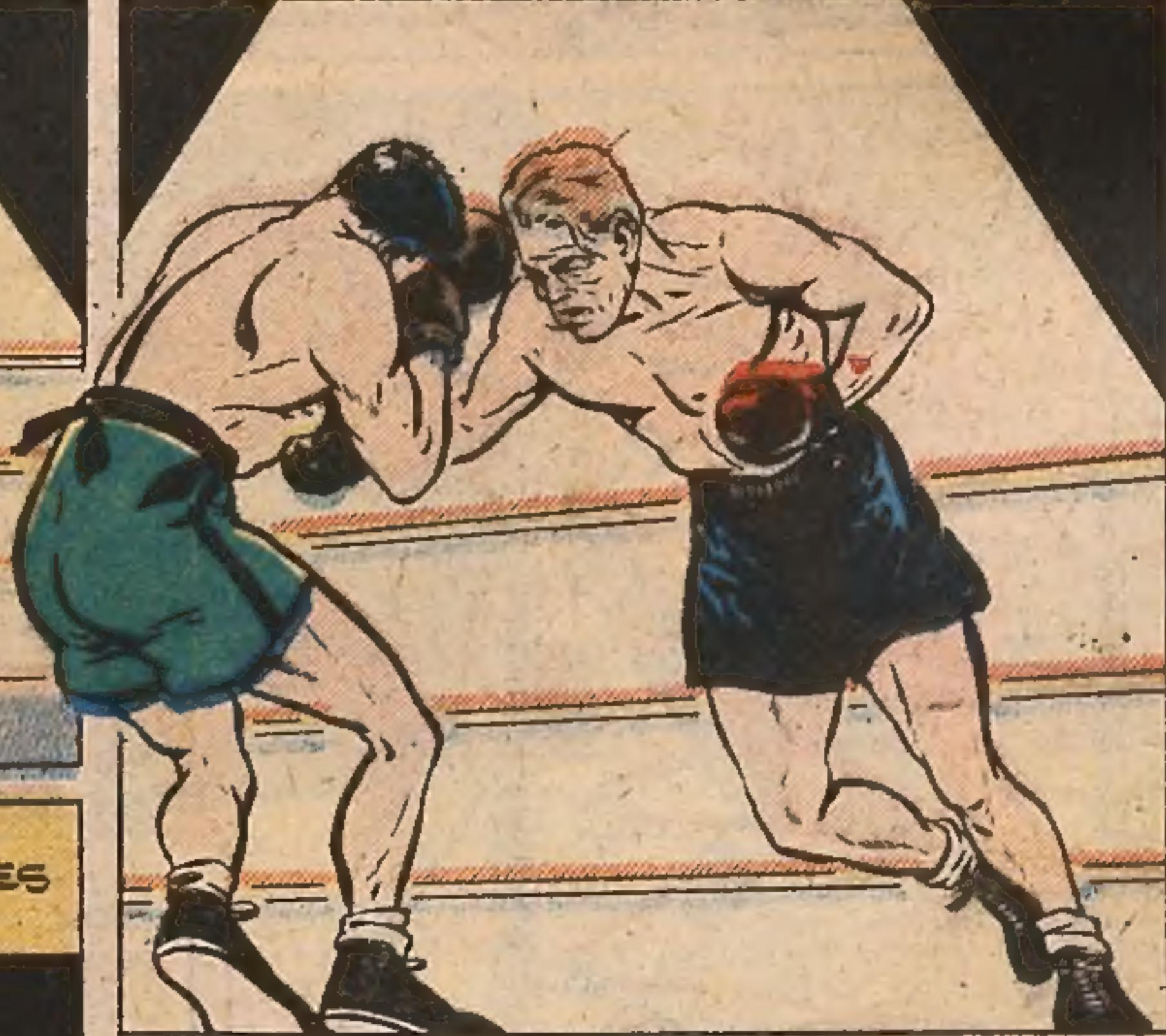
A GOOD FIGHTER, THOMAS WITHSTOOD KETCH'S FIRST RUSH 'N' SETTLED DOWN TO A GRUELING BATTLE....



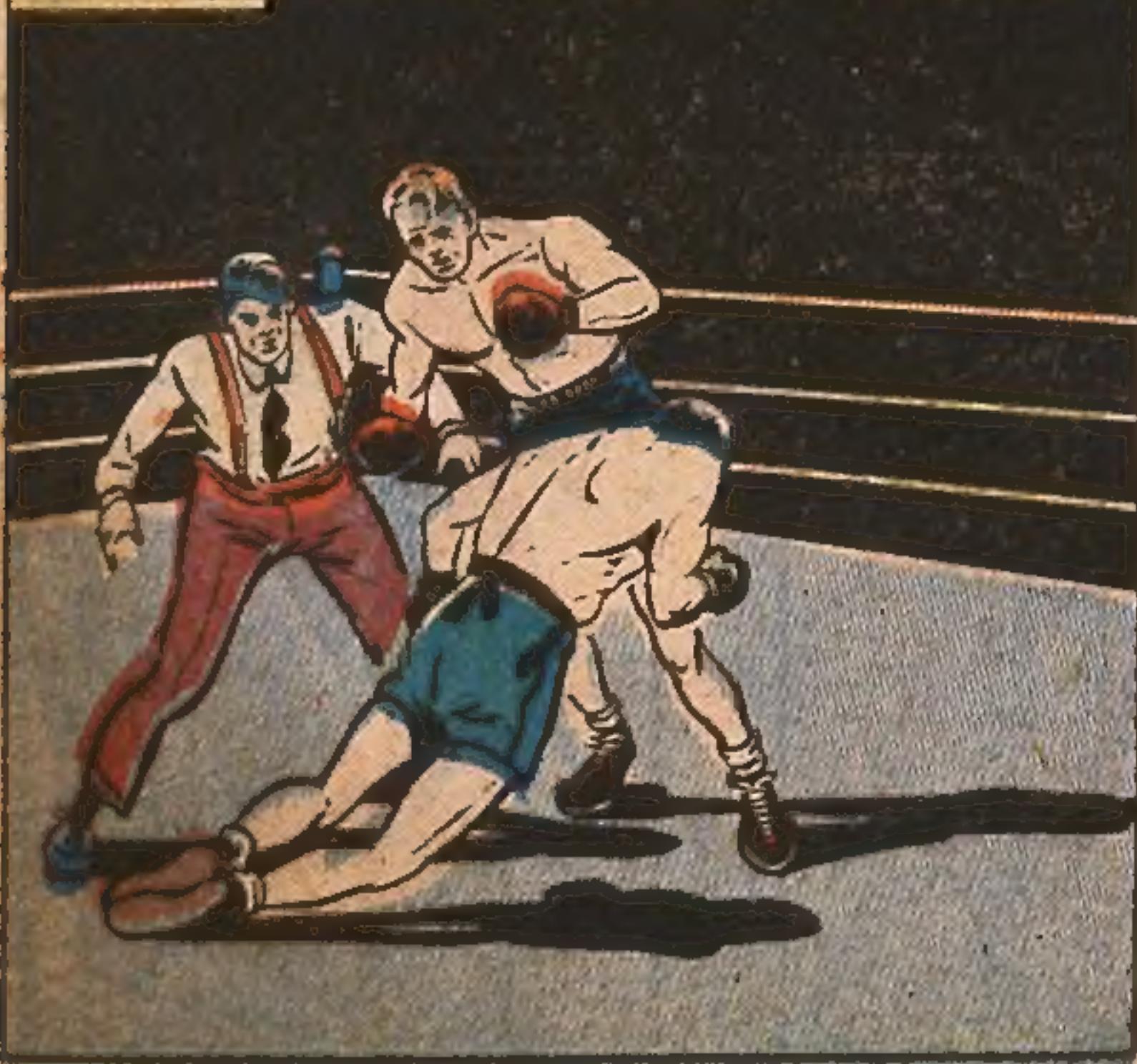
TEN ROUNDS PASSED...THEN TWENTY...BOTH MEN WERE BATTERED 'N' BRUISED BUT KEPT BORIN' IN...



IN TH' THIRTIETH ROUND THEY WERE STILL AT IT, GRIMLY HANGING ON, REFUSIN' TO QUIT....



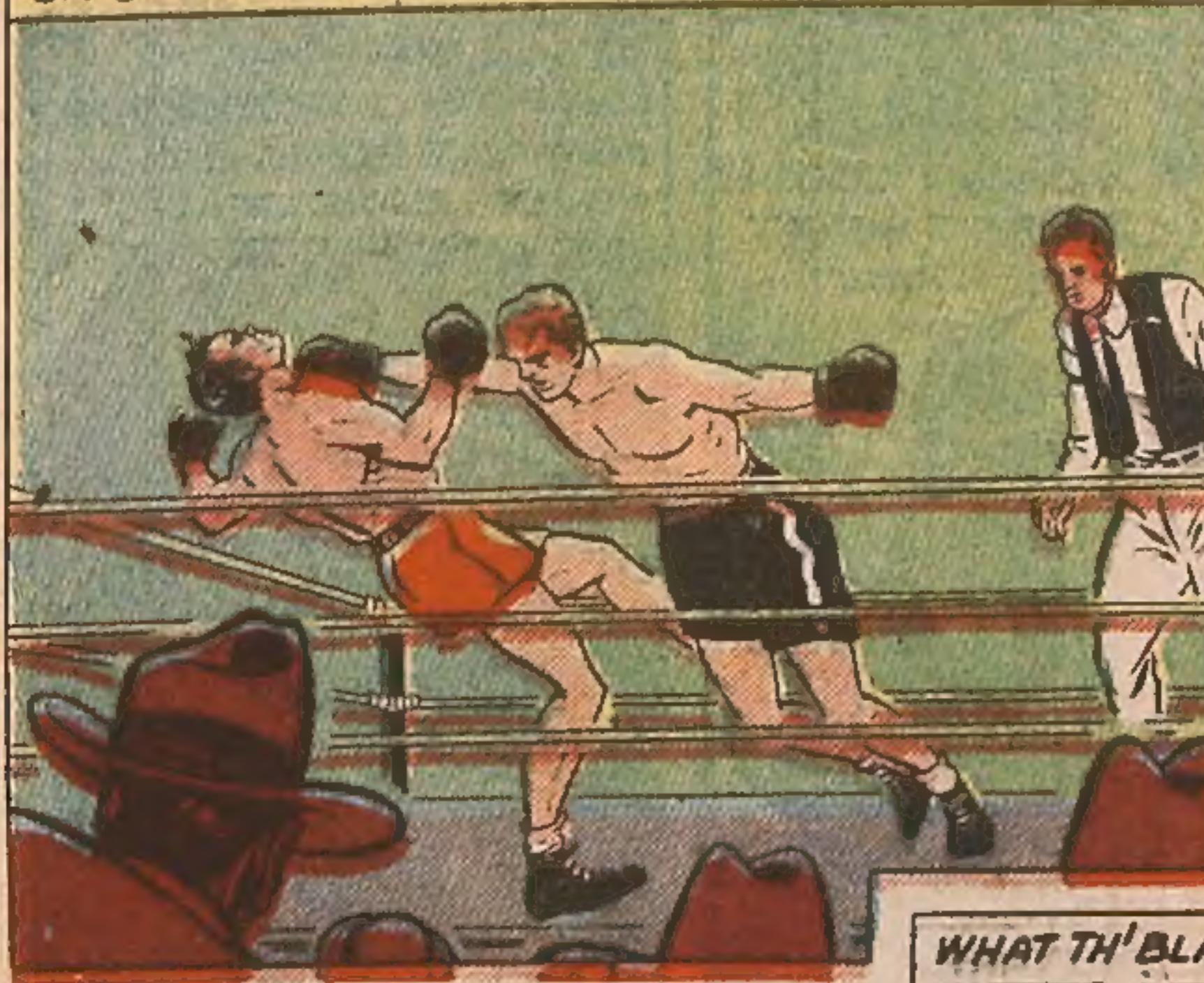
'N' THEN IN TH' THIRTY-SECOND ROUND IT HAPPENED...IN A SUDDEN FLURRY OF PUNCHES KETCH CONNECTED 'N' THOMAS WENT DOWN 'N' OUT....



IT ESTABLISHED KETCH AS TH' CHAMPION.... BUT WITH PLENTY OF CONTENDERS...LIKE IN HIS OLD CASINO DAYS KETCH MET 'N' BEAT ALL COMERS, INCLUDIN' TH' TWINS, JACK 'N' MIKE MCFARLAND....



HE WHIPPED MIKE IN SIX ROUNDS, BUT IT TOOK HIM TWENTY BEFORE HE FINALLY PUT TH' CRUSHER ON JACK....



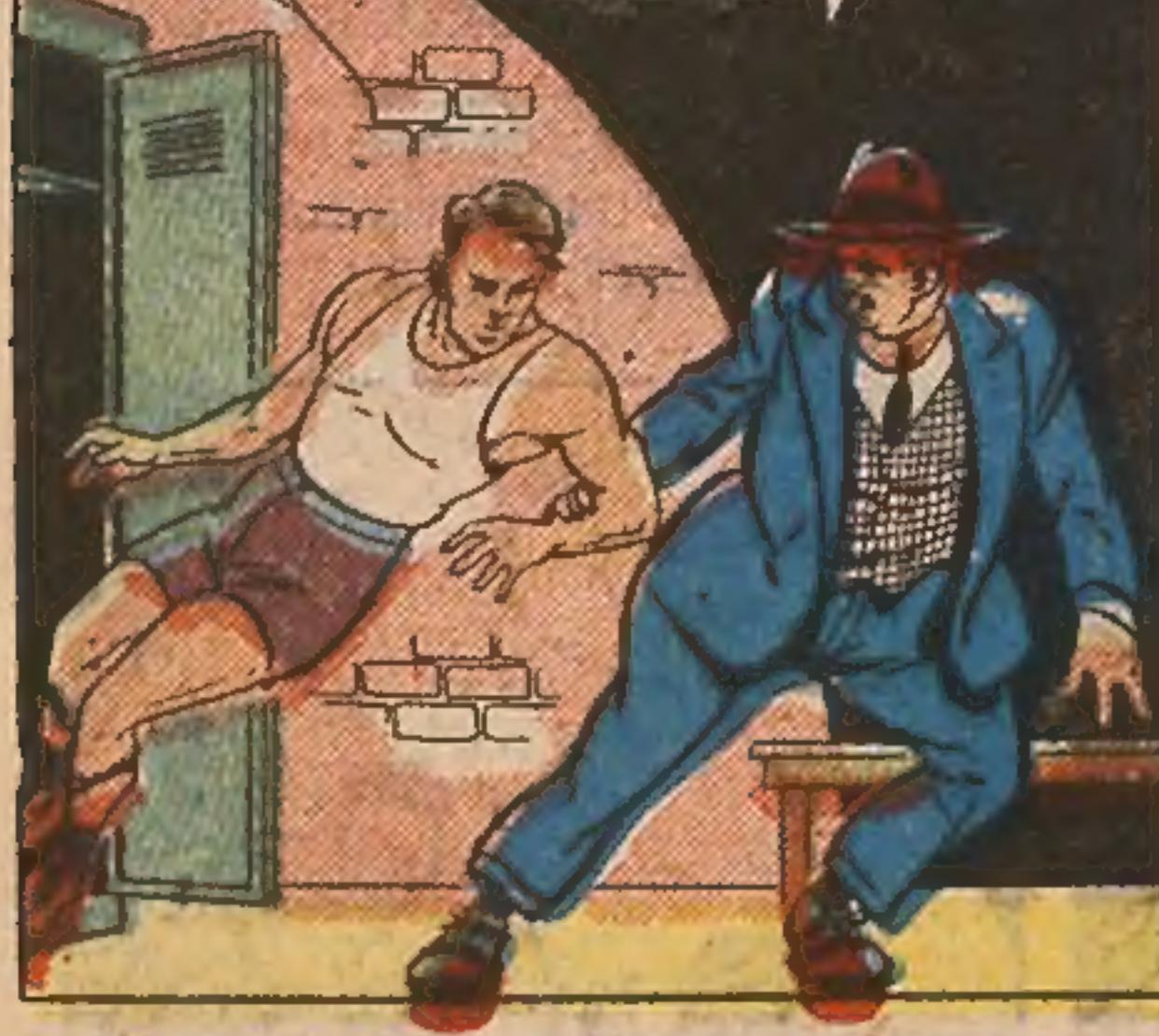
THAT, M'FRIEND, IS ONE SWEET FIGHTER!... HE'D BE WORTH A FORTUNE TO A SMART

MANAGER... A MANAGER LIKE ME, FOR INSTANCE... I THINK I'LL TALK TO HIM....

OH! OH!... I'D BETTER GET KETCH OUT OF HERE.



HEY!!! WHAT'S TH' IDEA?!... NEVER MIND THAT!! C'MON!! THIS IS AN MY CLOTHES...!! EMERGENCY!! HURRY!!



WHAT TH'BLAZES IS TH' MATTER WITH YOU? DRAGGING ME UP HERE TO TH' HOTEL ROOM 'N' WITHOUT MY CLOTHES!!

I'LL GET 'EM FOR YOU NOW, MEANWHILE I'M LOCKING YOU IN 'N' WHEN I GET BACK WE'RE LEAVIN TOWN... BUT QUICK!!



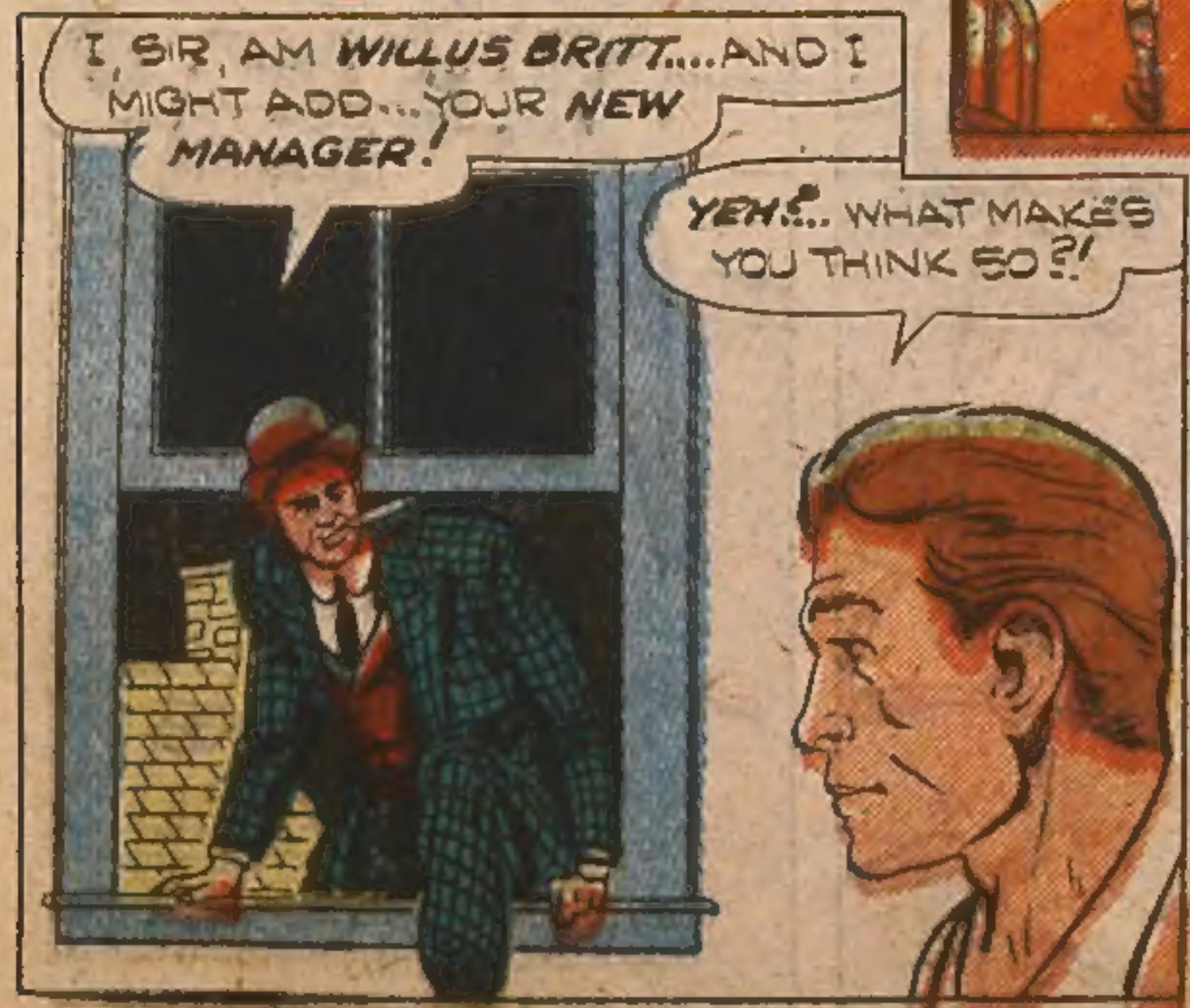
LET HIM LOCK YOU IN, MR. KETCHEL... HE CAN'T KEEP ME OUT... AND YOU AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO DISCUSS!

HUH?... WHO ARE YOU?!



I SIR, AM WILLIS BRITT.... AND I MIGHT ADD... YOUR NEW MANAGER!

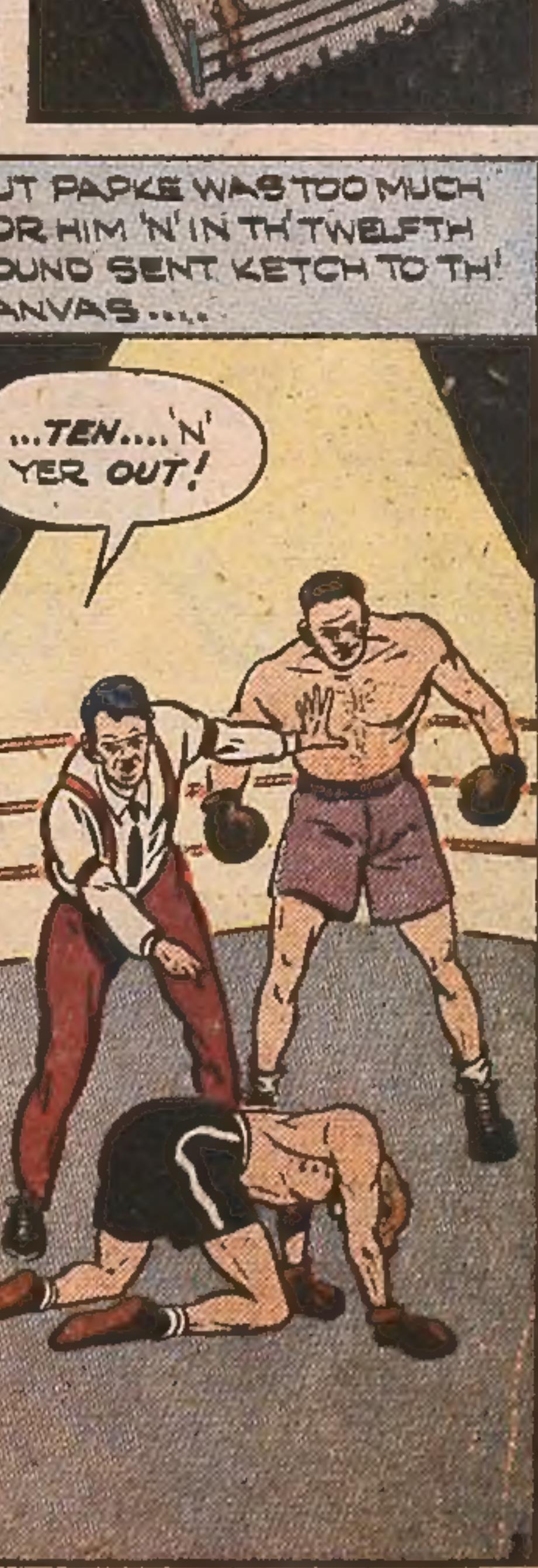
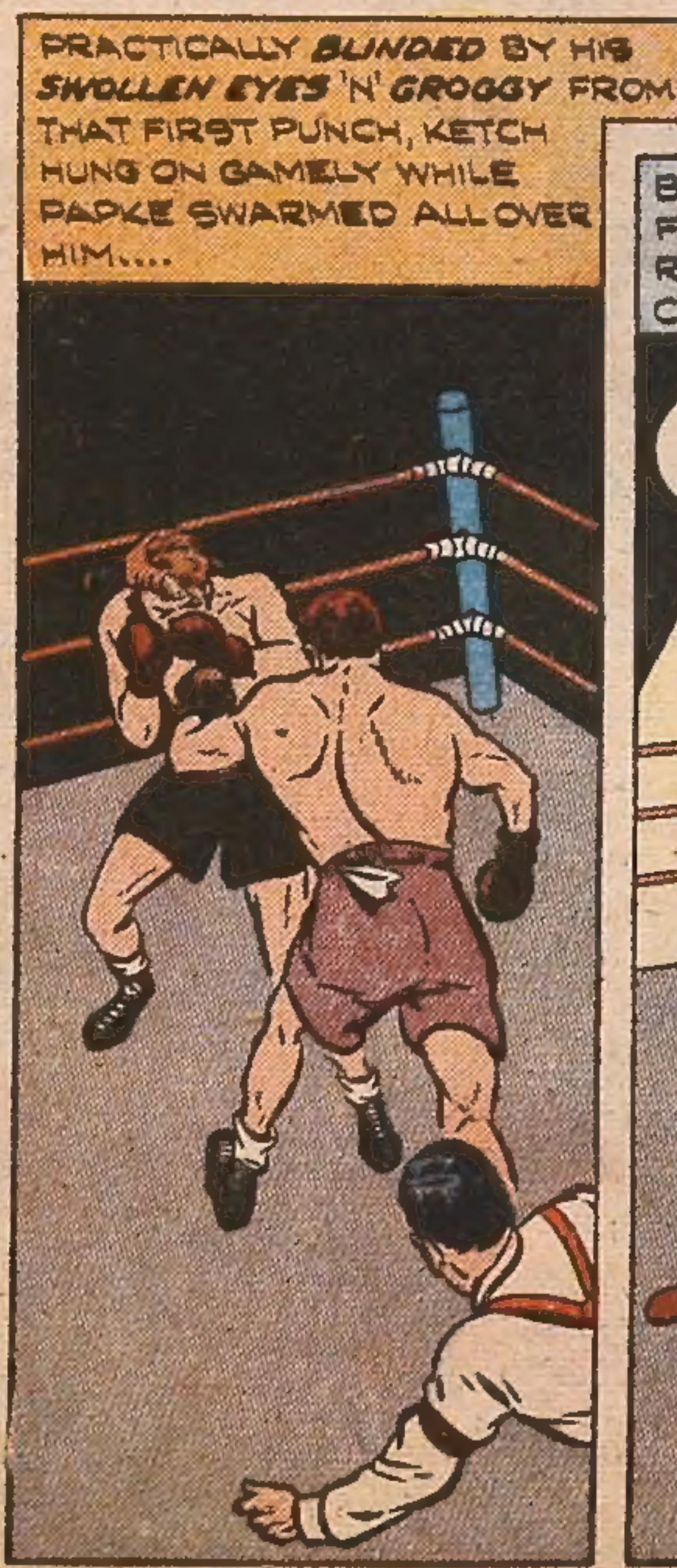
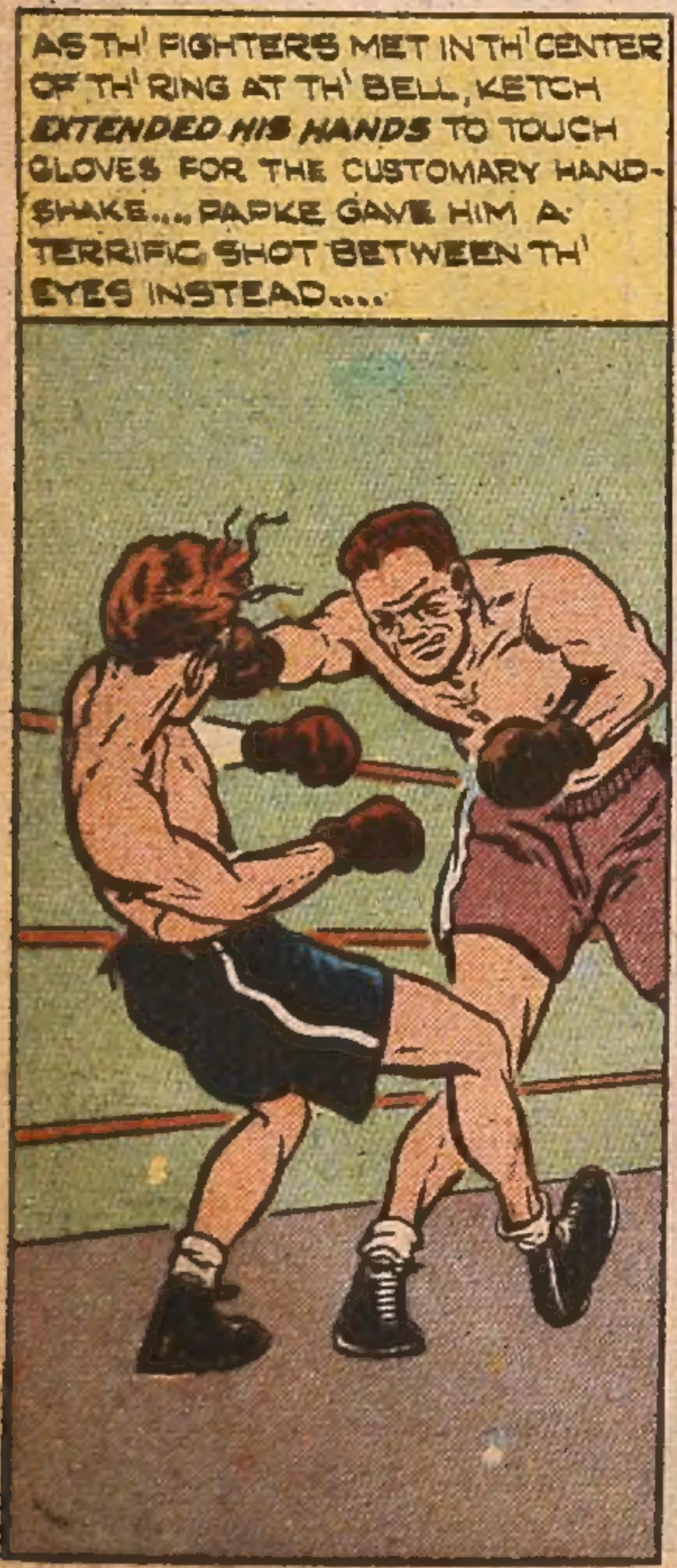
YEH... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?!

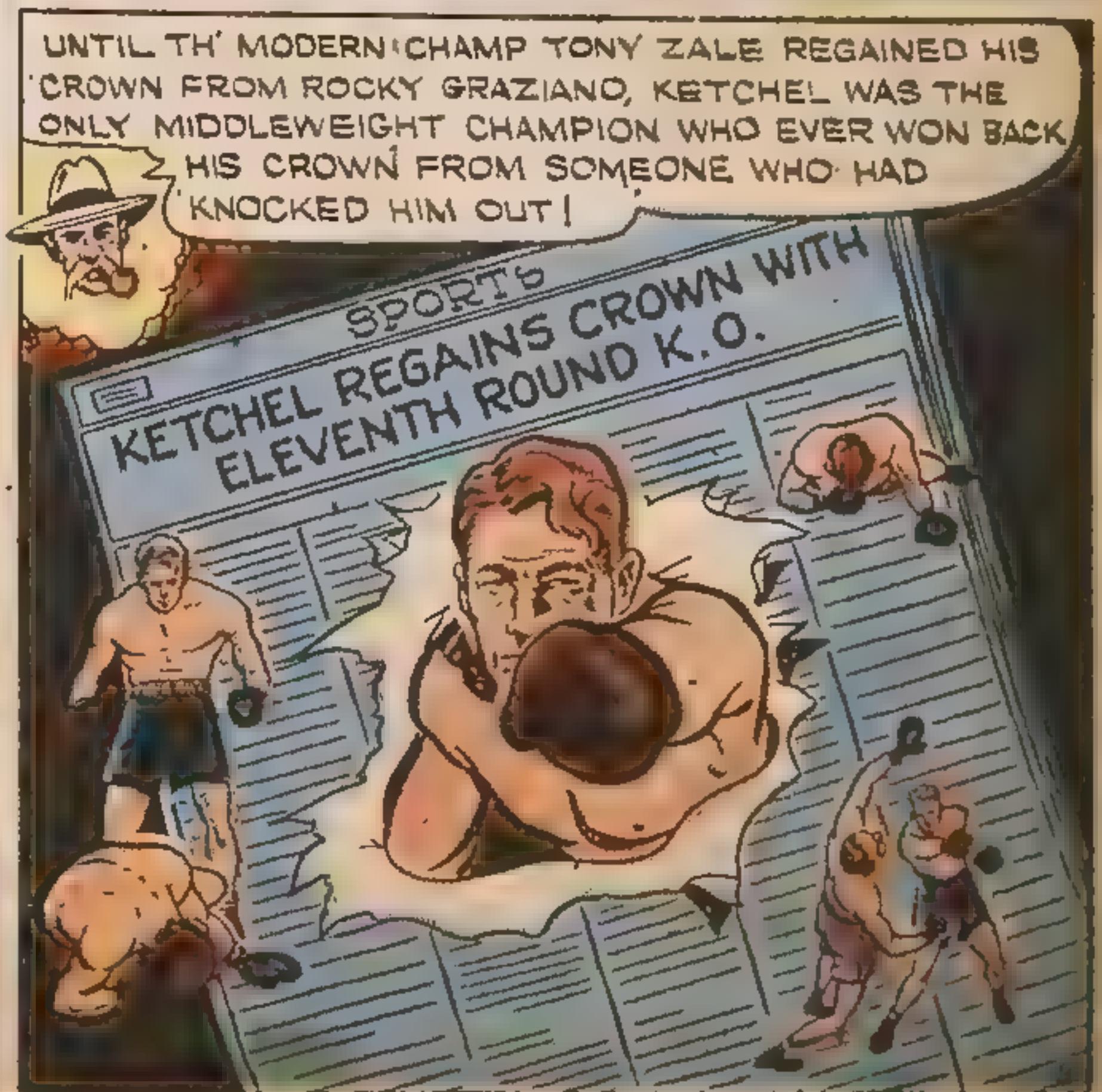
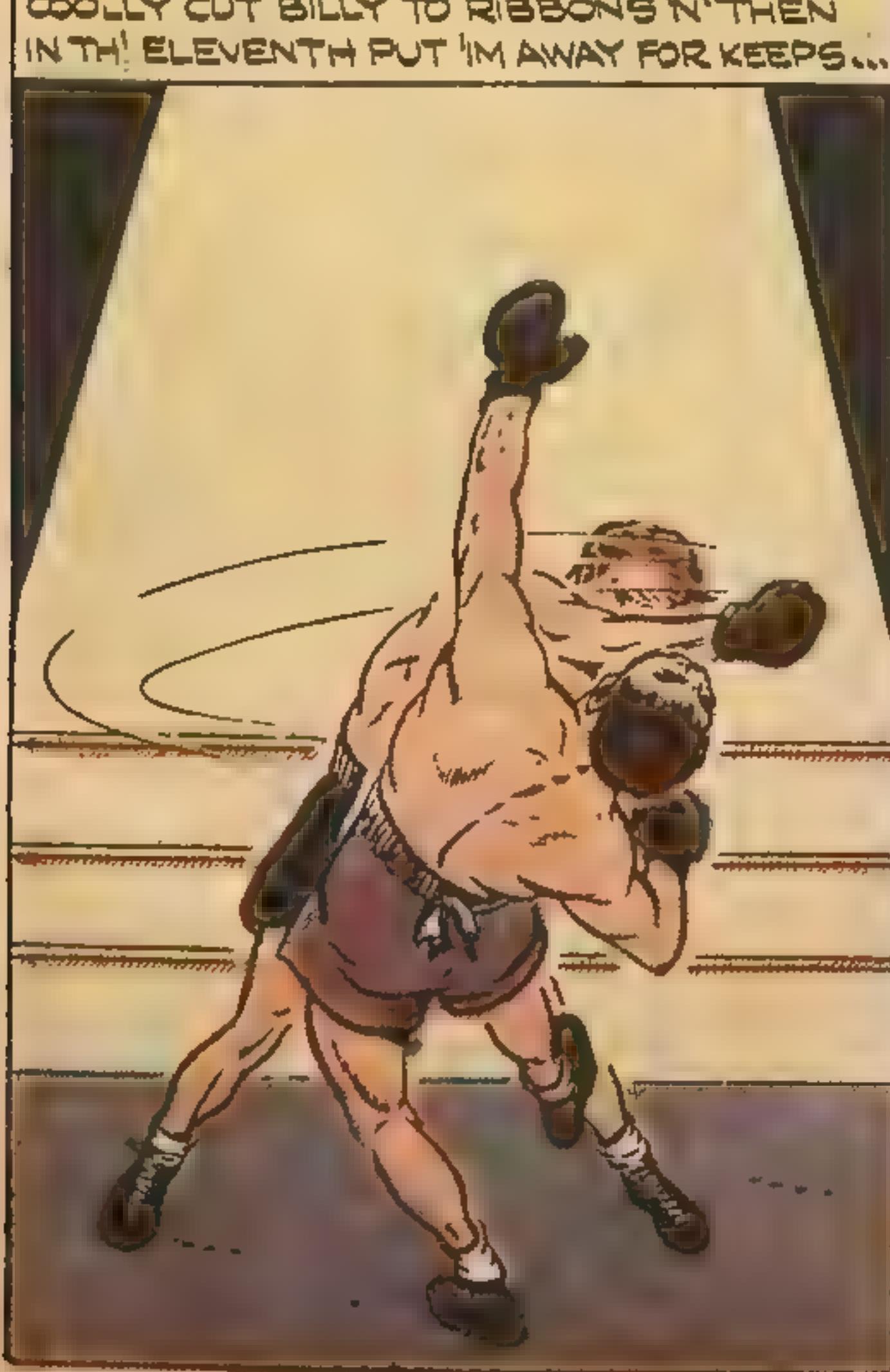
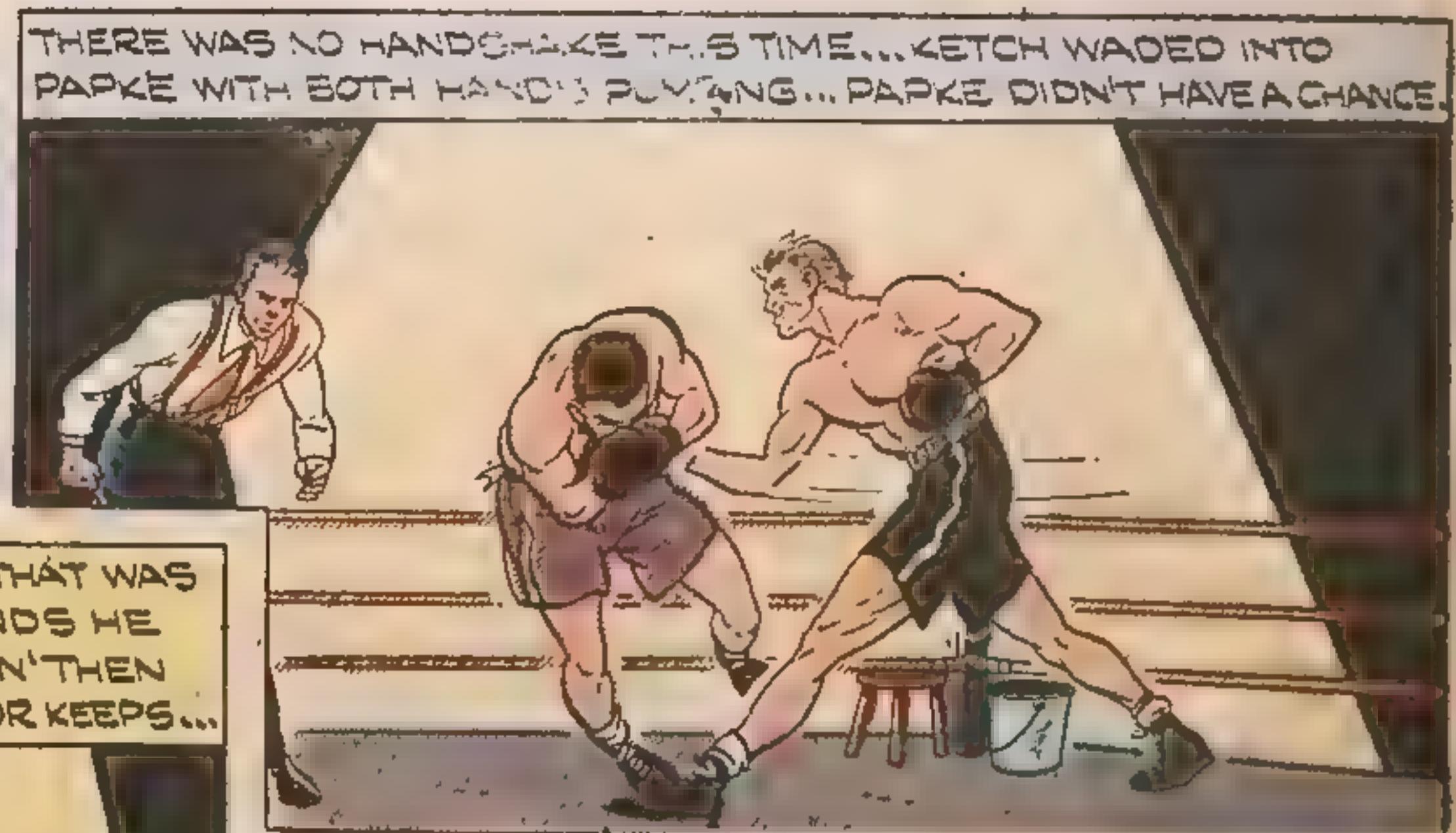
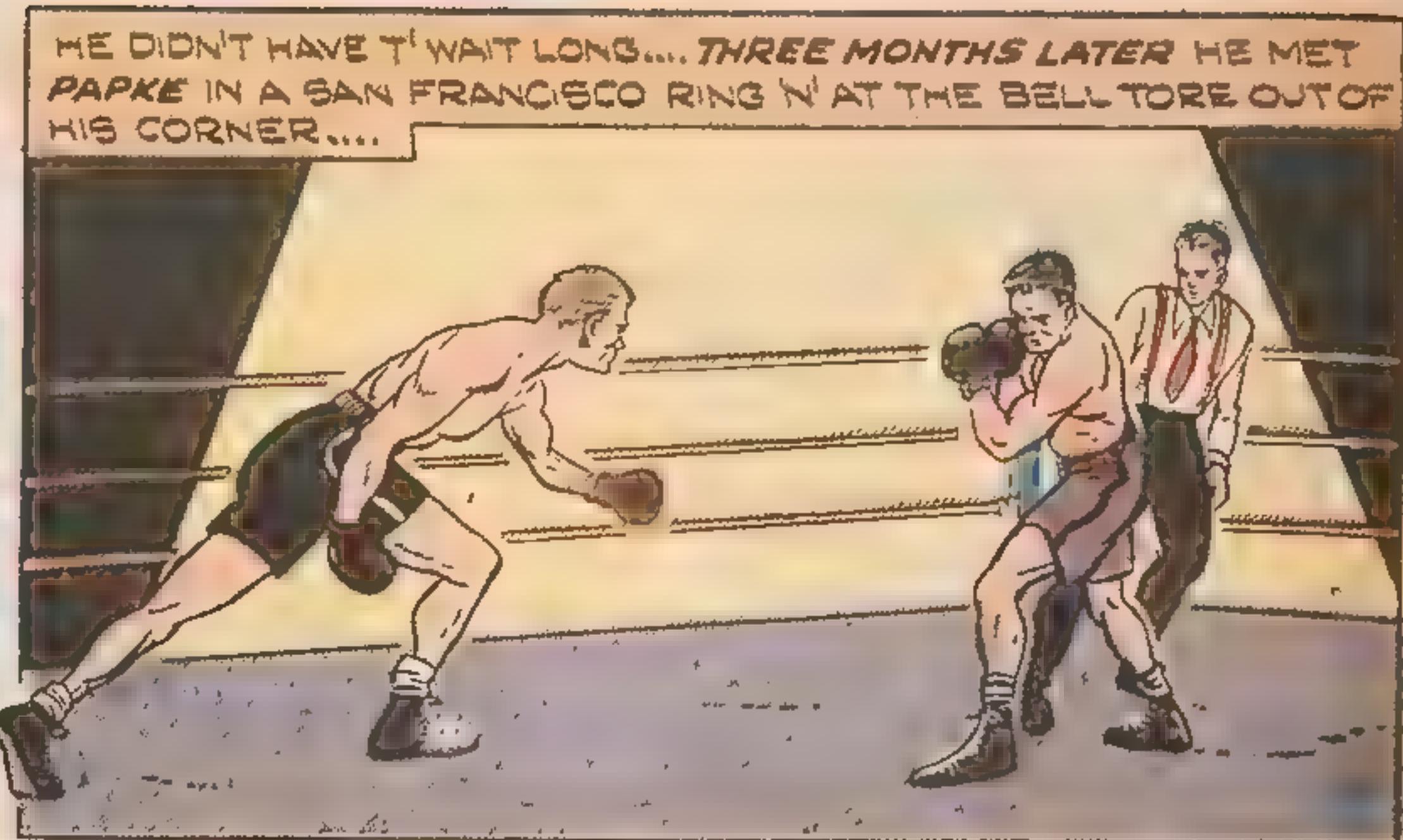


LISTEN, KID, THAT JOKER YOU HAVE NOW DON'T KNOW ANYTHING... STICK WITH ME AND WE'LL BE POSITIVELY REEKING WITH WEALTH!

HMM...! GO ON... I'M LISTENIN'!







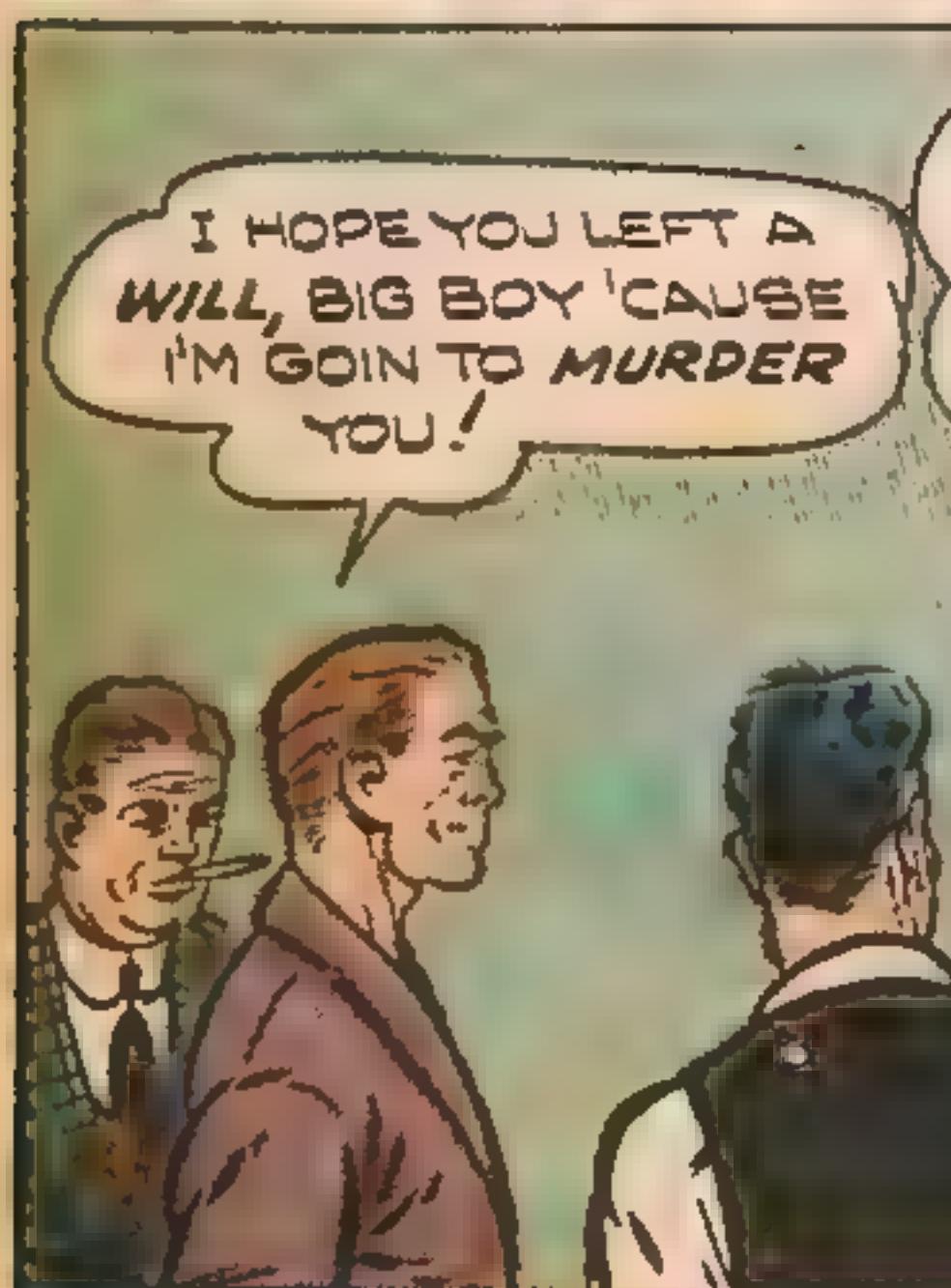
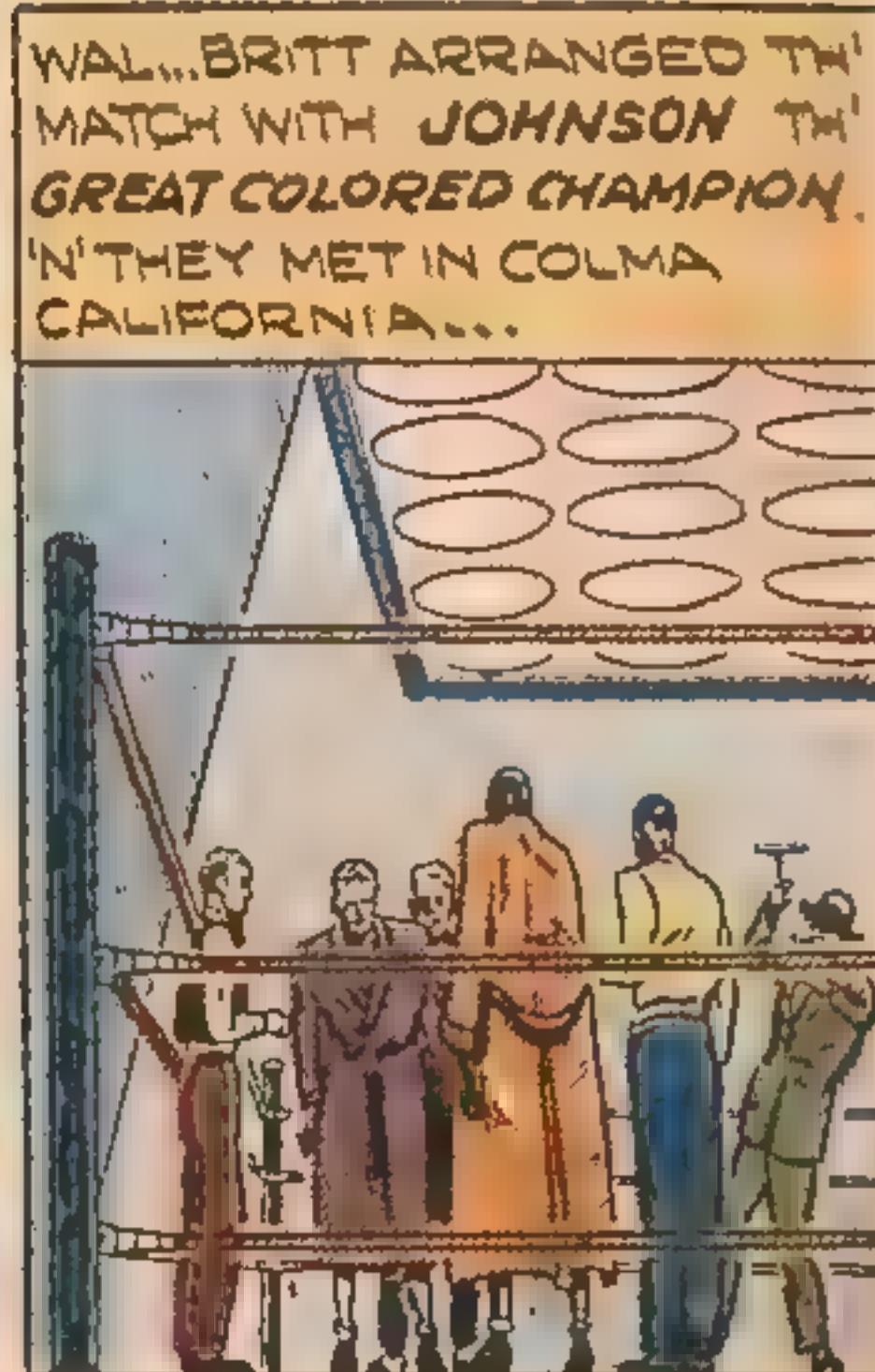
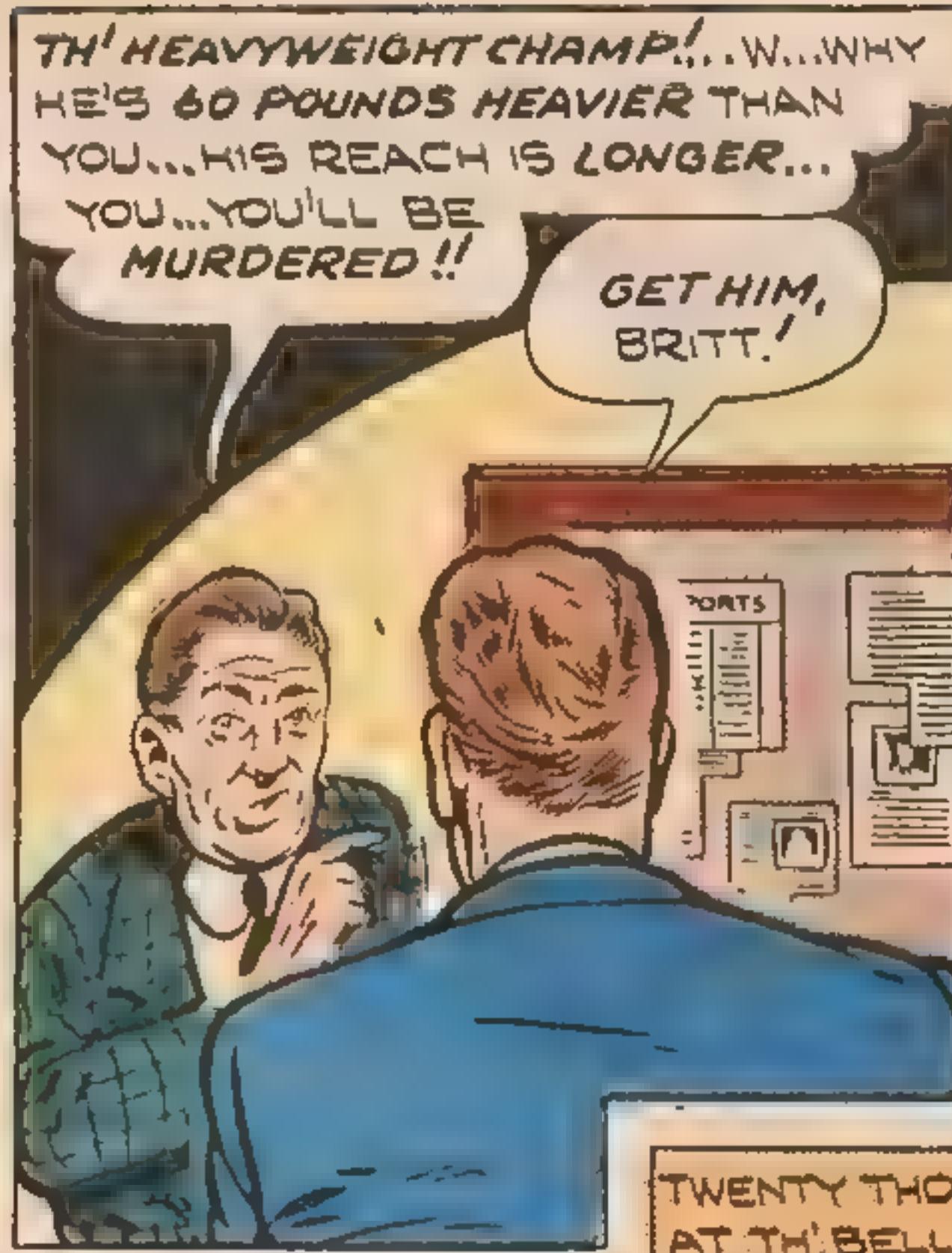
LISTEN, BRITT, THERE'S NO  
ONE LEFT FOR ME T' FIGHT...  
NO ONE...! CEPT JACK  
JOHNSON....

AWK!!  
HUH??!  
ARE YOU  
NUTS?!

TH' HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP!... W... WHY  
HE'S 60 POUNDS HEAVIER THAN  
YOU... HIS REACH IS LONGER...  
YOU... YOU'LL BE  
MURDERED!!

GET HIM,  
BRITT!

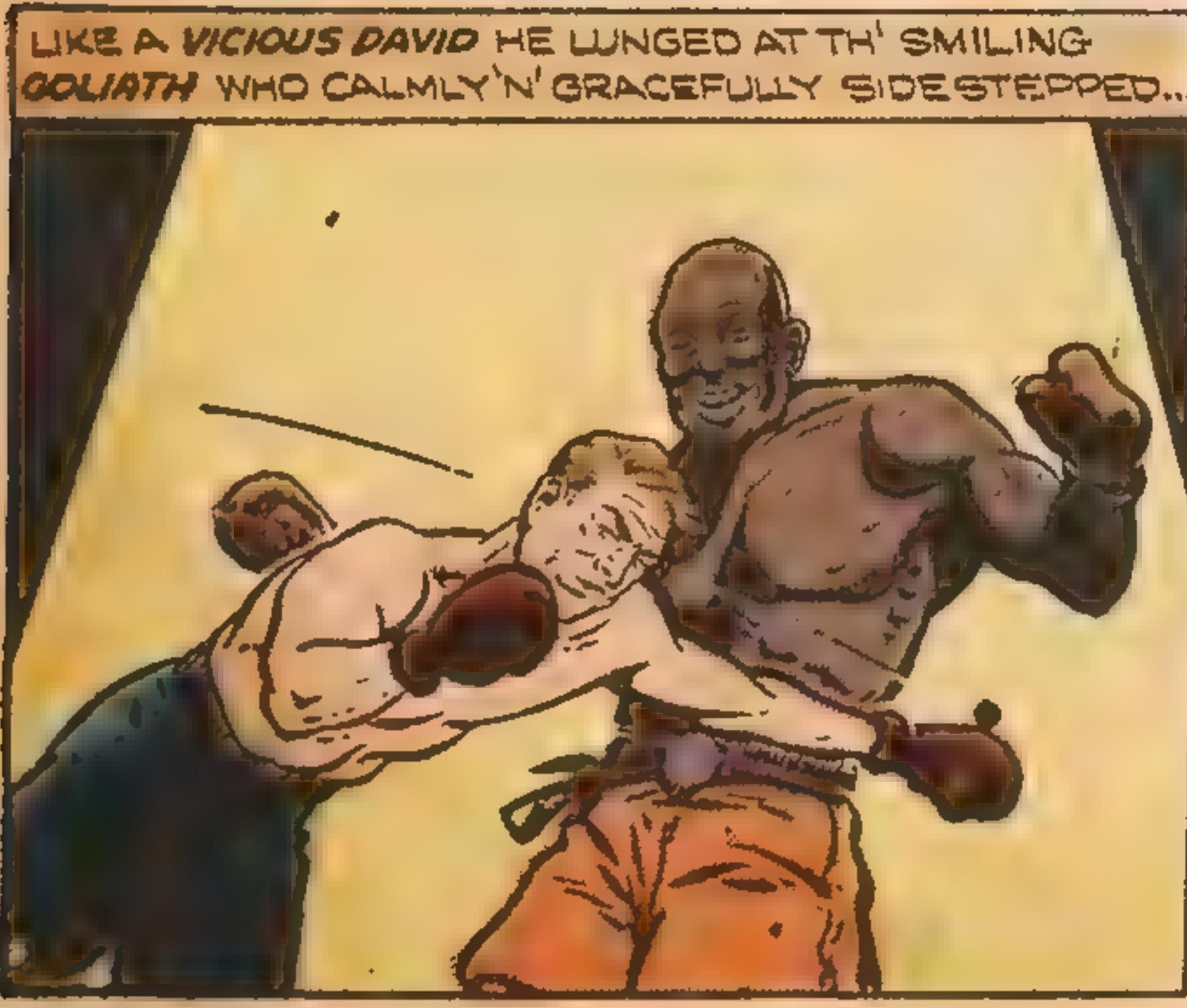
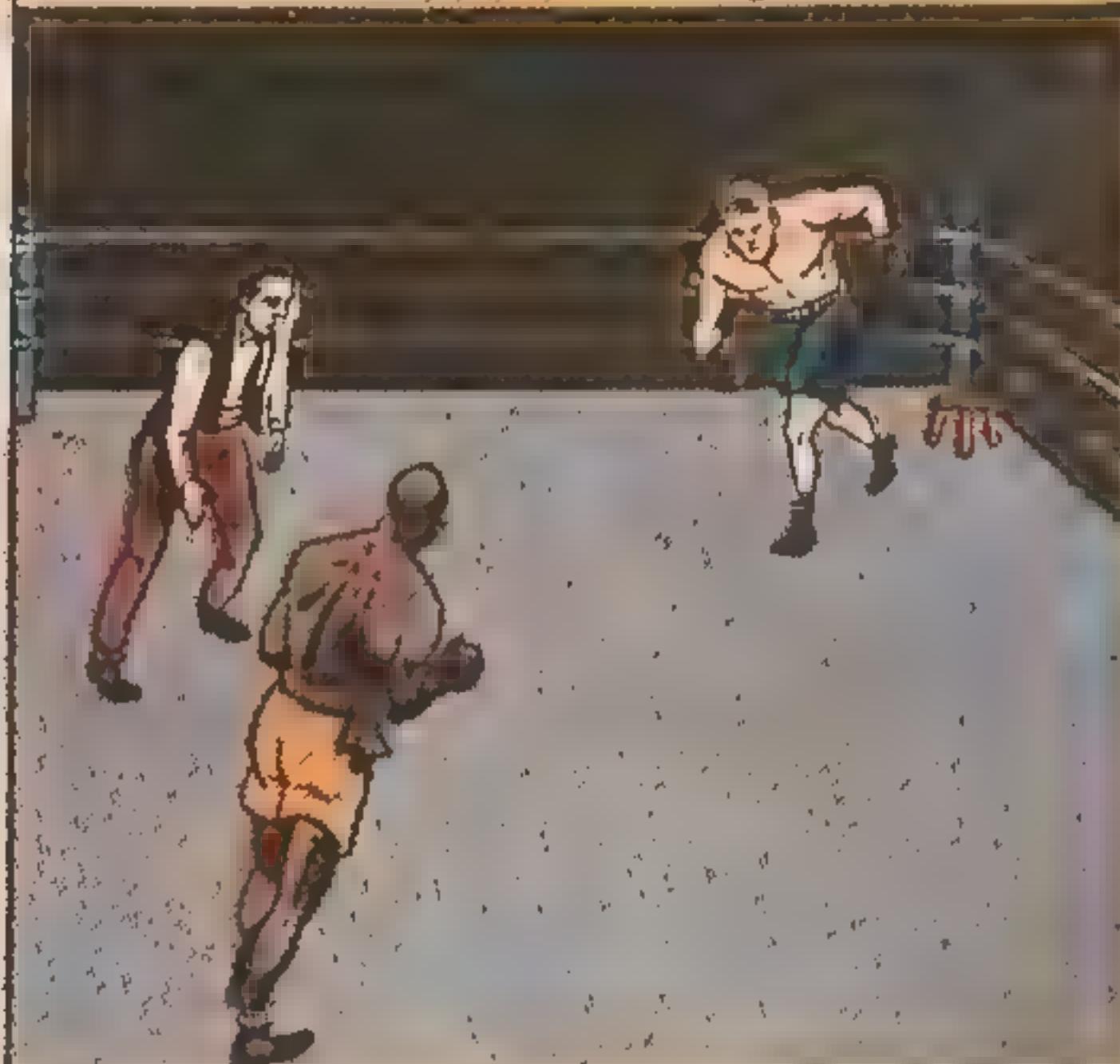
WAL... BRITT ARRANGED TH'  
MATCH WITH JOHNSON TH'  
GREAT COLORED CHAMPION.  
'N'THEY MET IN COLMA  
CALIFORNIA...



I HOPE YOU LEFT A  
WILL, BIG BOY 'CAUSE  
I'M GOIN TO MURDER  
YOU!

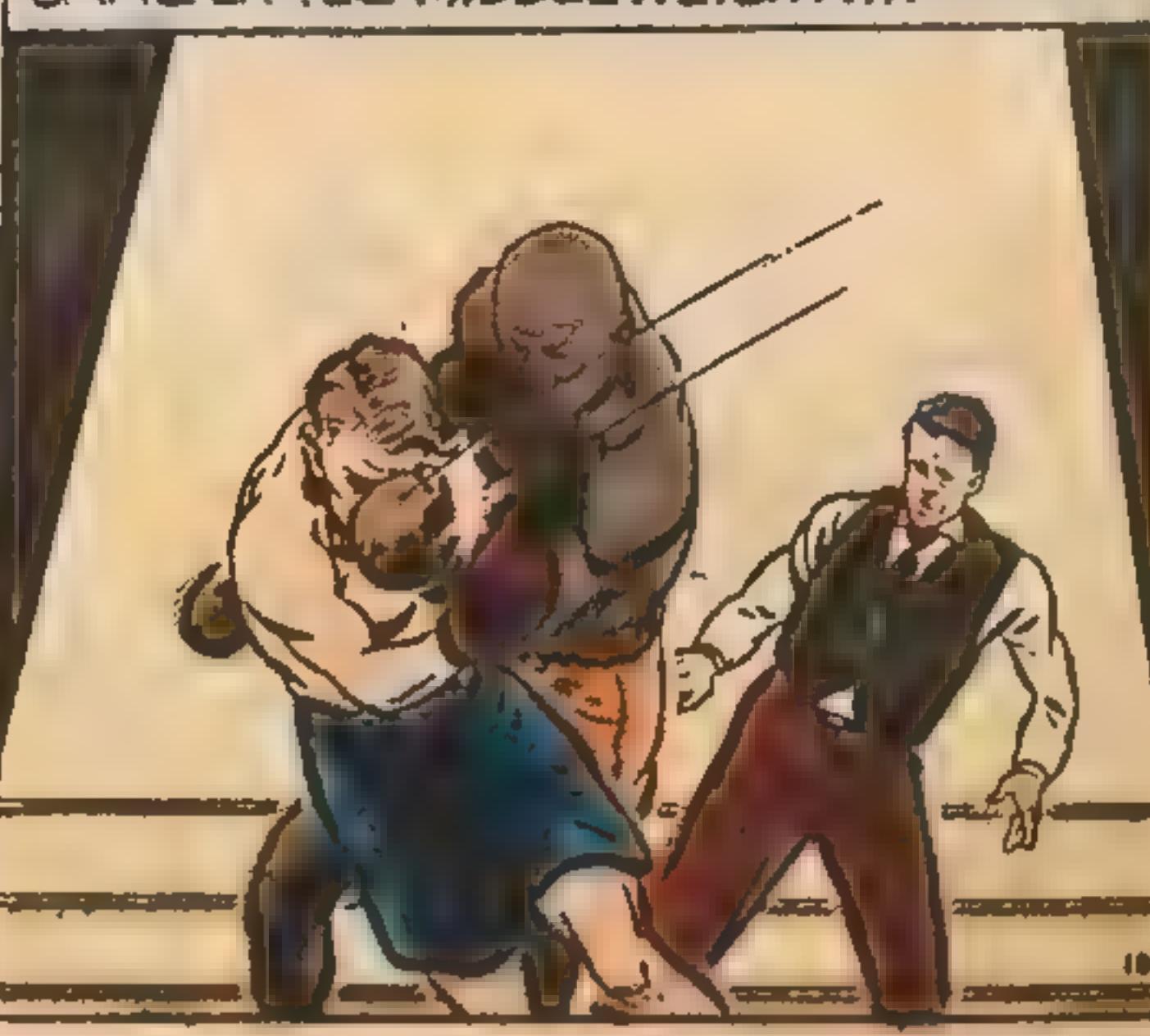
WHA...?... IS THAT A  
FACT, LIL MAN?... OKAY...  
I WAS GONNA KNOCK  
YOU OUT QUICK AN' END  
YOUR MISERY BUT NOW  
I THINK I'LL  
TEACH YOU A LESSON!

TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES LET OUT A YELL  
AT TH' BELL, AS KETCH TORE OUT IN HIS  
USUAL WAY...



LIKE A VICIOUS DAVID HE LUNGED AT TH' SMILING  
GOLIATH WHO CALMLY 'N' GRACEFULLY SIDE STEPPED...

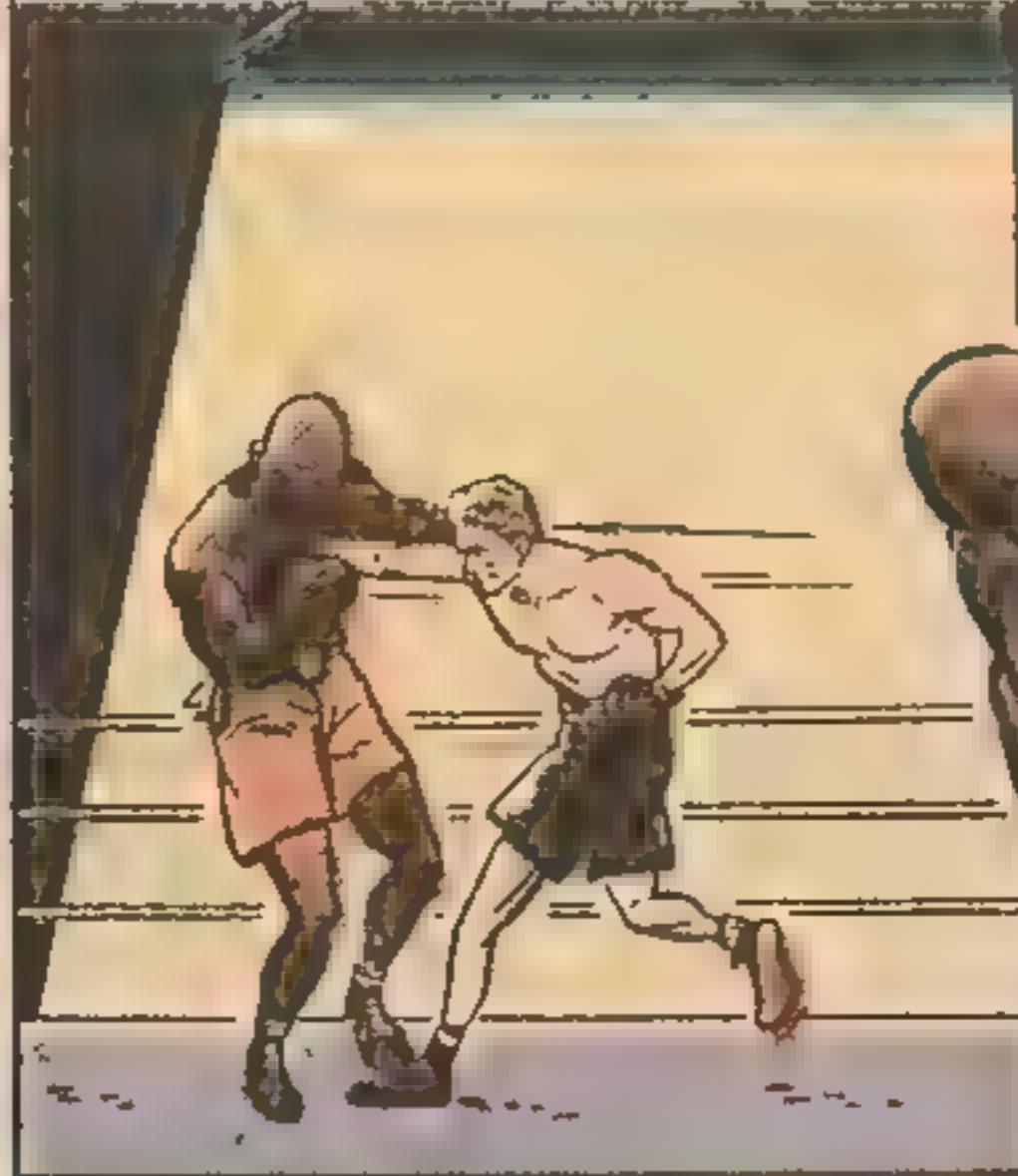
A MASTER BOXER, JOHNSON PROMPTLY  
PROCEEDED TO MAKE MINCEMEAT OF TH'  
GAME LITTLE MIDDLEWEIGHT....



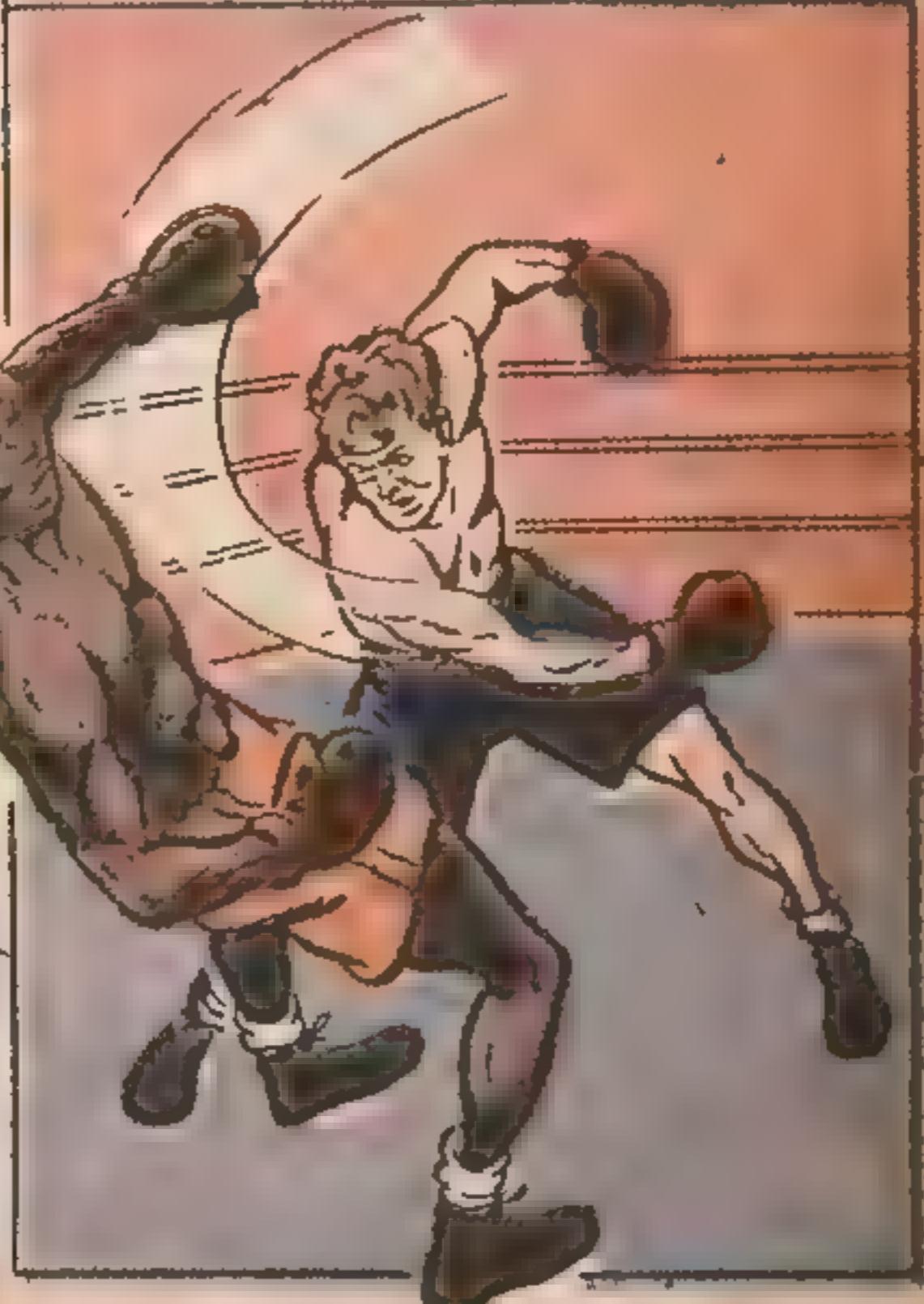
FOR ELEVEN ROUNDS JOHNSON  
PROCEEDED TO GIVE KETCH A  
BOXIN' LESSON, CONSTANTLY  
TYING HIM UP IN KNOTS MUCH  
TO TH' DERISION OF TH' FANS...



THEN SUDDENLY IN TH' TWELFTH  
KETCH BROKE LOOSE 'N' WADED  
IN WITH BOTH FISTS FLYIN'  
A RIGHT... LEFT... RIGHT...

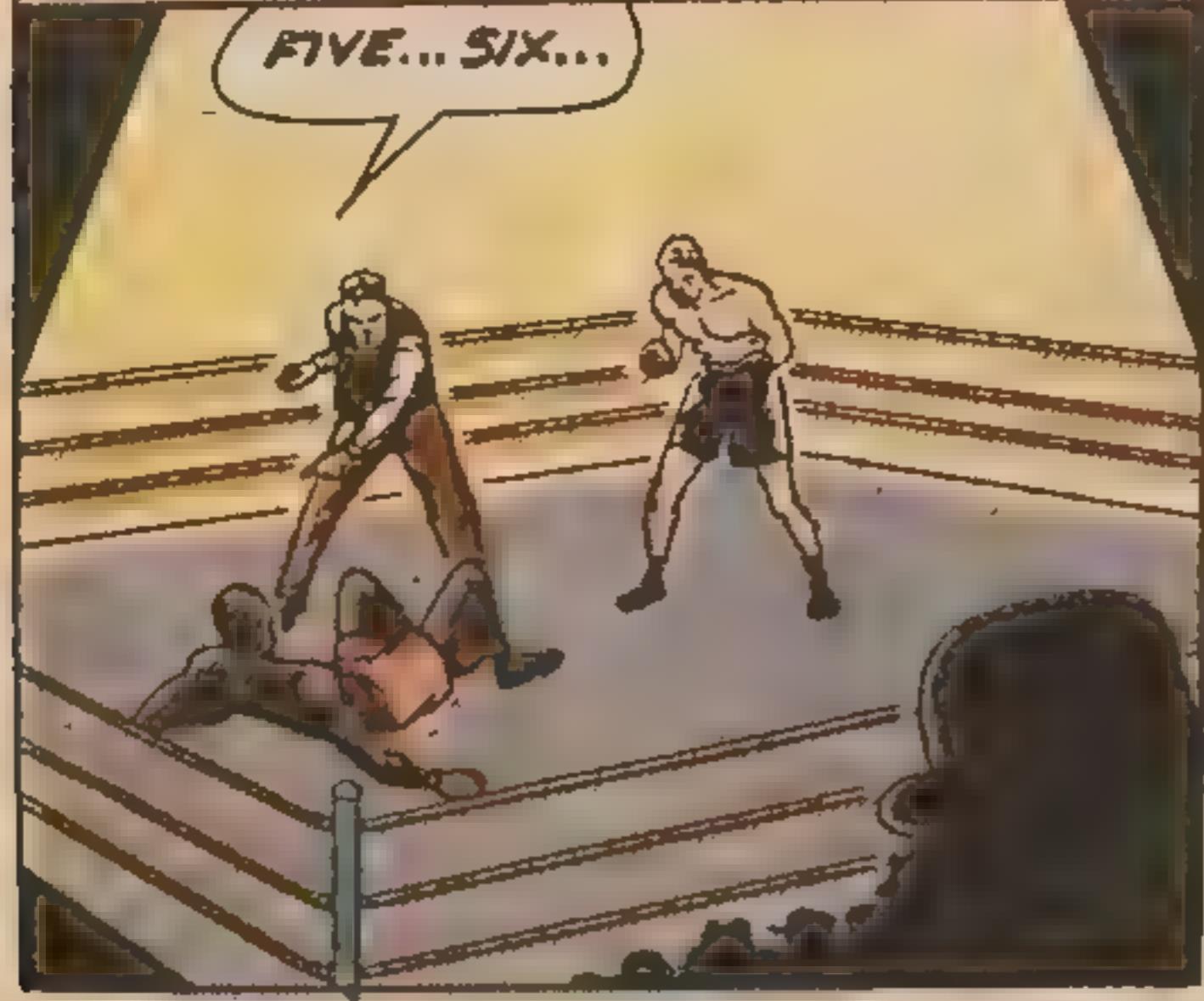


'N' THEN ANOTHER TERRIFIC RIGHT  
TO TH' JAW THAT SENT TH' BIG  
MAN TOPPLING OVER BACKWARD.

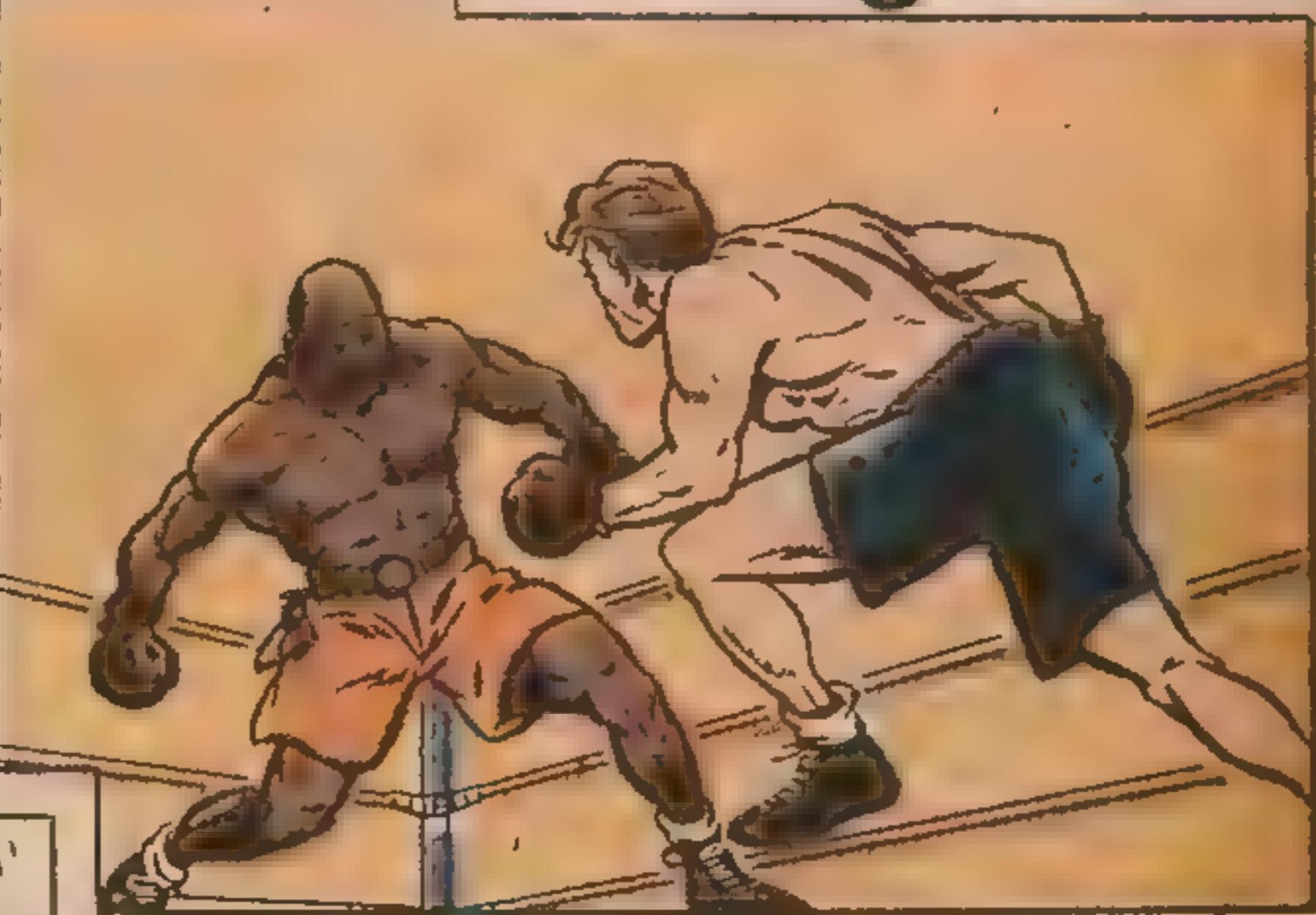


FOR SIX SECONDS A STUNNED CROWD SAT  
IN AWE AS TH' REFEREE BEGAN TO COUNT...

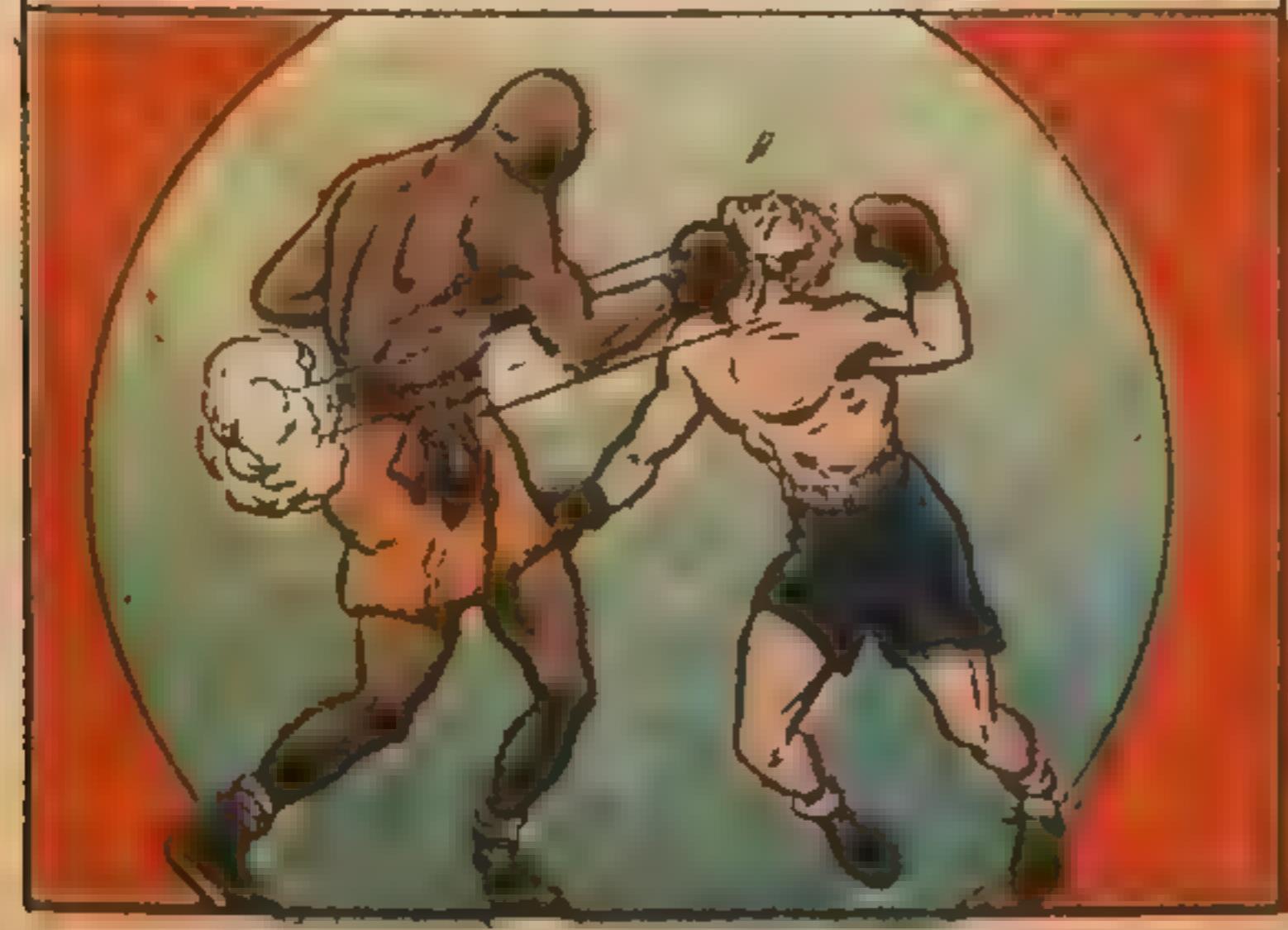
FIVE... SIX...



BUT JOHNSON GOT  
UP... 'N' HE GOT UP  
SEEIN' RED...



LIKE A PANTHER, KETCH LEAPED IN FOR TH'  
KILL, THROWIN' ALL CAUTION TO TH' WINDS...  
IN HE CAME SWINGIN' WILDLY... JOHNSON  
STEPPED BACK... COUNTERED... 'N' WITH A  
PUNCH THAT TRAVELED JUST EIGHT INCHES  
CAUGHT KETCH FLUSH ON TH' JAW...



KETCH HIT TH' CANVAS LIKE A POLED OX... HE WAS  
OUT FOR TWENTY MINUTES... FROM A ROCK  
CRUSHER BLOW THAT BROKE OFF FOUR TEETH...  
BUT TH' THUNDERIN' ROAR THAT AROSE WASN'T  
FOR THE CHAMPION... IT WAS FOR TH' GAME LITTLE  
MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO QUIT...



...N' THAT WAS ABOUT IT... BRITT'N' KETCH BROKE UP N' A SWEET CHARACTER NAMED MIZNER TOOK OVER... KETCH KNOCKED OVER A FEW MORE OPPONENTS N' BATTLED TH' GREAT SAM LANGFORD TO A DRAW... BUT TH' HIGH POINT HAD BEEN PASSED 'N' IN 1910 KETCH WENT WEST FOR A REST... HE STOPPED AT TH' RANCH OF COLONEL R.P. DICKERSON, AN OLD FRIEND....

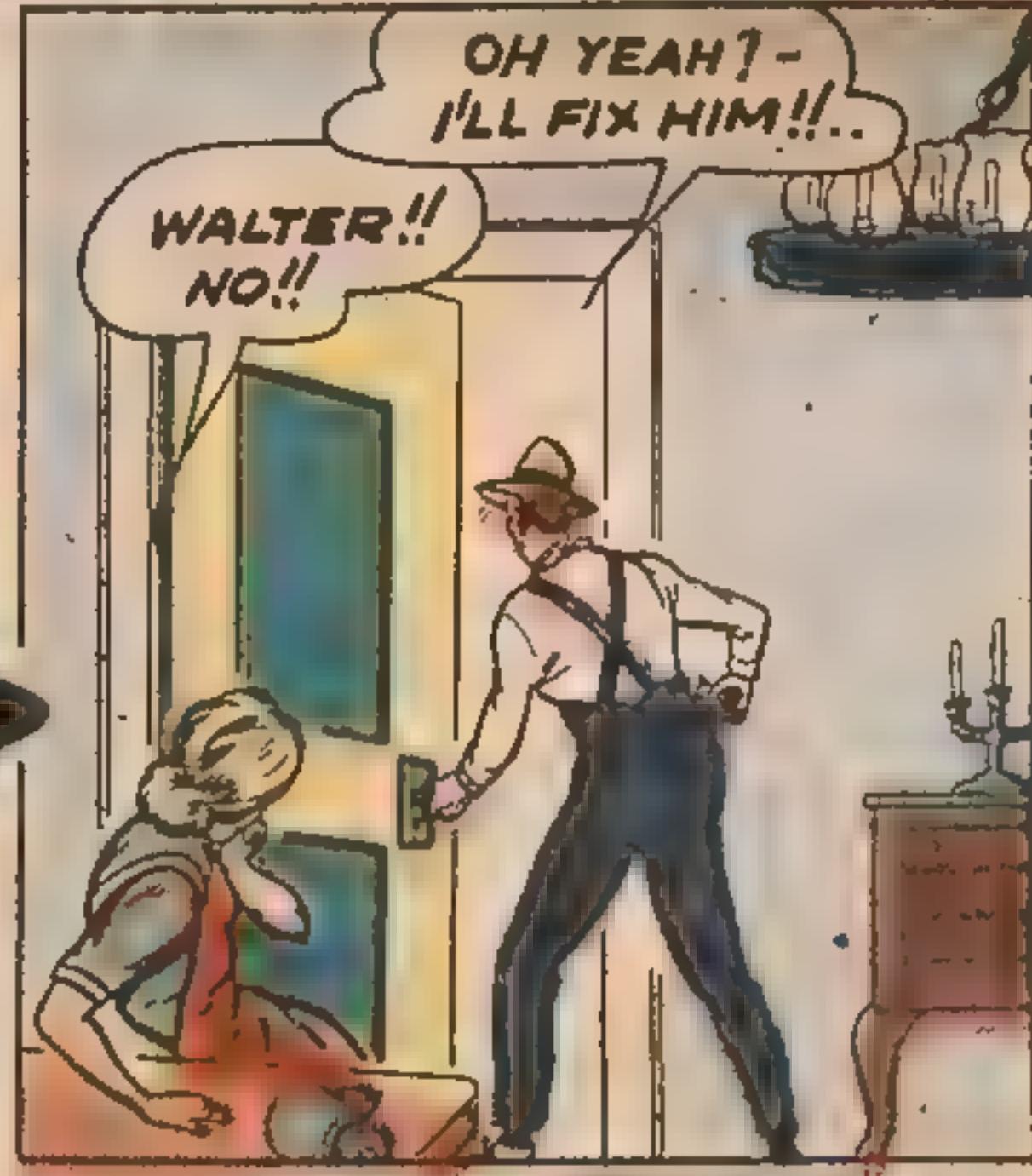


IT WAS THERE, ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 10, 1910 THAT FATE WAITED TO PLAY HER LAST CARD IN THE LIFE OF STANLEY KETCHEL

GOOD MORNIN!! HOW'S MY FAVORITE LITTLE COOK TODAY?!



I'LL BET!..LISTEN! YOU'RE MY GIRL 'N' IF TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!

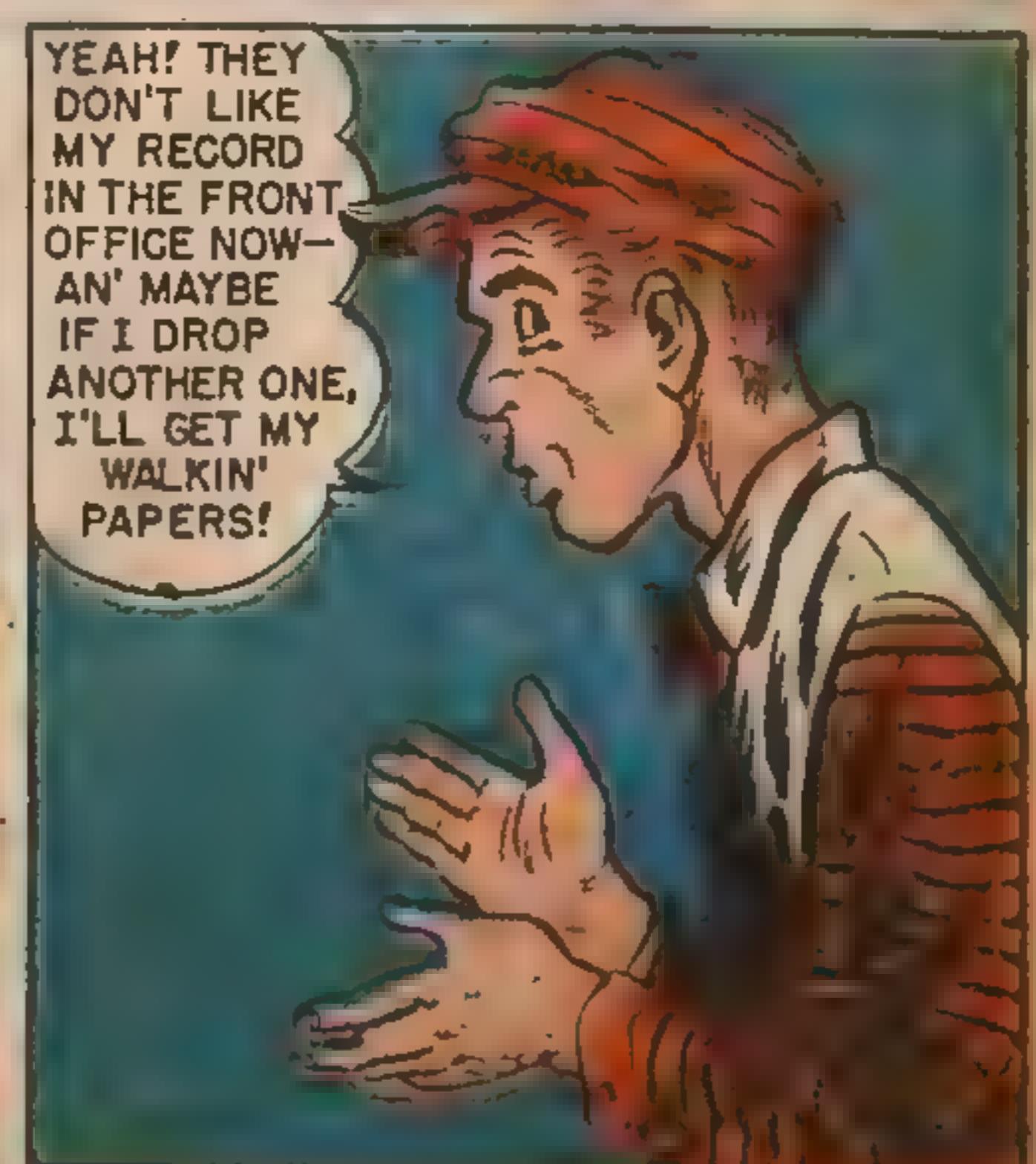


N' THAT'S WHERE WE CAME IN... WALTER DIPLEY GOT LIFE IMPRISONMENT 'N' STANLEY KETCHEL WAS BURIED, IN TH' POLISH CEMETERY IN GRAND RAPIDS... RATED BY THE EXPERTS AS ONE OF THE ALL-TIME CHAMPS, WHOSE LIFE ENDED AT 24 BY THAT BULLET... WAL, TH' OLD-TIMER'S GOTTA GO NOW, THANKS FOR LISTENIN'..N' IF YOU GET TH' CHANCE, DROP OVER AGAIN-'N' WELL, TALK SOME MORE! G'BYE!

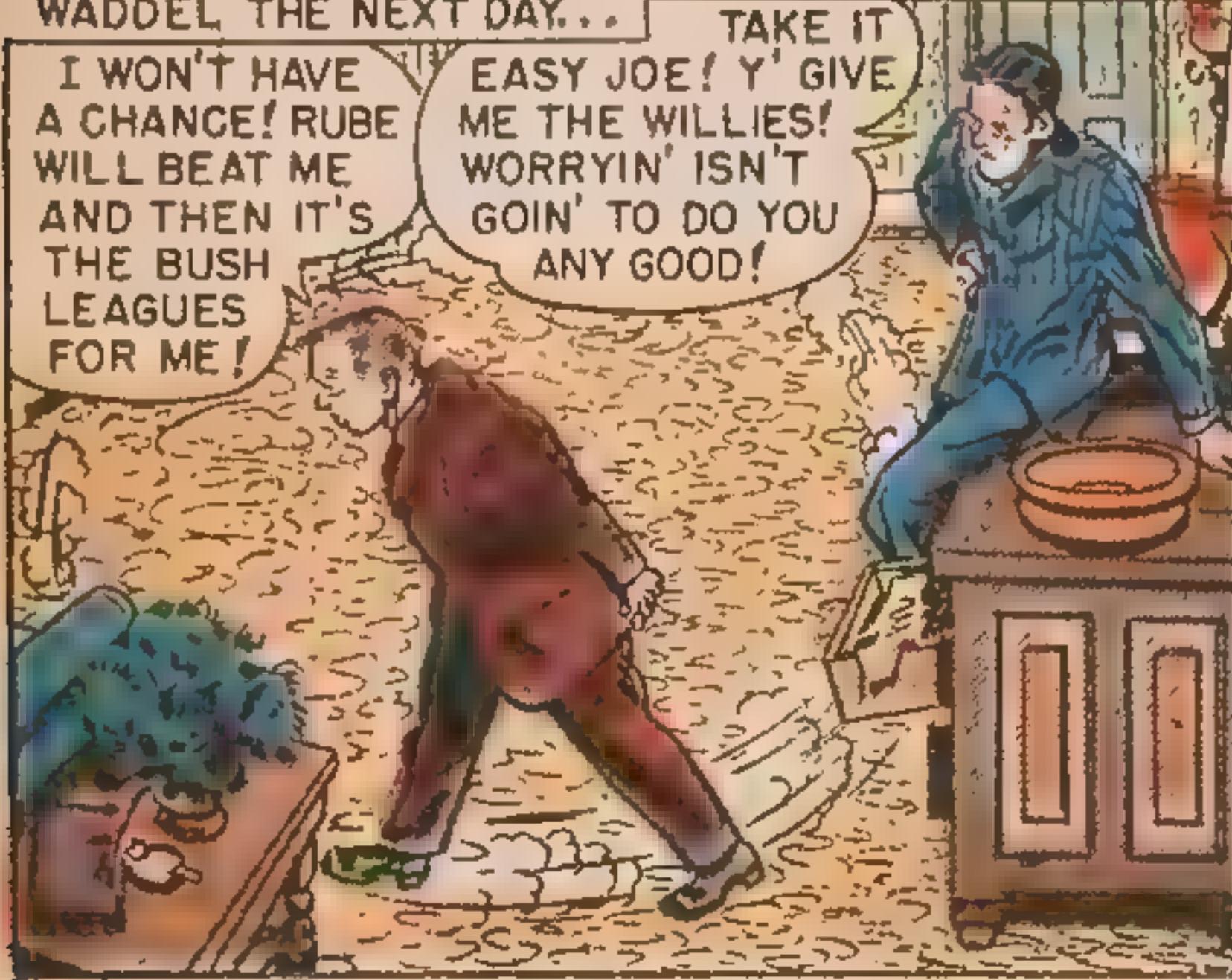


# THE GREAT RUBE

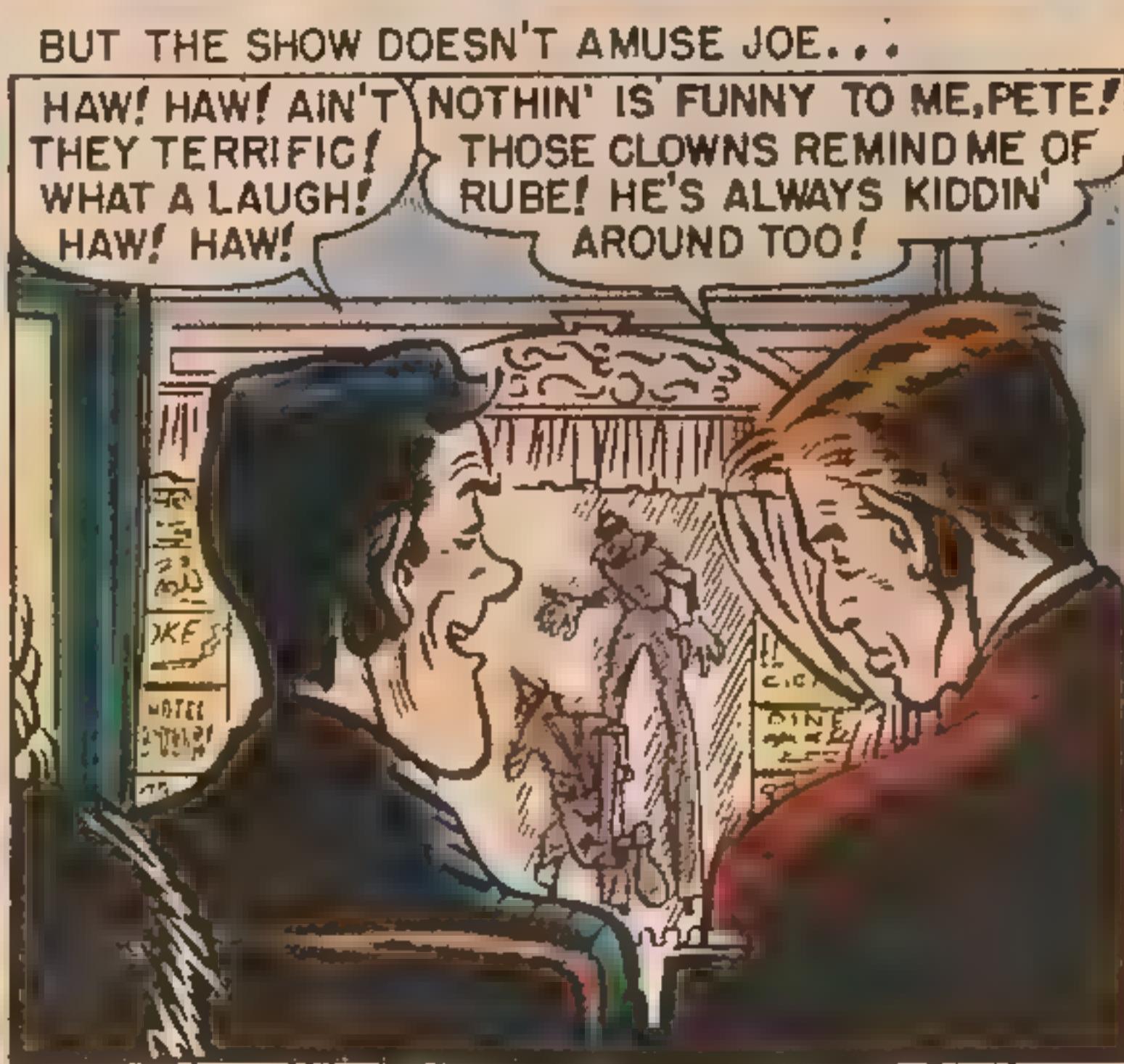
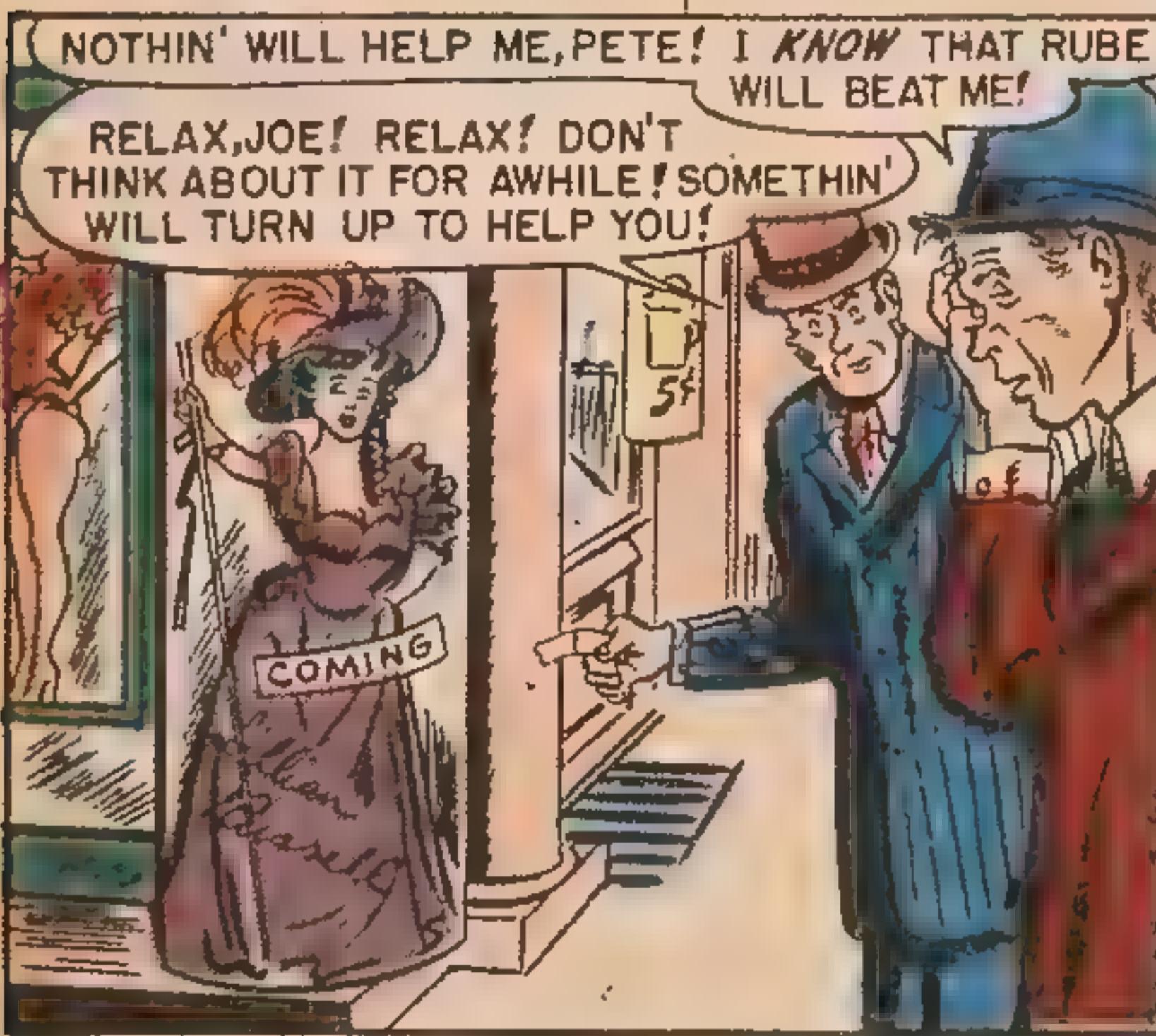
A  
REAL  
STORY



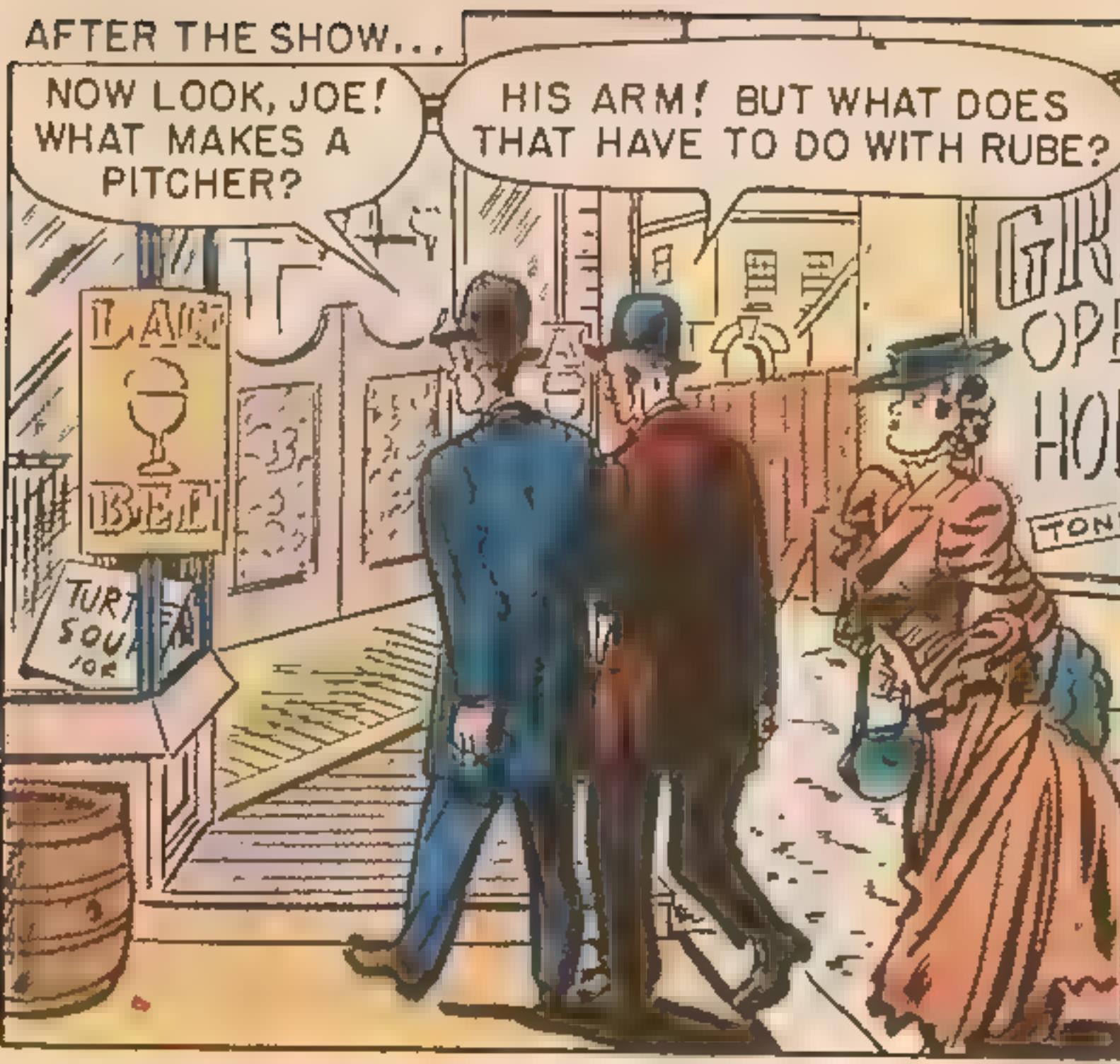
LATER, WITH HIS FRIEND PETE, IN HIS HOTEL, JOE BROODS OVER THE POSSIBILITY OF PITCHING AGAINST RUBE WADDLE THE NEXT DAY...



GRAB YOUR HAT AND WE'LL GO DOWN TO THE MUSIC HALL! A COUPLE OF LAUGHS WILL DO YOU GOOD!

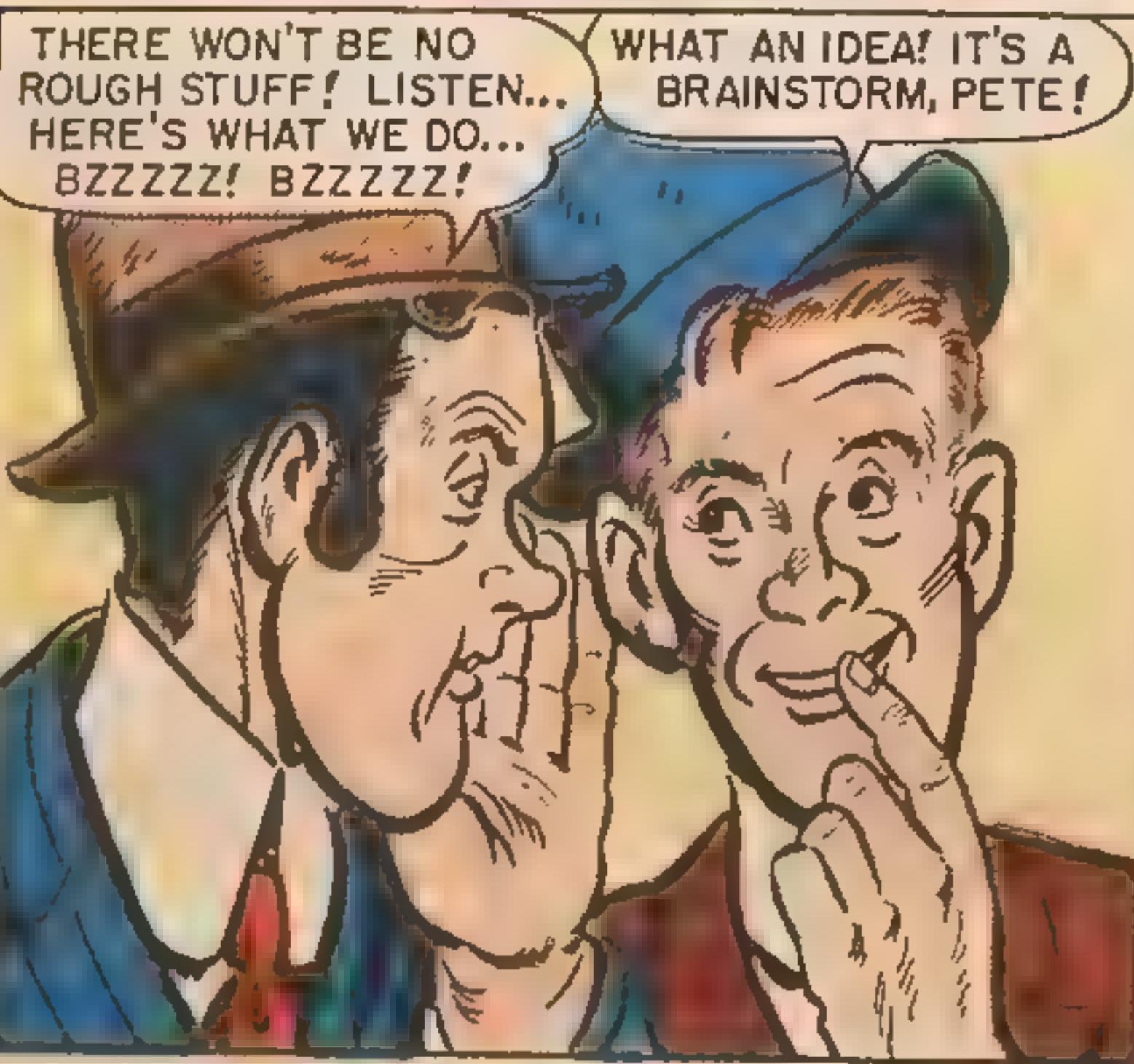


AFTER THE SHOW...

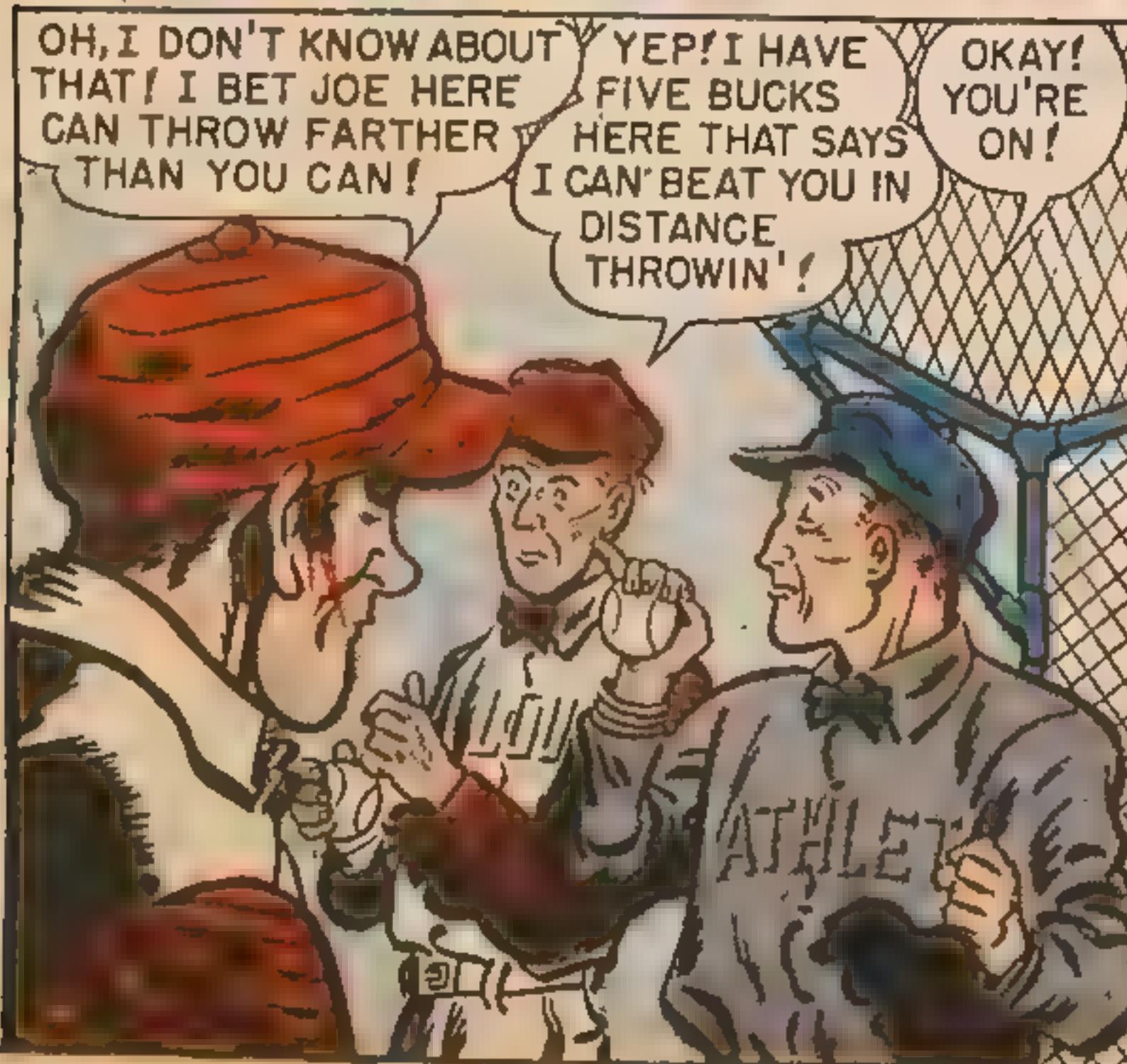
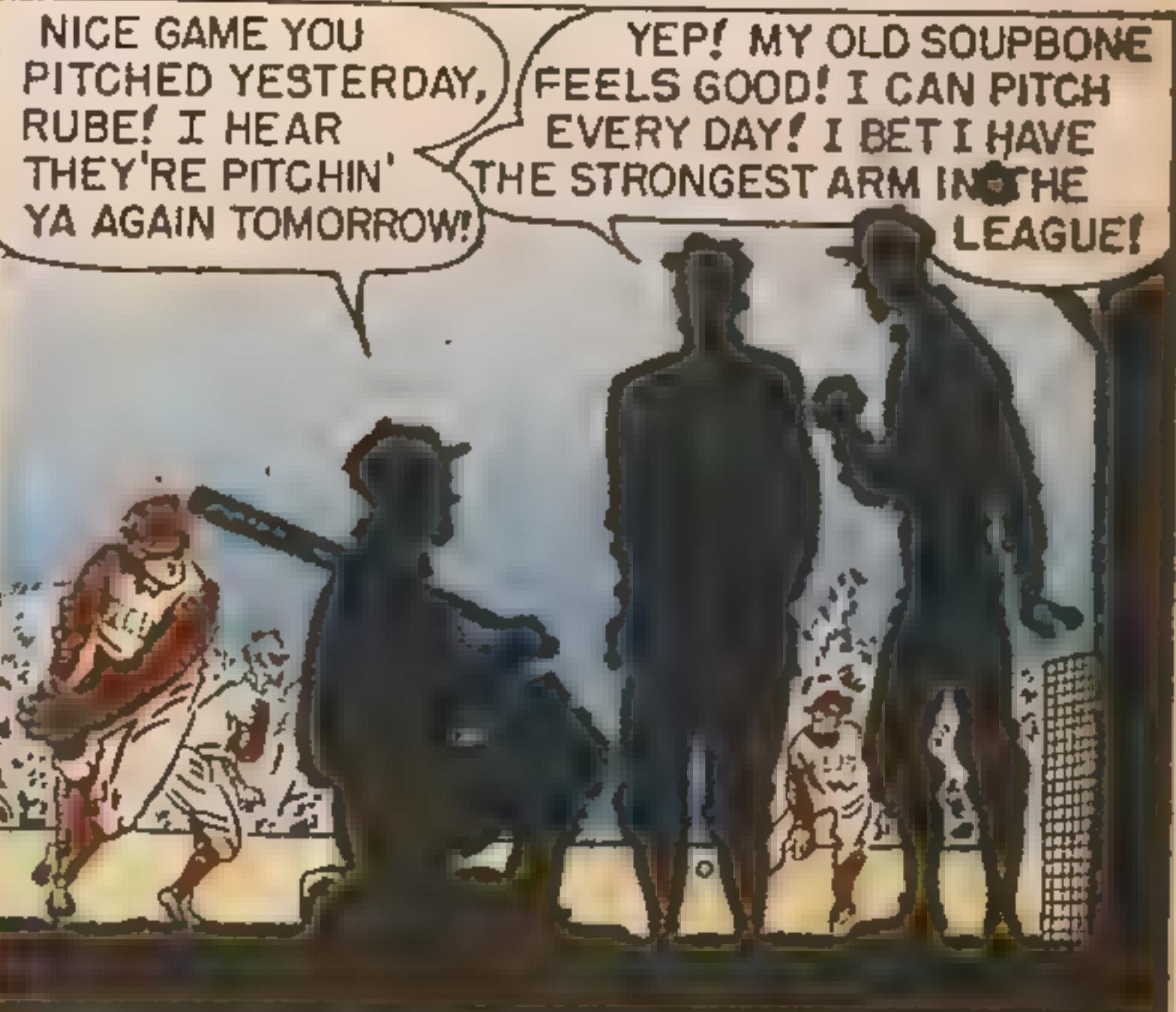


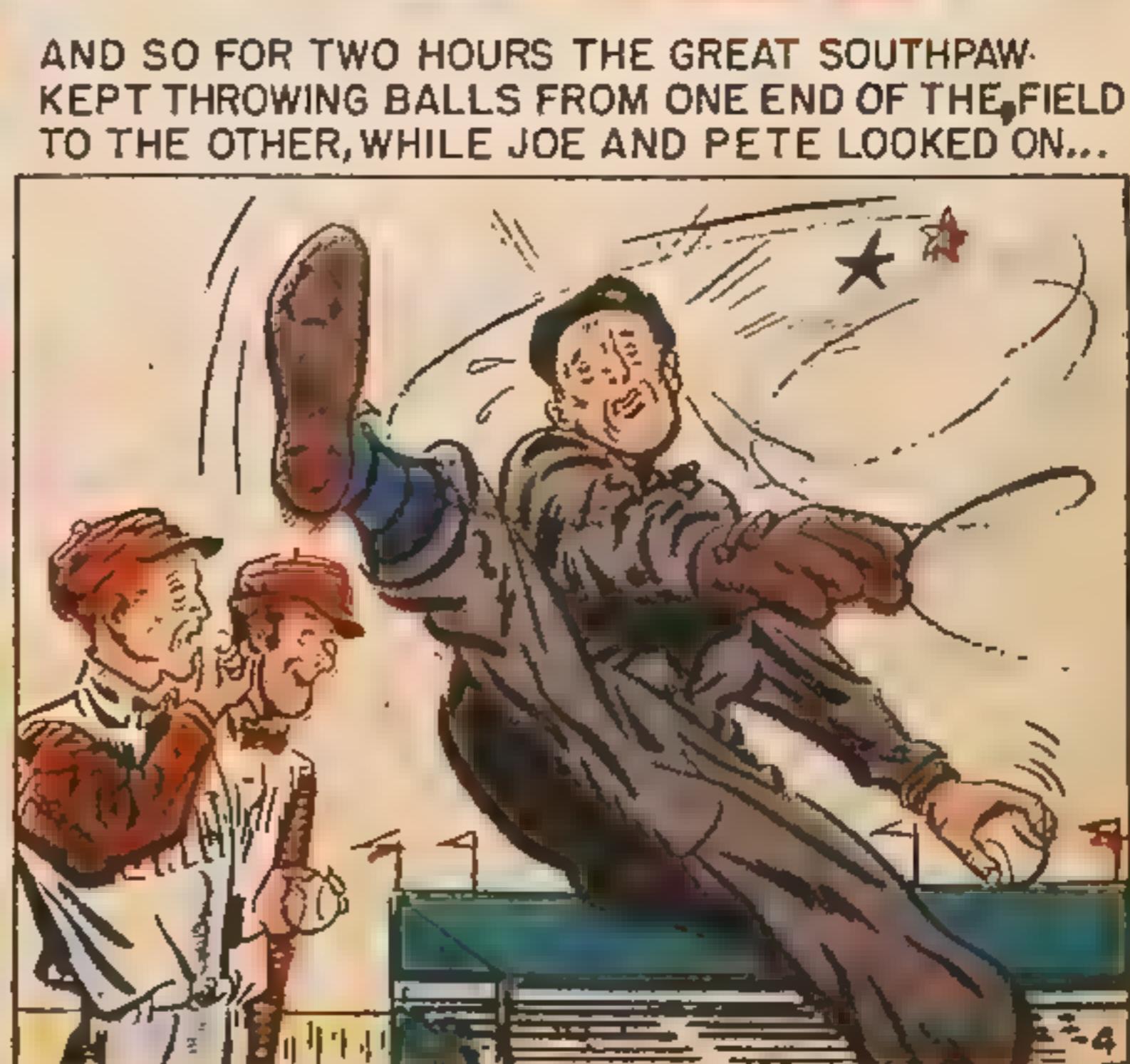
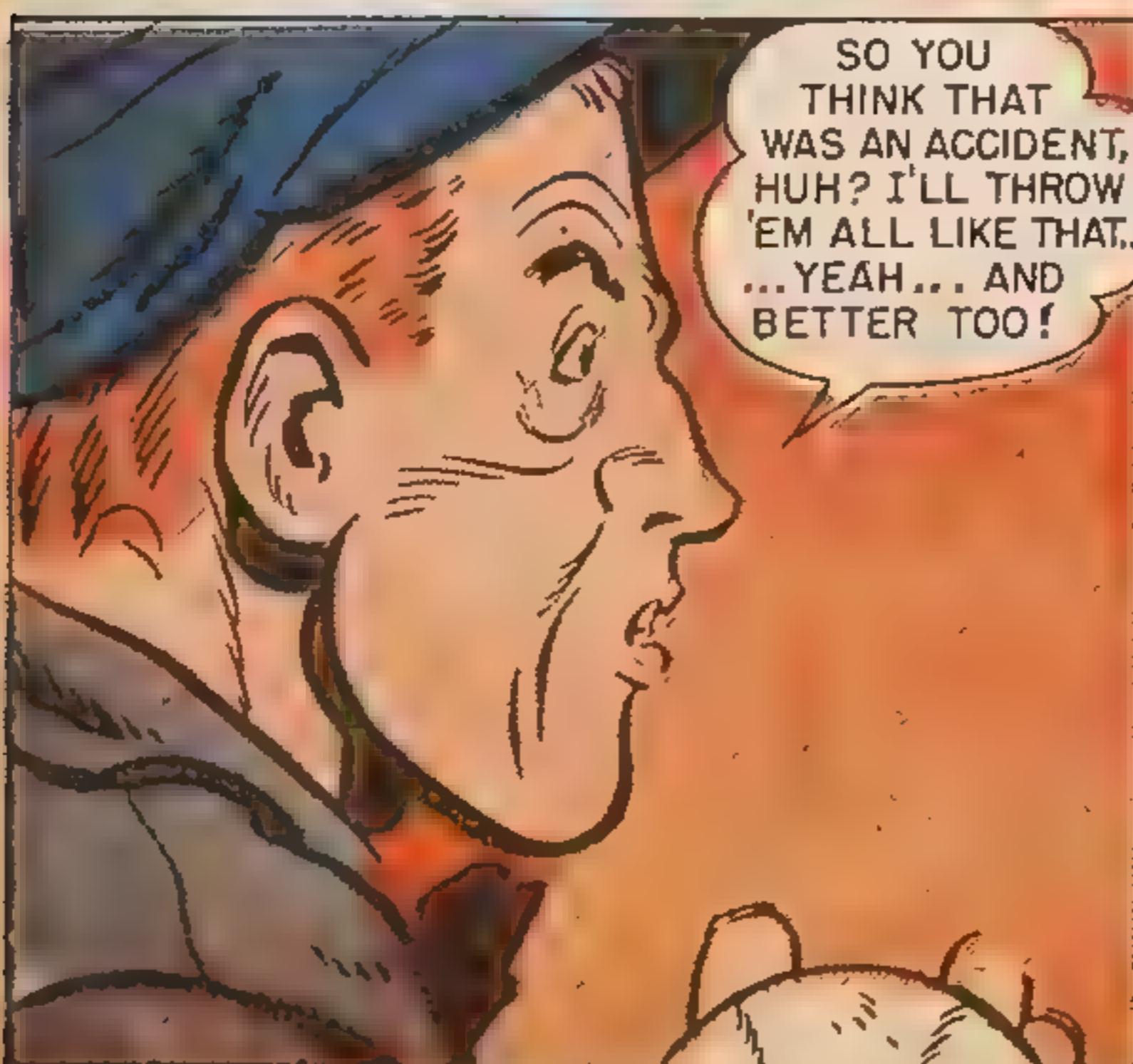
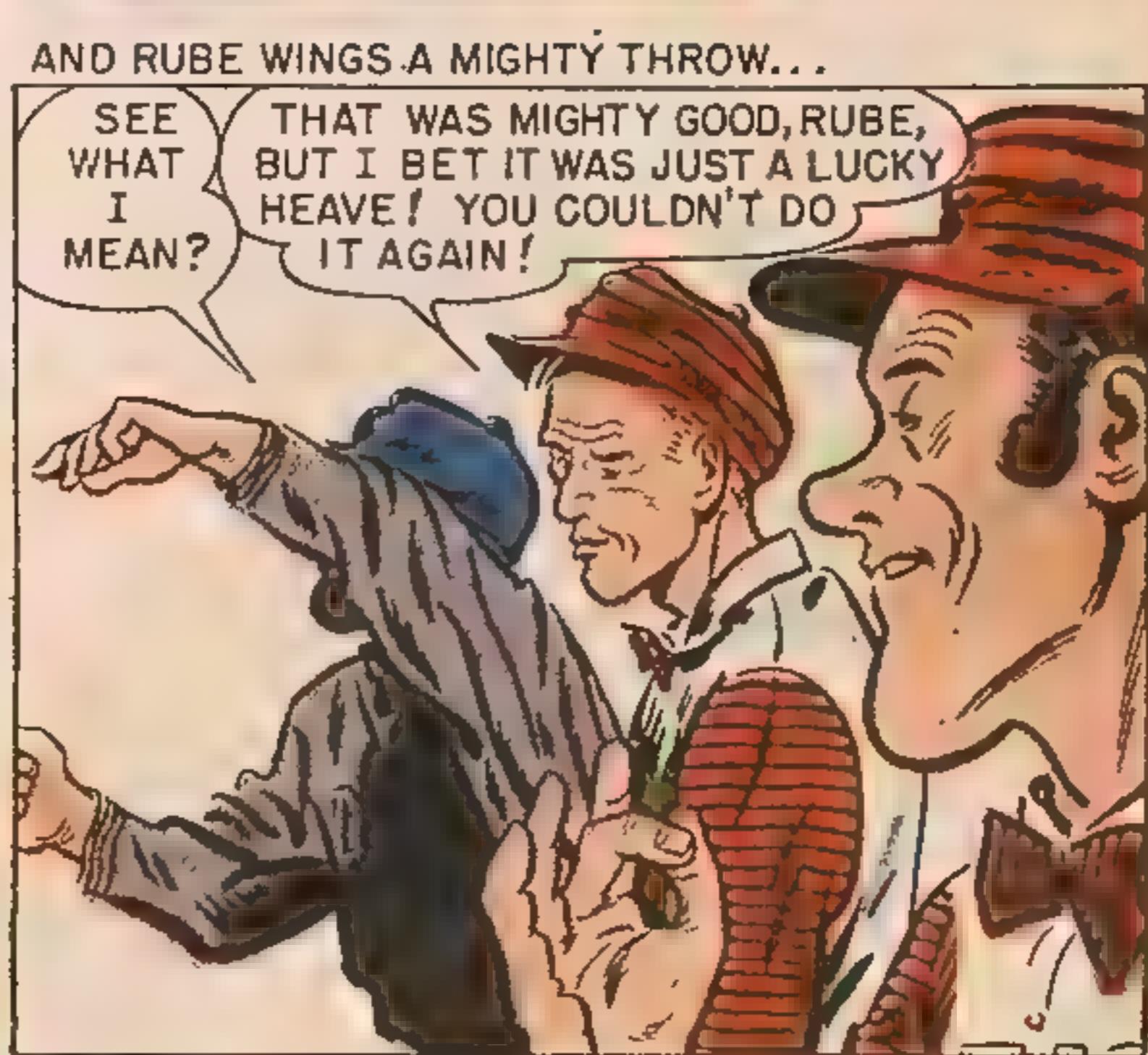
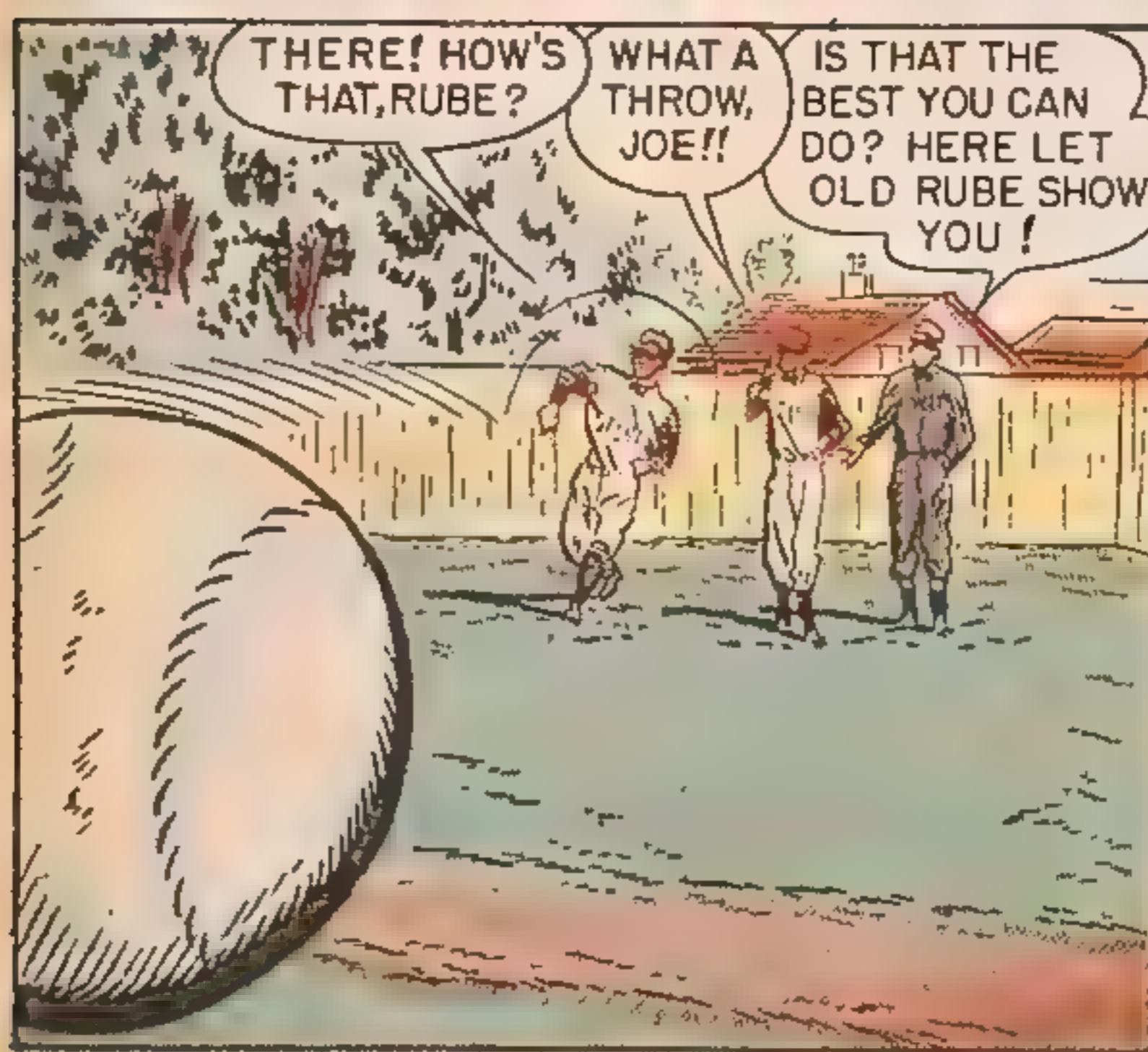
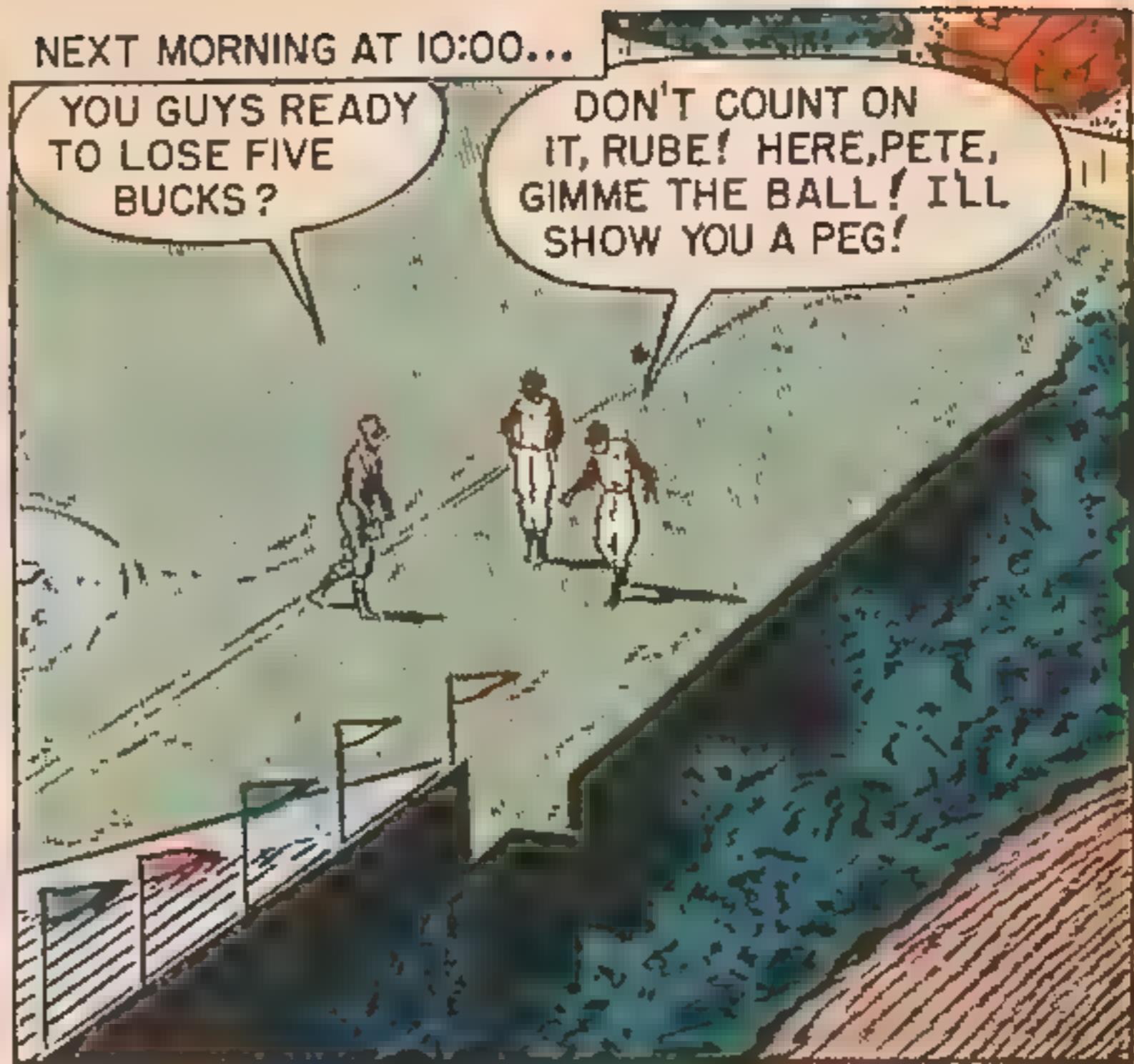
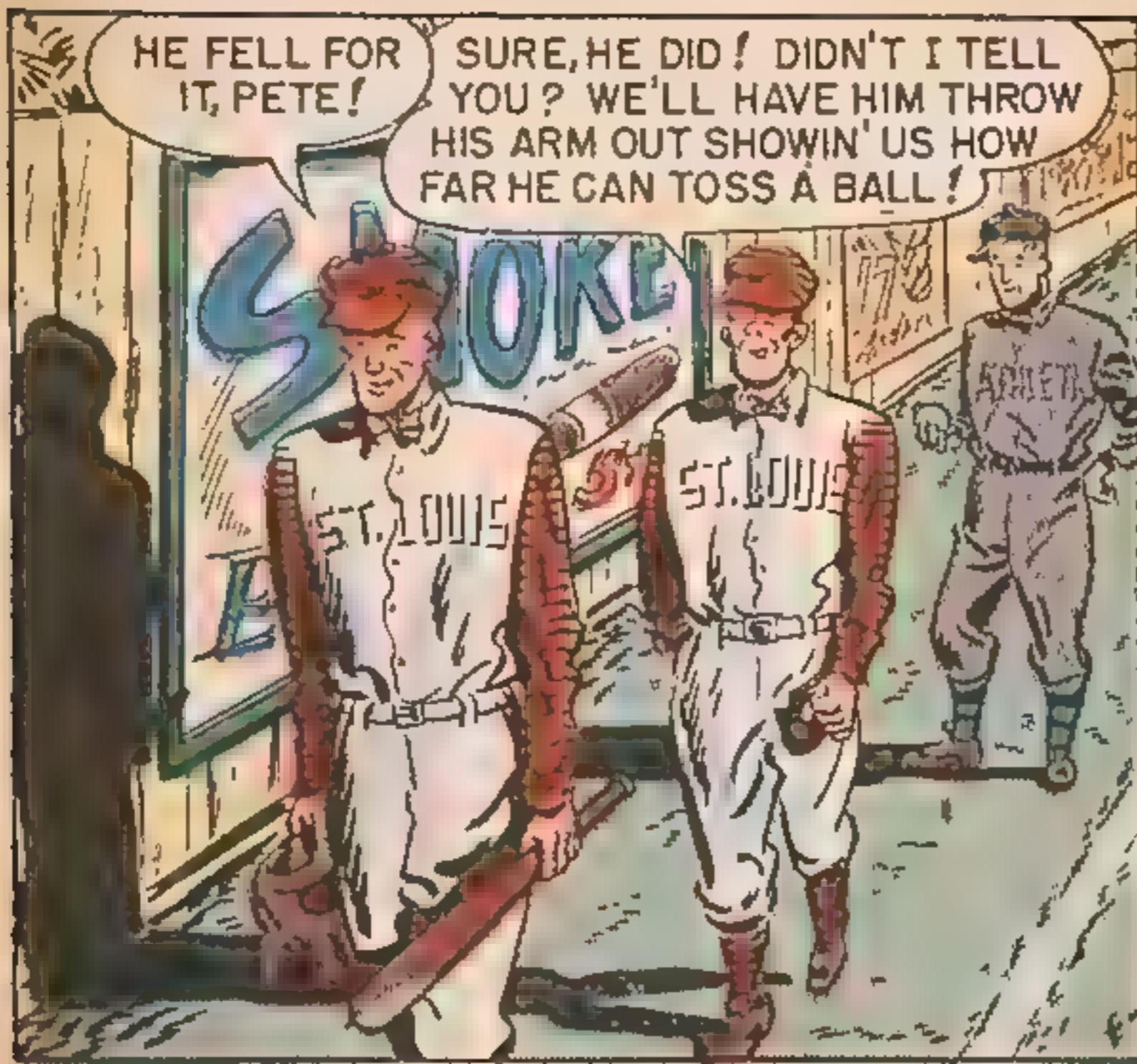
WELL, IF SOMETHIN' HAPPENED  
TO RUBE'S ARM, YOU'D BE  
IN CLOVER... RIGHT?

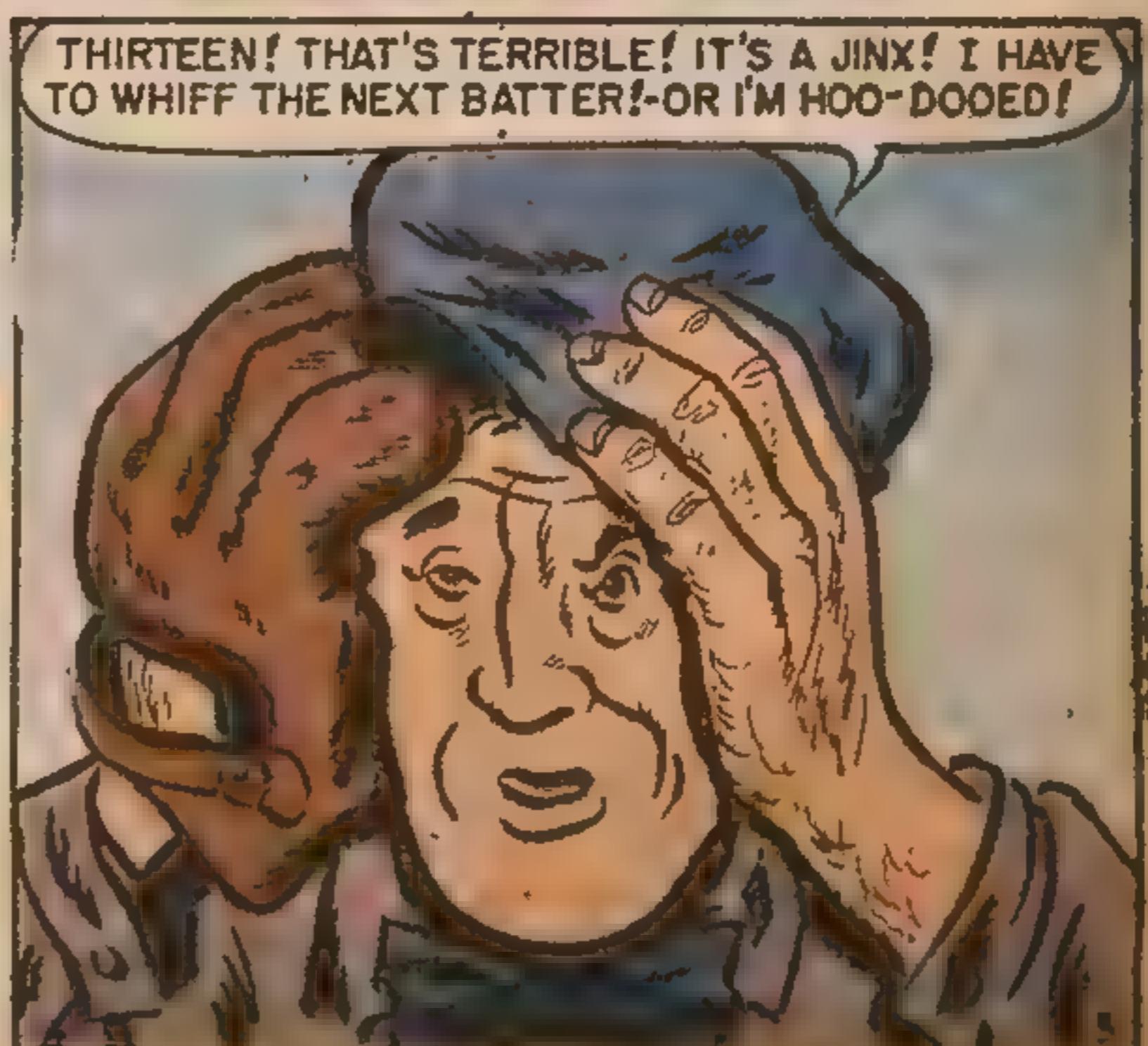
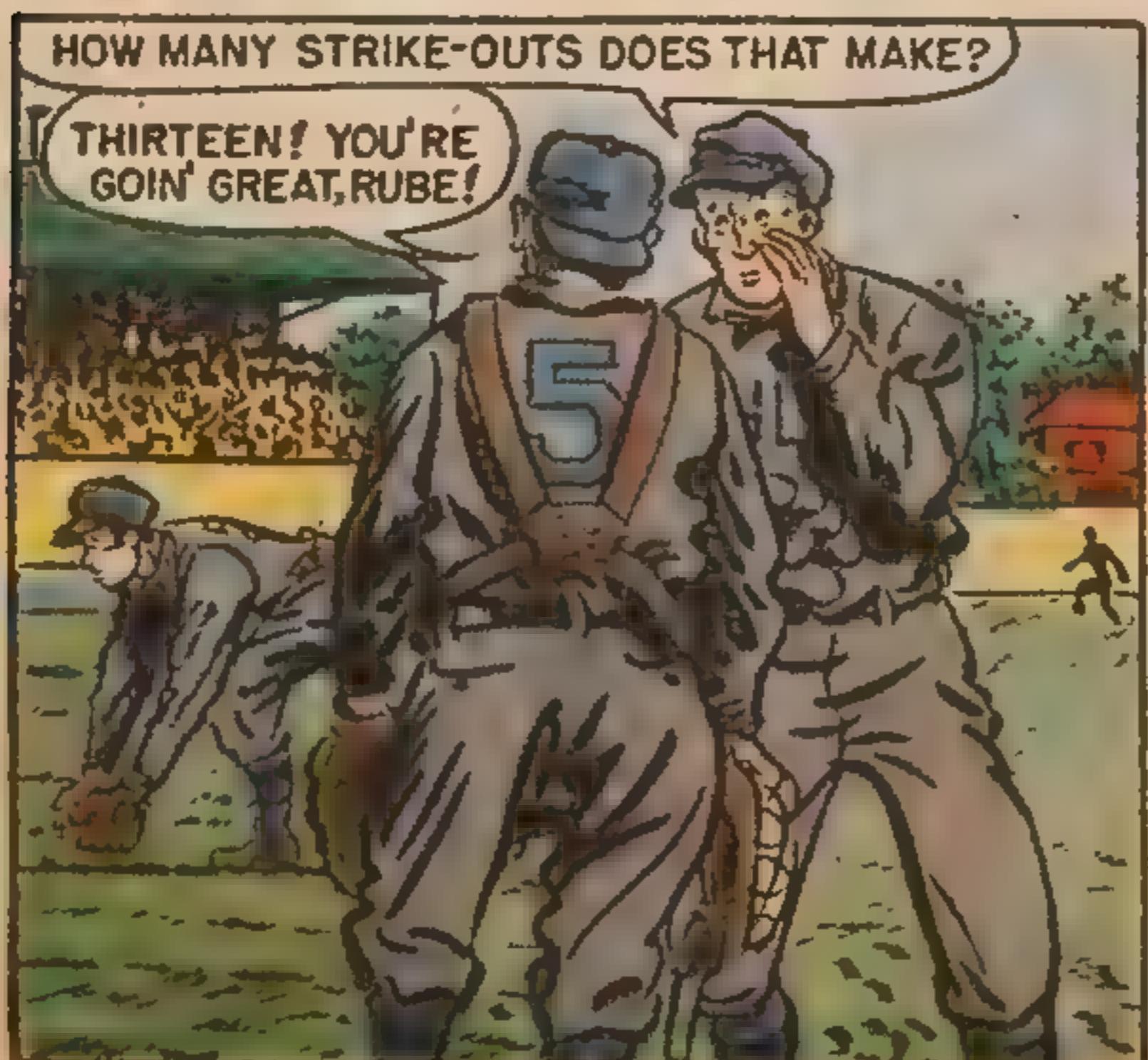
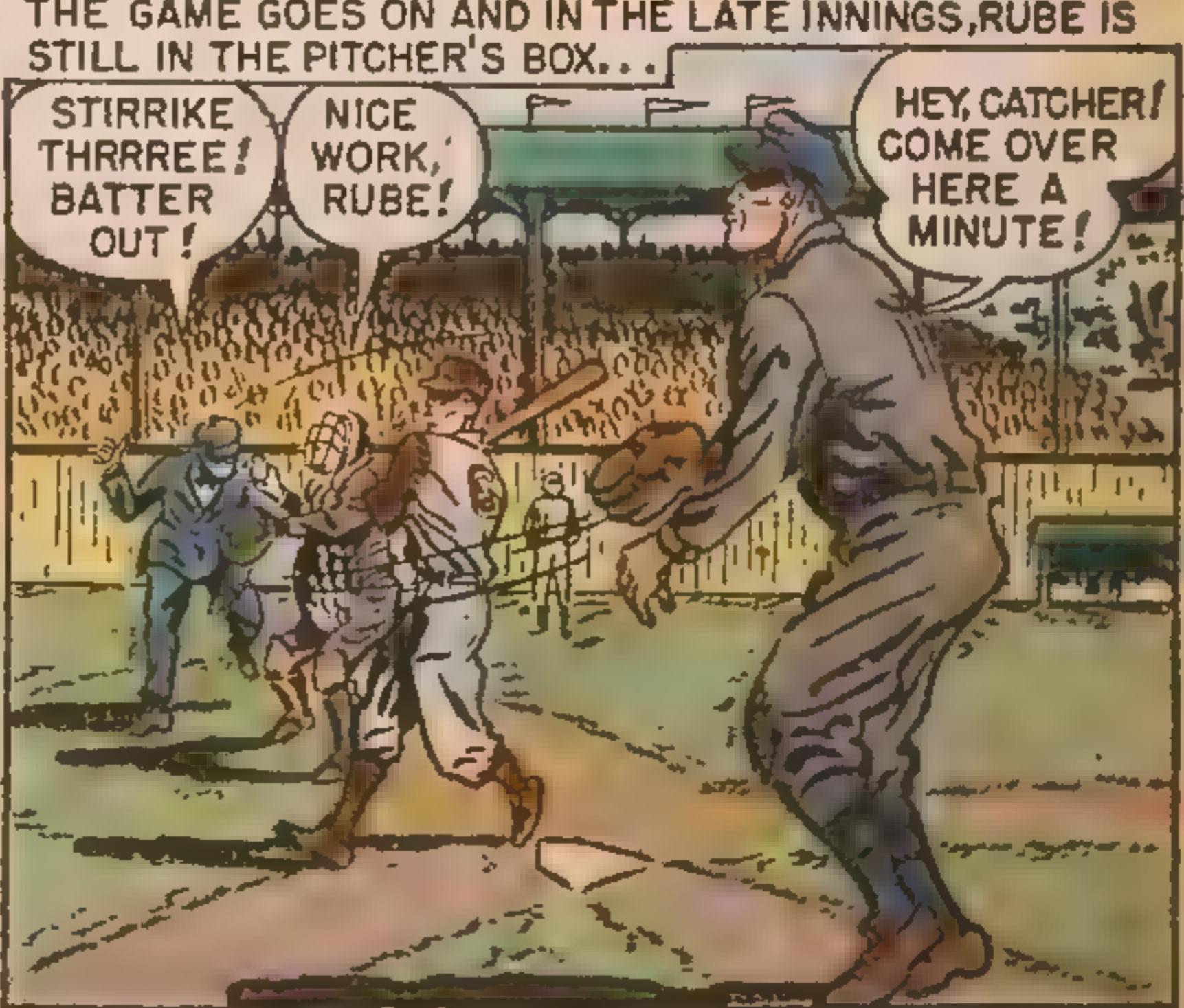
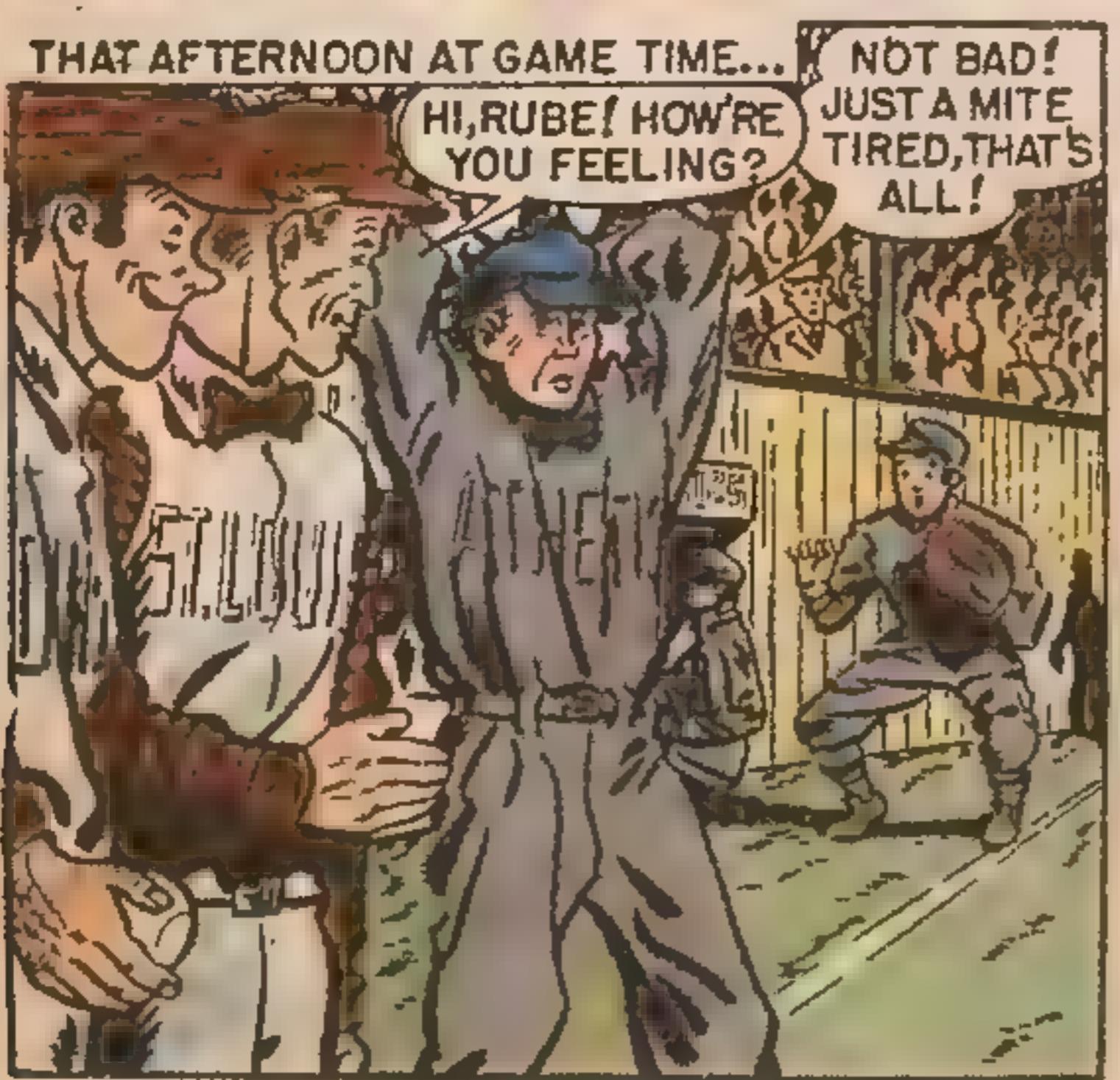
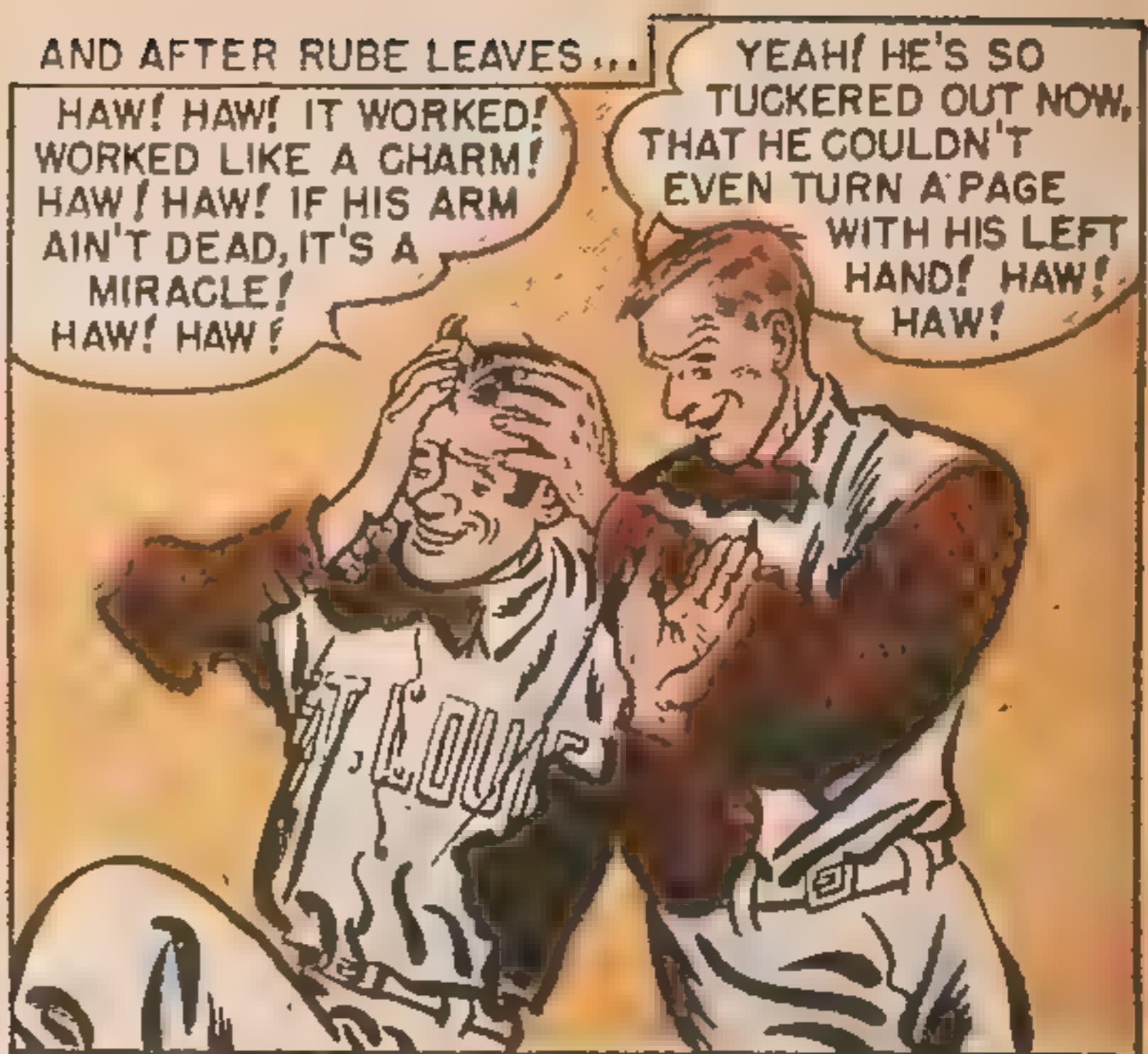
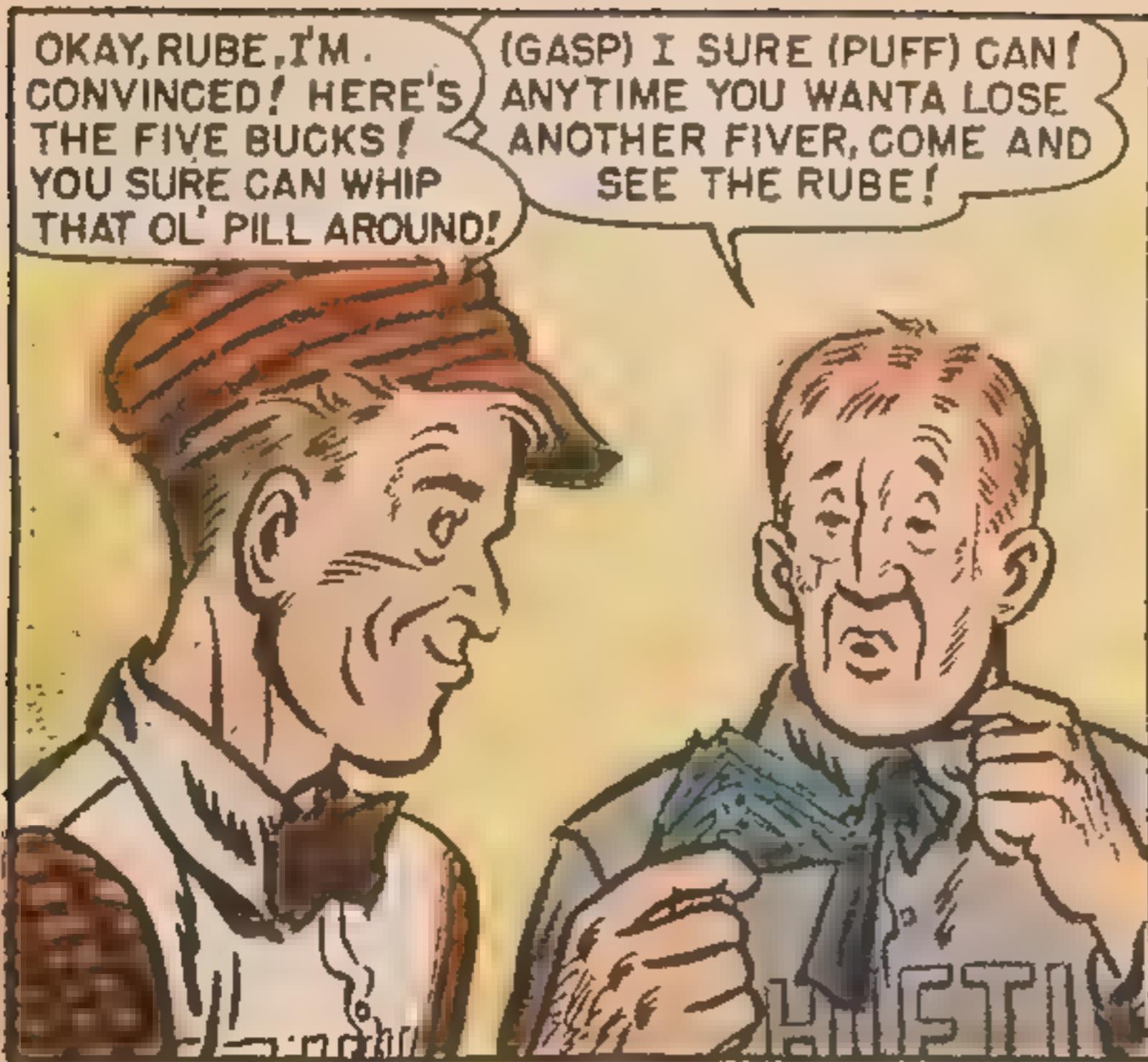
NONE OF THAT,  
PETE! I DON'T  
WANT NO ROUGH  
STUFF!



THE NEXT DAY AS THE BROWNS AND ATHLETICS  
WARM UP, JOE AND PETE APPROACH RUBE...



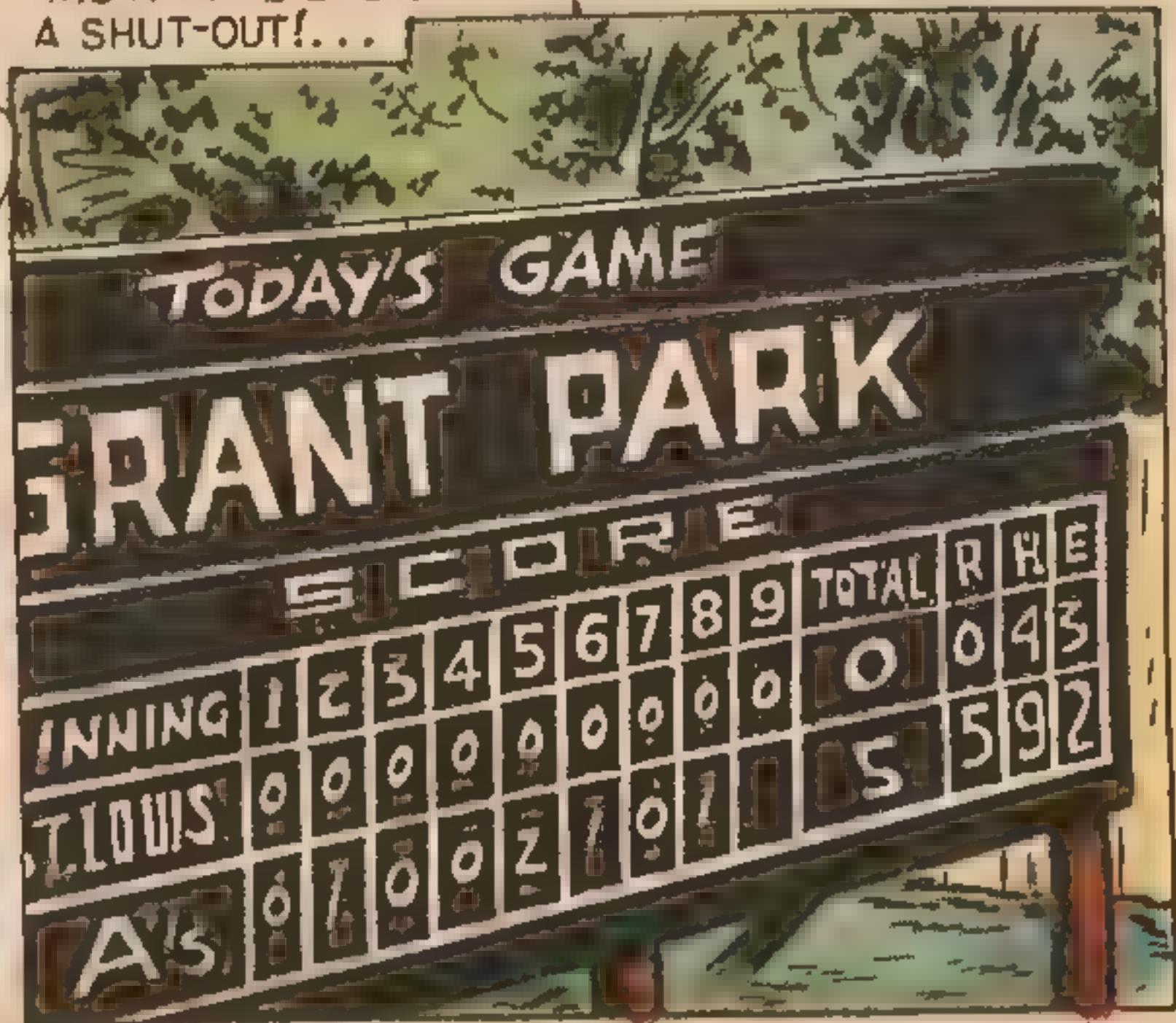




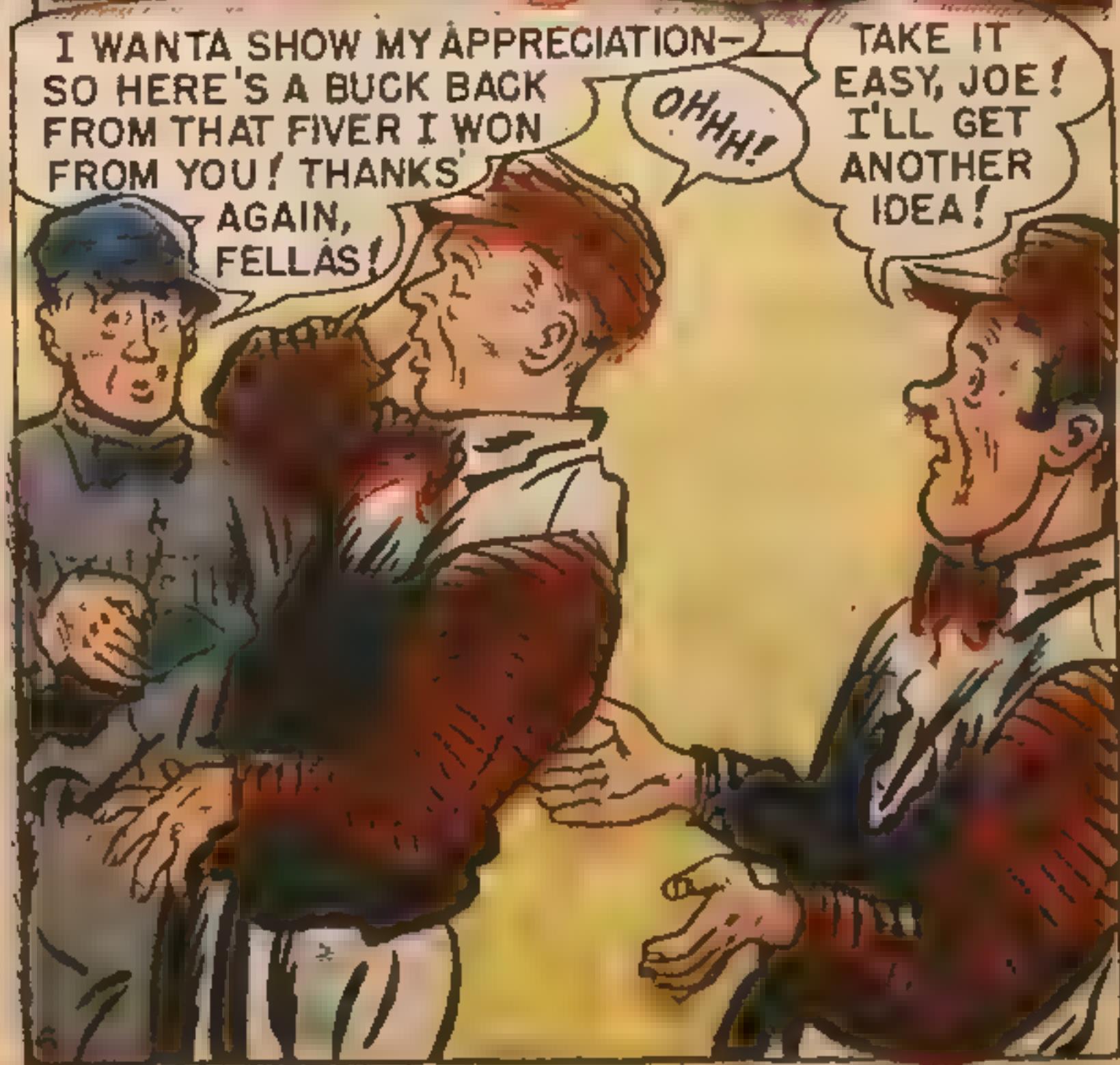
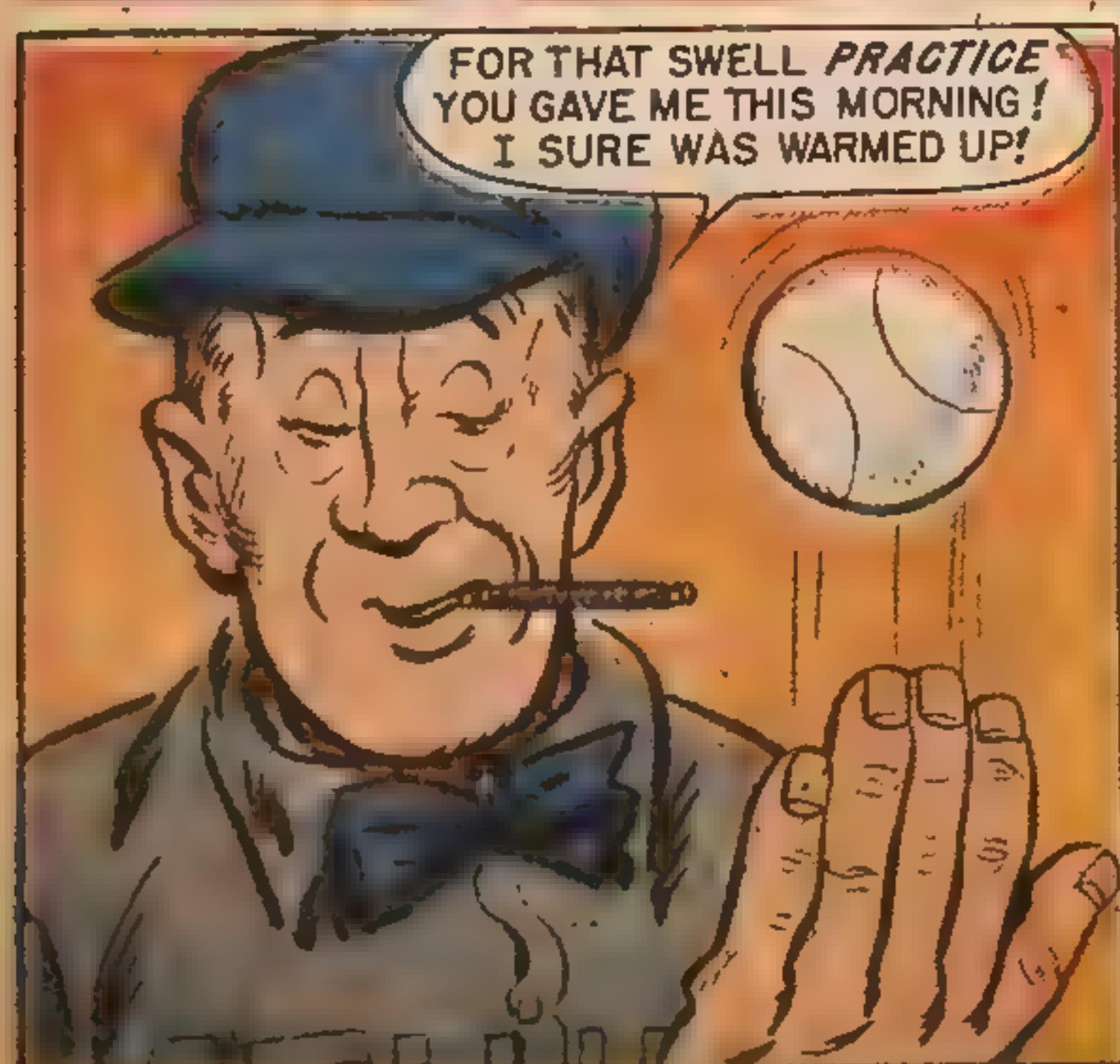
AND RUBE STRIKES OUT THE NEXT HITTER AND HIS JINX IS LICKED...



AND AT THE END OF THE GAME, RUBE HAD PITCHED A SHUT-OUT!...



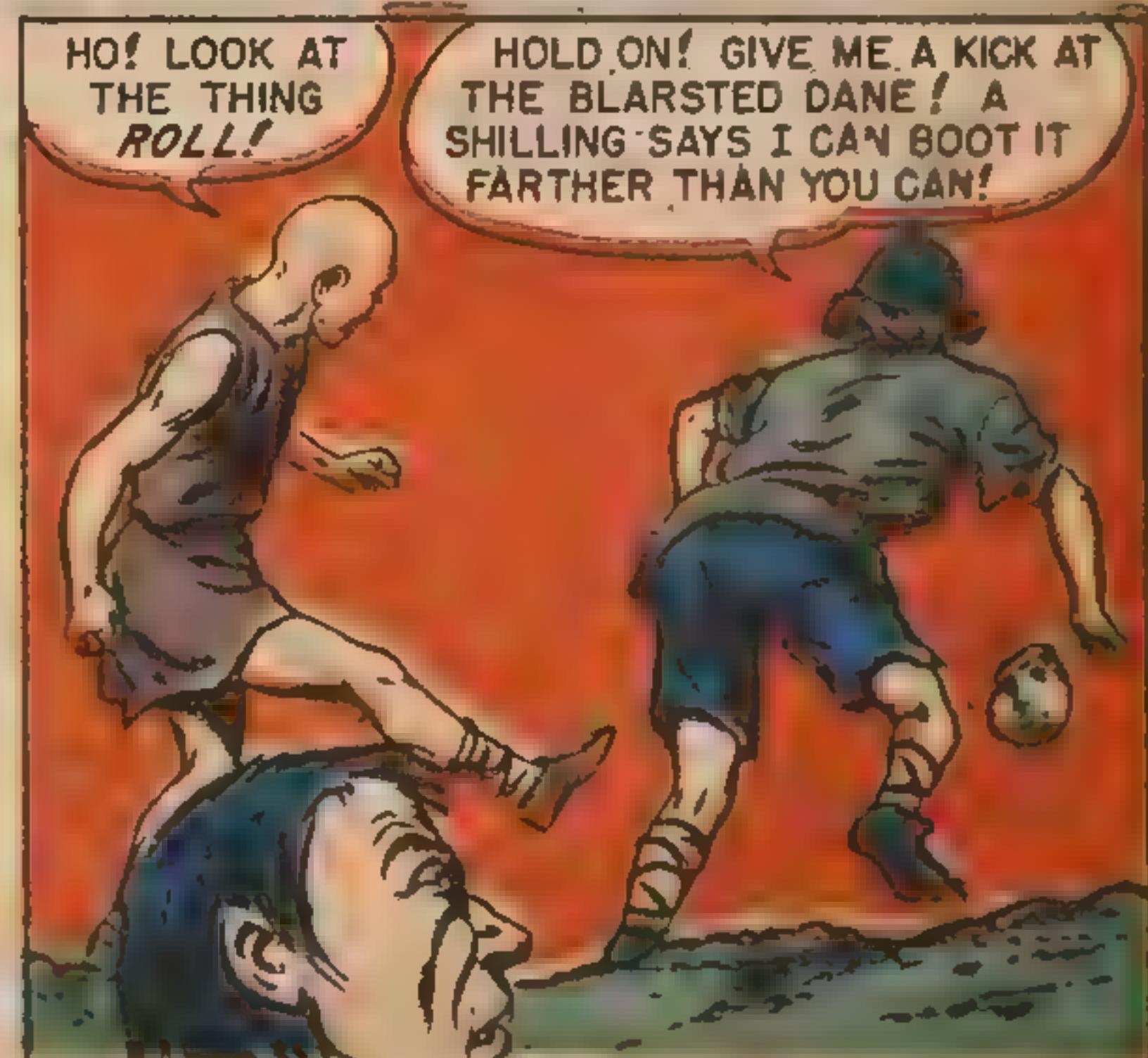
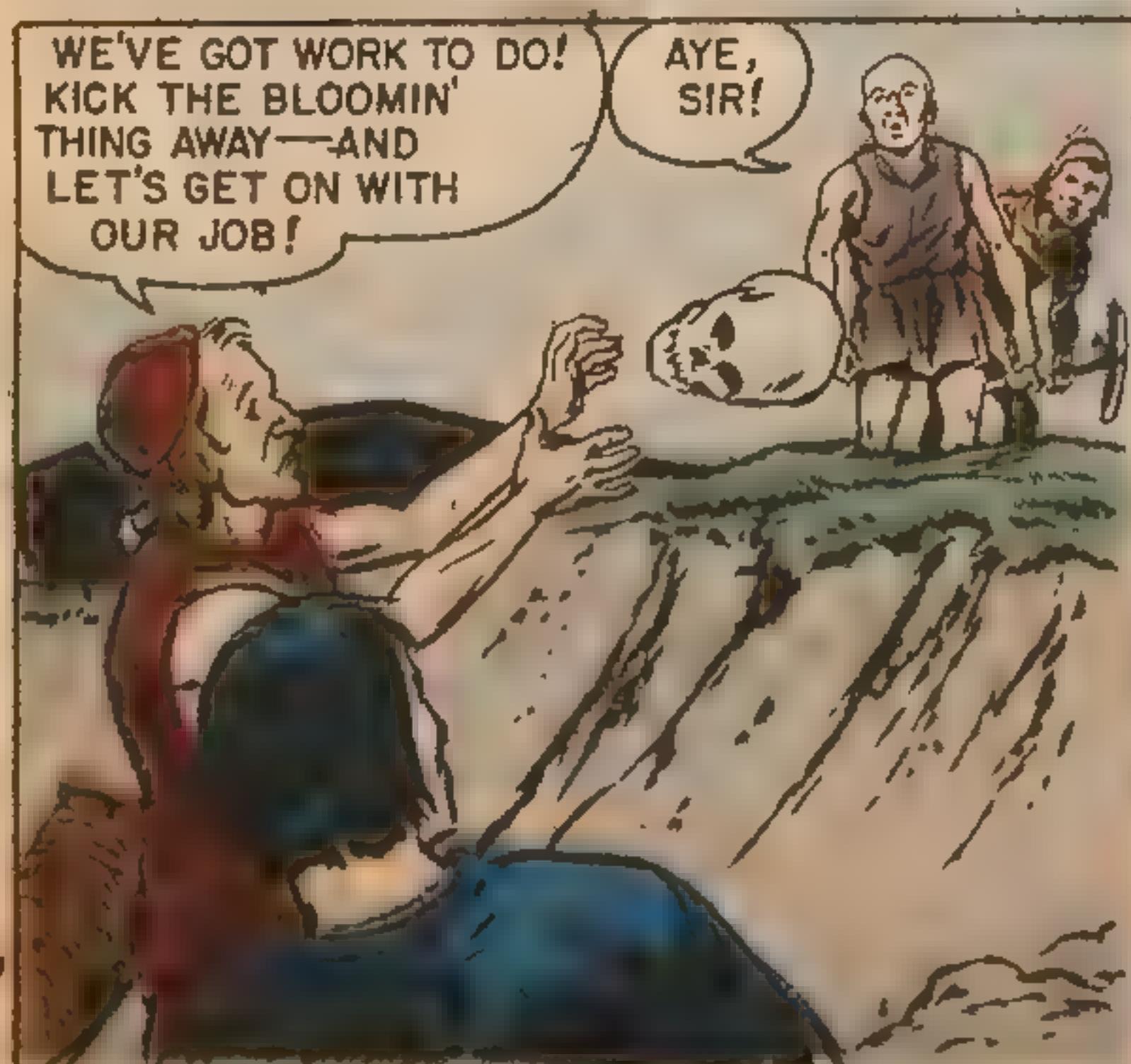
AS THE CROWD FILES OUT OF THE BALL PARK A STUNNED PETE AND JOE SIT ON THE BROWNS' BENCH...

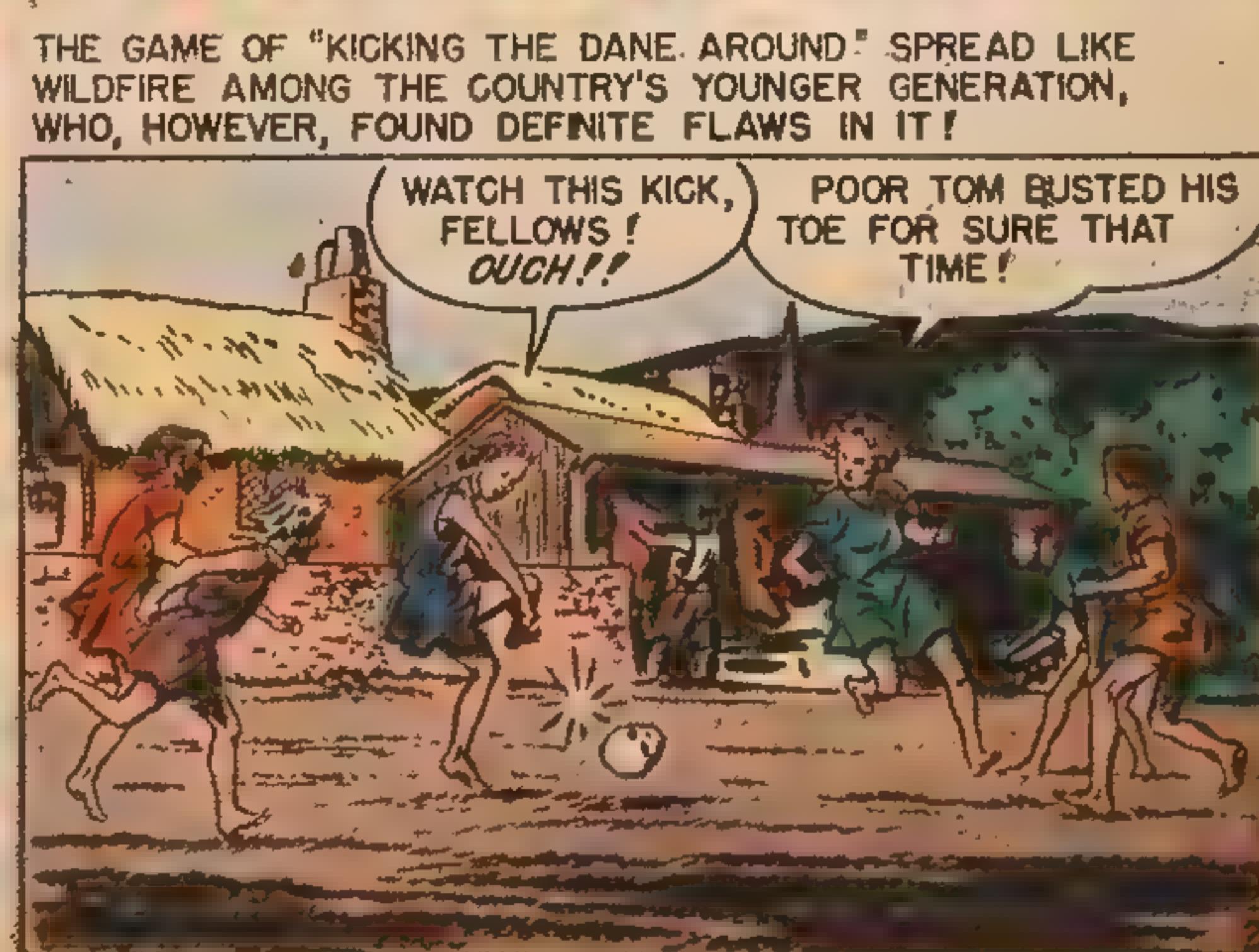
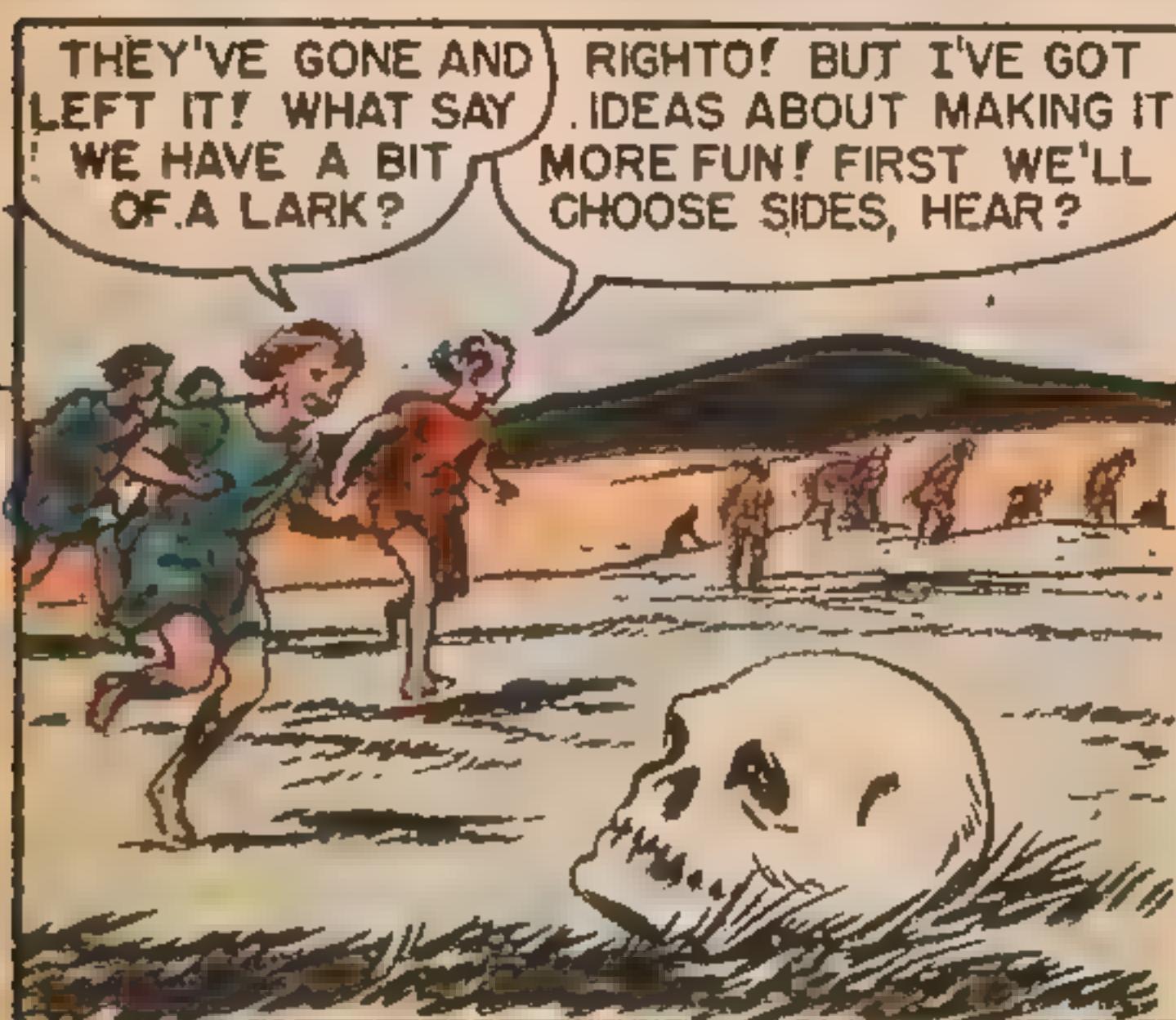
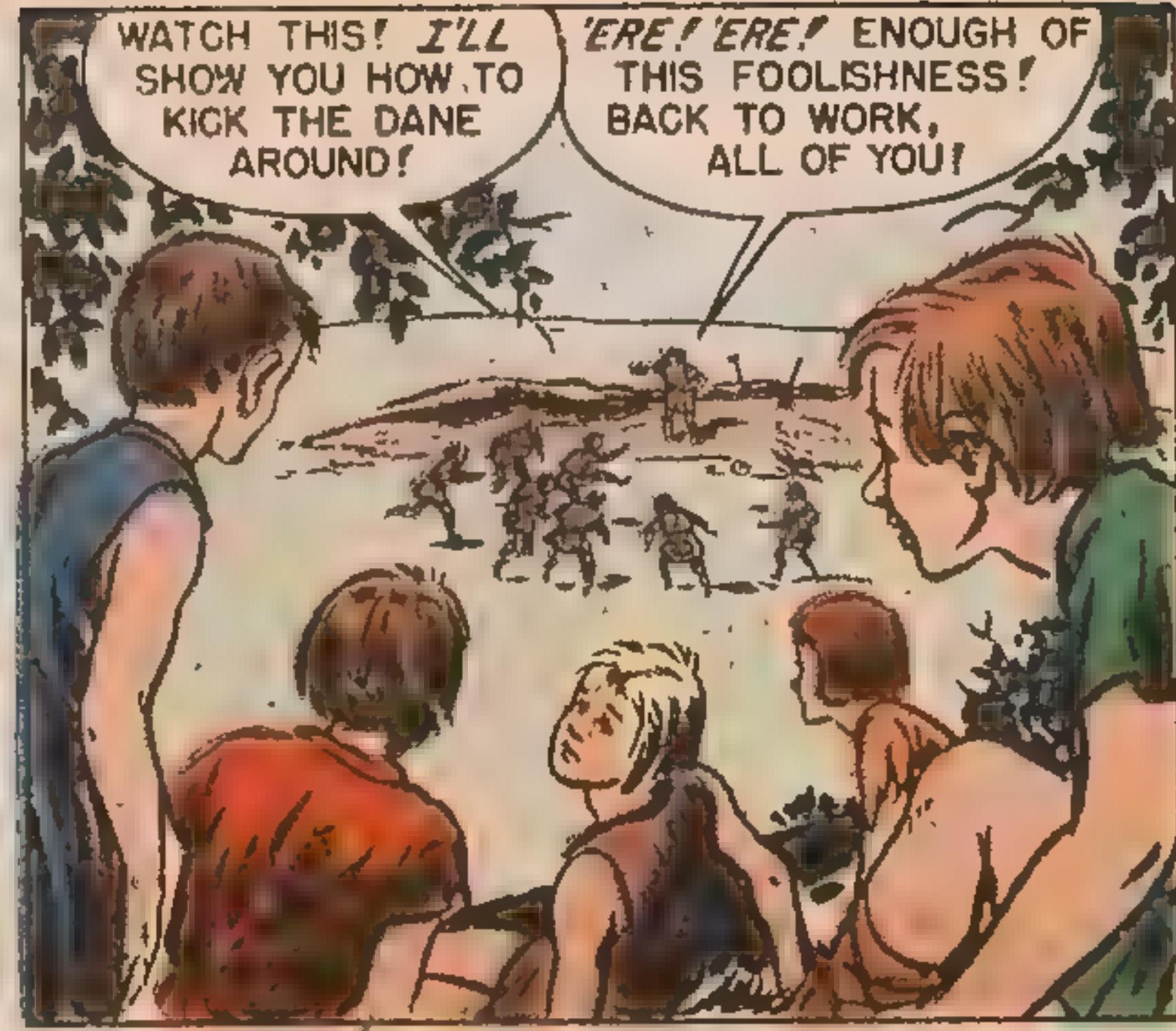


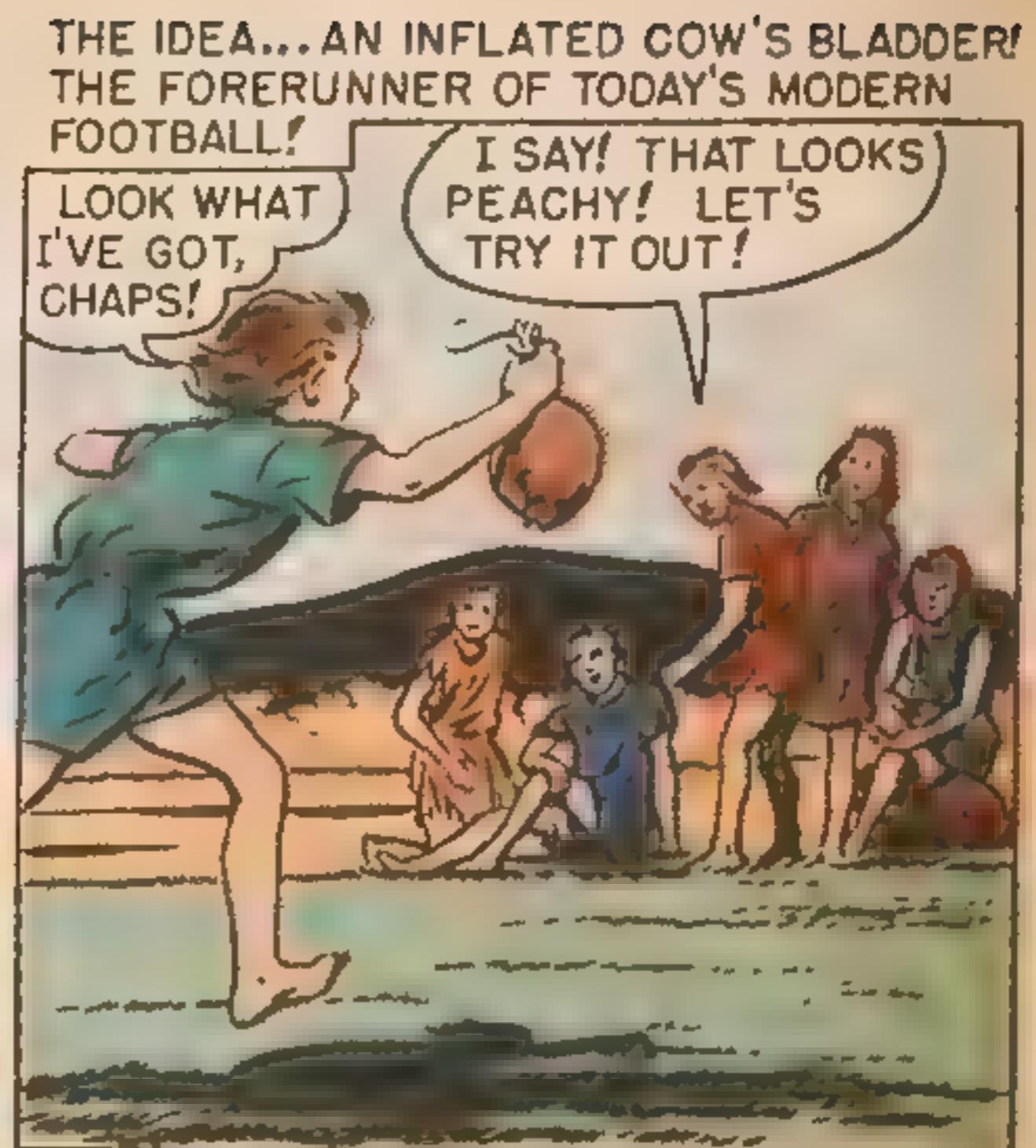
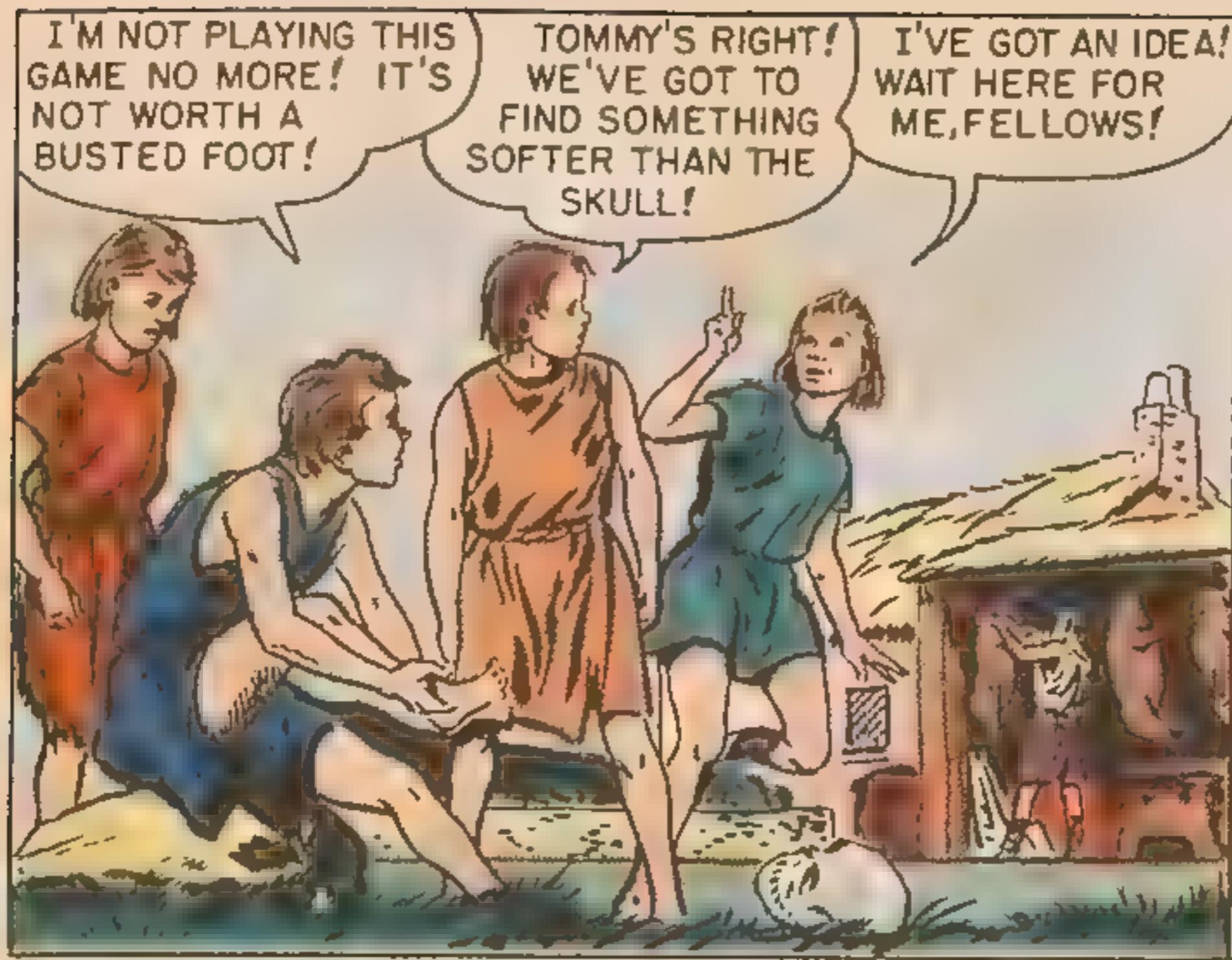
# FOOTBALL IS BORN

A  
REAL  
STORY

FOOTBALL HAD A MODEST AND RATHER PECULIAR BEGINNING.... IT ALL STARTED IN MERRIE ODE ENGLAND ABOUT 1045. THE DANES HAD OCCUPIED THE ISLAND FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY—AND HAD BEEN DRIVEN OUT BY THE ARMIES OF KING EDWARD; BUT THE MEMORY OF THEIR TYRANNY CONTINUED TO SMOULDER IN ENGLISH BREASTS... SO IT WASN'T STRANGE THAT ENGLISH WORKMEN WERE ENTIRELY UNSENTIMENTAL WHEN THEY DUG UP THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THEIR DEFUNCT CONQUERORS...

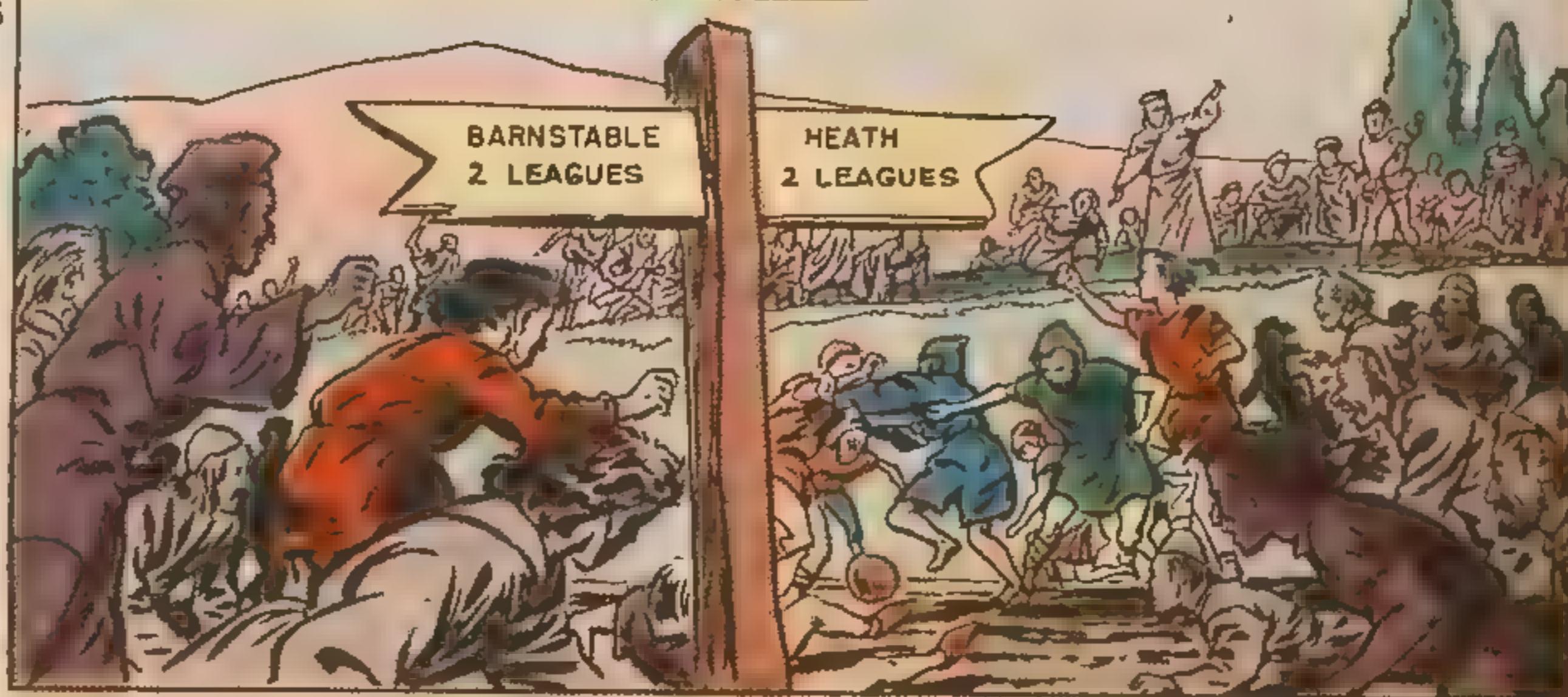




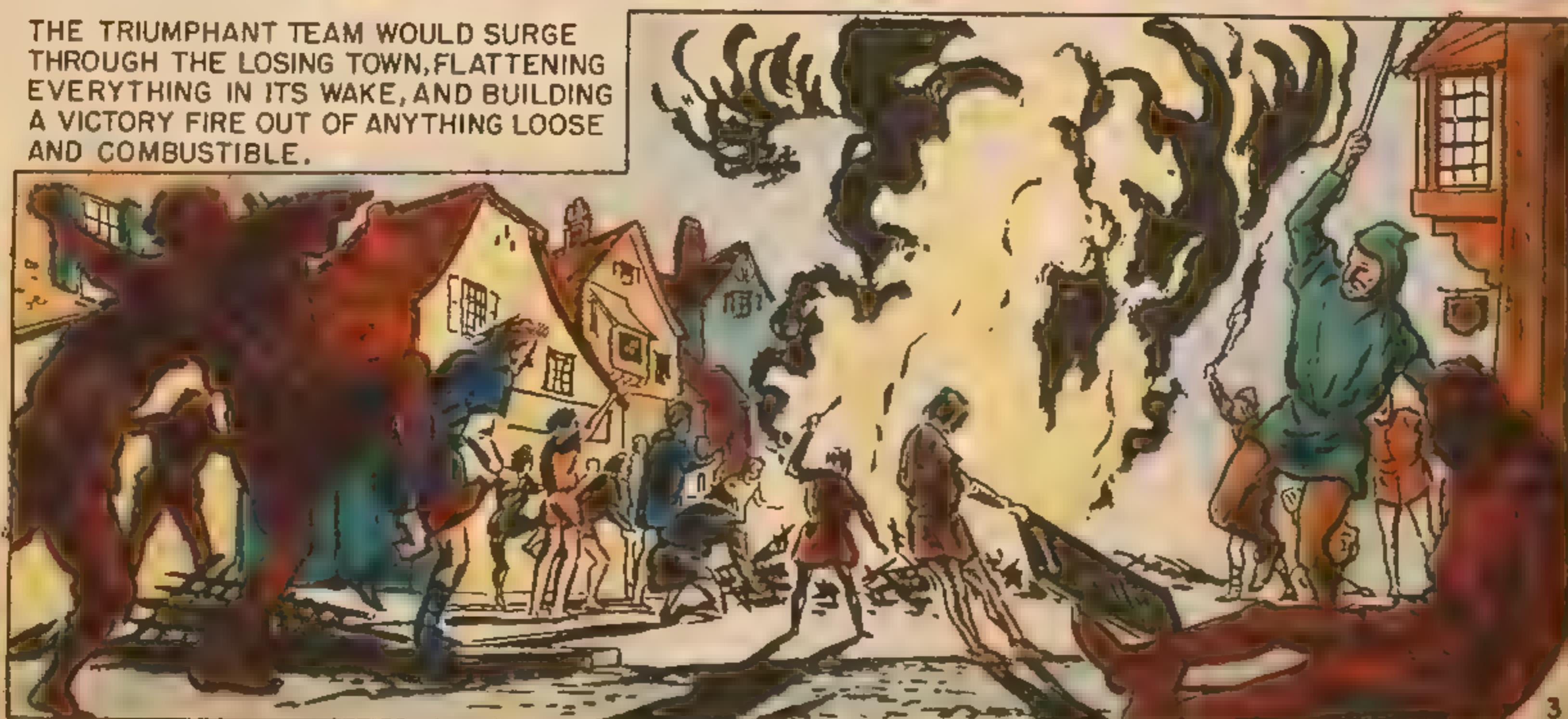


DURING THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS THE GAME GAINED IN POPULARITY, BUT WAS PLAYED WITHOUT BASIC RULES. FOOTBALL, OR "FUTEBALLE", IN THE EARLY 12TH CENTURY CONSISTED OF TWO RIVAL TOWNS MEETING AT A MIDWAY POINT, WHERE AN IMPARTIAL REFEREE WOULD THROW DOWN THE BLADDER AS A SIGNAL FOR ACTION.

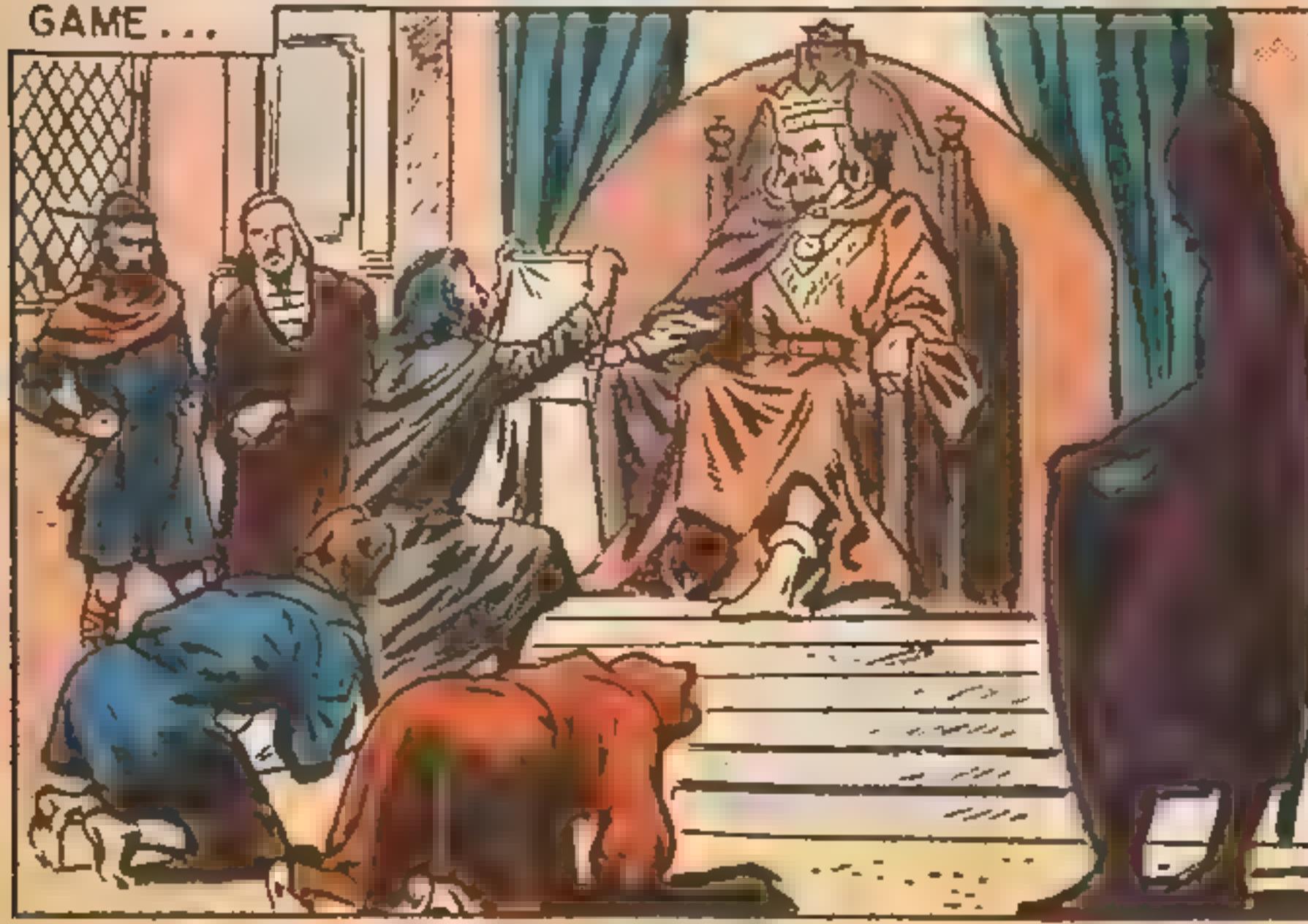
THEN, WITH HUNDREDS OF PLAYERS ON EACH SIDE, THE OPPONING GROUPS WOULD STRIVE TO KICK THE BLADDER INTO THE CENTER OF THE RIVAL TEAM'S VILLAGE...



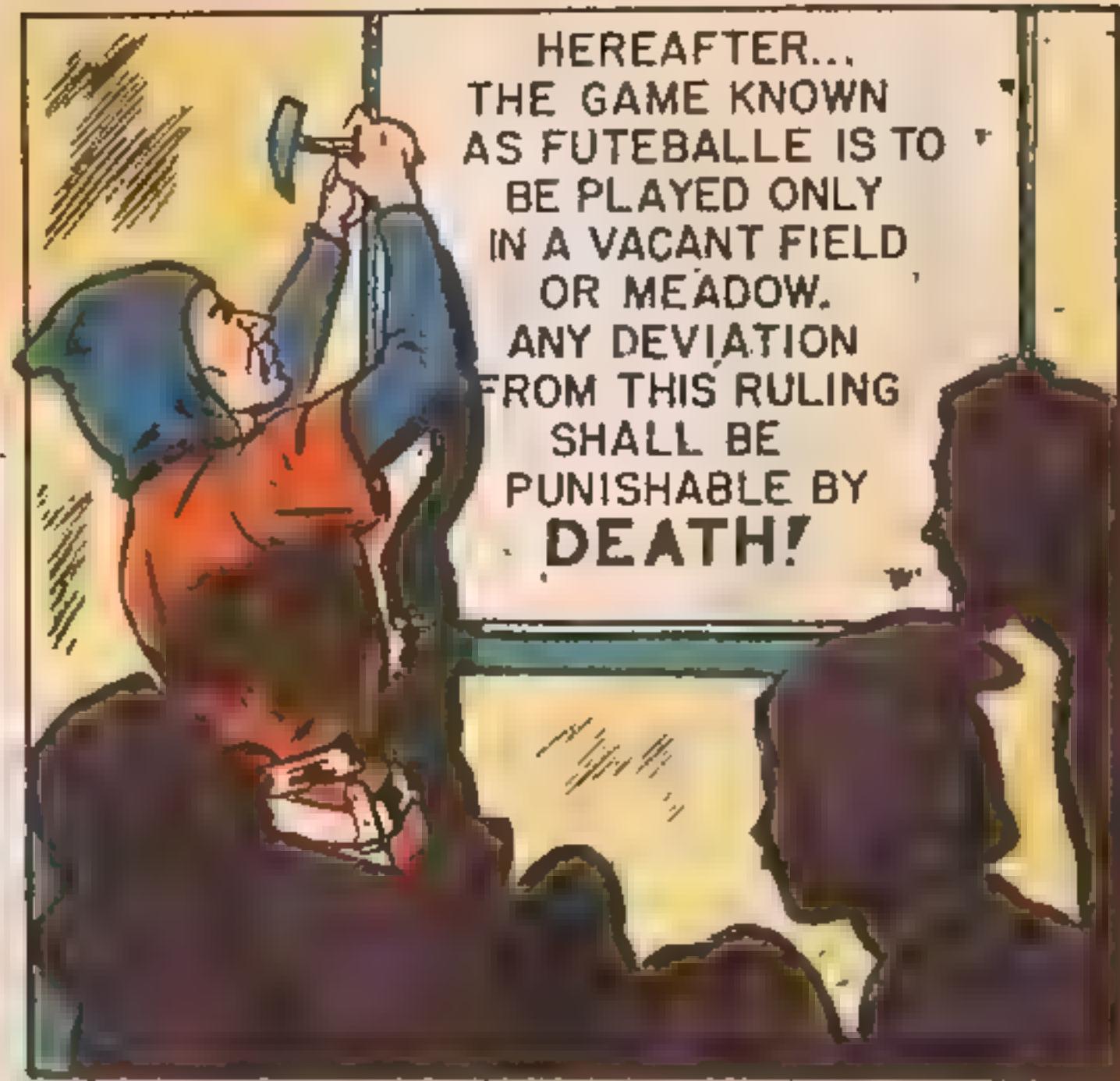
THE TRIUMPHANT TEAM WOULD SURGE THROUGH THE LOSING TOWN, FLATTENING EVERYTHING IN ITS WAKE, AND BUILDING A VICTORY FIRE OUT OF ANYTHING LOOSE AND COMBUSTIBLE.



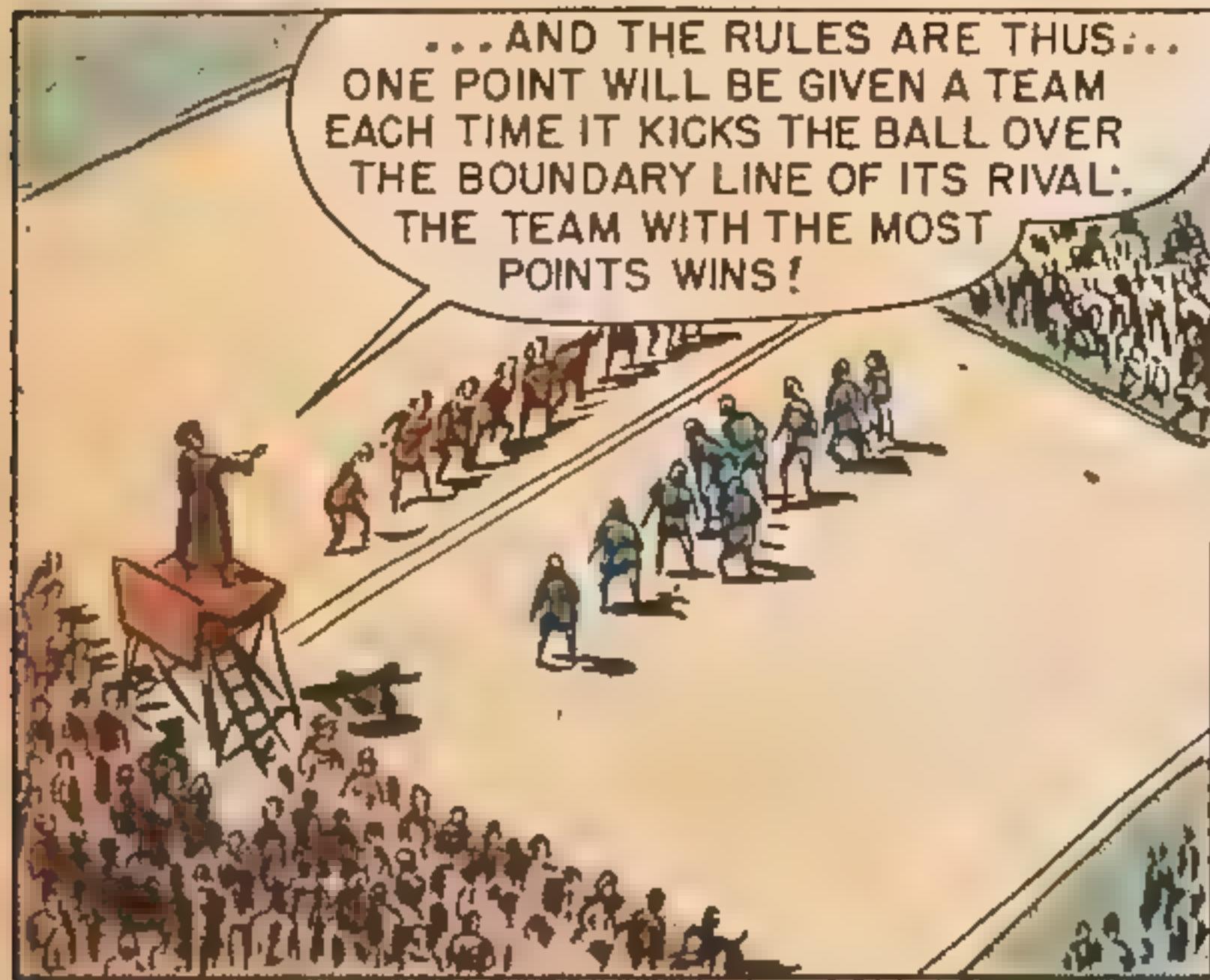
FINALLY, A DEPUTATION FROM HEATH, A TOWN WHICH OFTEN LOST ITS MATCHES AND WAS OFTEN WRECKED, APPEALED TO KING STEPHEN TO CLAP RESTRAINTS ON THE VIOLENT GAME...



ACCORDINGLY, KING STEPHEN RULED THAT...



THIS MARKED THE BEGINNING OF A STANDARD FIELD AND A DEFINITE SET OF RULES...



DURING THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS, THE POPULARITY OF FUTEBALLE EXCEEDED THAT OF ALL OTHER SPORTS..

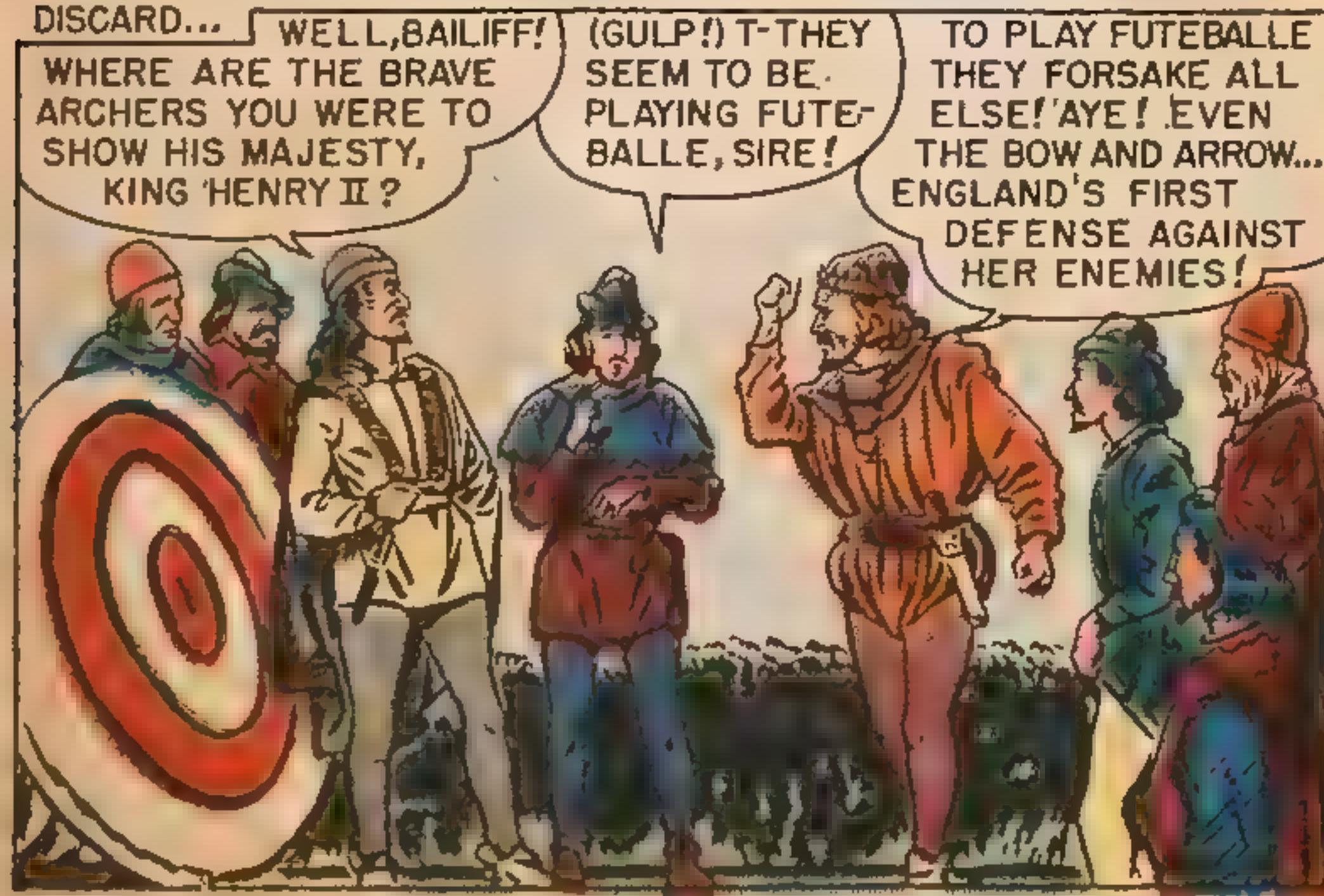


EVEN THE NATIONAL PASTIME, ARCHERY, WAS THROWN INTO THE DISCARD...

WELL, BAILIFF! WHERE ARE THE BRAVE ARCHERS YOU WERE TO SHOW HIS MAJESTY, KING HENRY II?

(GULP!) T-THEY SEEM TO BE PLAYING FUTEBALLE, SIRE!

TO PLAY FUTEBALLE THEY FORSAKE ALL ELSE! AYE! EVEN THE BOW AND ARROW... ENGLAND'S FIRST DEFENSE AGAINST HER ENEMIES!



I SHALL HAVE NO MORE OF IT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN? I SHALL HAVE NO MORE!!!

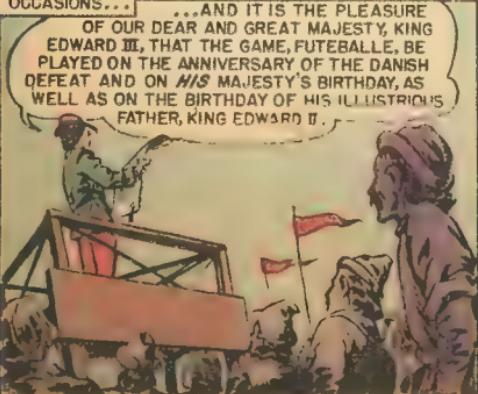




KING HENRY'S BAN ON FUTEBALLE CONTINUED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS... BUT THEN, WITH THE ACCESSION TO THE THRONE OF KING EDWARD II IN THE YEAR 1307...



SUCCESSION MONARCHS ADDED TO THESE SPECIAL OCCASIONS...



WITH THE INVENTION OF THE FIREARM, 200 YEARS LATER, CAME THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STANDING ARMY OF PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS... NO LONGER WAS EVERY MAN REQUIRED TO BE AN EXPERT ARCHER. FOOTBALL NO LONGER INTERFERED WITH NATIONAL DEFENSE.



ACCORDINGLY, IN 1605, KING JAMES I PROCLAIMED

FROM THIS DAY ON, THE BAN ON FUTEPALLE  
SHALL BE LIFTED AND THE GAME LEGALIZED  
THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM OF BRITAIN  
I REGARD THIS GAME AS A CLEAN AND HONORABLE  
PASTIME AND TRULY HOPE THAT PLAY WILL BE  
RESUMED WITH ENTHUSIASM!



PLAY WAS RESUMED WITH ENTHUSIASM AND  
FUTEBALLE TEAMS SPRANG UP ALL OVER ENGLAND.  
FEELING RAN HIGH AND BITTER RIVALRY  
DEVELOPED BETWEEN OPPOSING CITIES.



BY THE MIDDLE  
OF THE 19TH  
CENTURY, THE  
SPELLING HAD  
CHANGED TO  
FOOTBALL AND  
IN A GAME  
BETWEEN  
CAMBRIDGE  
AND RUGBY A  
VARIATION OF  
THE KICKING  
GAME WAS  
DEVELOPED...



THE RESOURCEFUL RUGBY PLAYER  
THEN PICKED UP THE BALL AND RAN  
IT ACROSS THE CAMBRIDGE GOAL LINE



FOR SOME YEARS THIS INNOVATION WAS IGNORED, AND PLAY  
CONTINUED AS OF OLD. BUT IN 1871 A MEETING OF FOOTBALL  
LEADERS WAS CALLED TO STANDARDIZE THE RULES OF THE  
GAME.



AND IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE WELL SEE HOW  
THE GAME OF FOOTBALL CROSSED THE OCEAN—TO BECOME  
THE TREMENDOUS FALL SPORT THAT AMERICA KNOWS SO  
WELL TODAY...

# FURY ON ICE

A  
REAL  
STORY



HOCKEY A GAME WHERE QUICK THINKING GOES HAND IN HAND WITH SPEED, COURAGE AND STAMINA... AND A GAME THAT HAS GIVEN MANY A THRILL TO TRUE SPORTS FANS SINCE ITS BIRTH THAT DAY IN 1875. BUT WHERE HOCKEY FANS GATHER, THEY ARE ALWAYS SURE TO GET AROUND TO DISCUSSING THE GREAT MONTREAL CANADIENS—AND NOW WE ARE IN MONTREAL. THE TIME IS 1944... AND THE CANADIENS HAVE JUST BEATEN THE TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS...



YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO TOWN THIS YEAR! THINK YOU'LL GET A SHOT AT THE STANLEY CUP?

I SURE HOPE SO! THOUGH THE DETROIT RED WINGS ARE A TOUGH OUTFIT! THEY WON THE CUP LAST YEAR FOR THE THIRD TIME, YOU KNOW!

WELL, AFTER WATCHING YOUR BOYS ON THE ICE, I THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT!

YEAH... THEY'RE GREAT BOYS!... ER... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

YES! I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO DO A FEATURE STORY ON THE HISTORY OF YOUR TEAM! YOU KNOW... HOW IT ALL STARTED, ETC... HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN?

YOU'VE ASKED THE RIGHT MAN! THERE'S NOBODY THAT LIKES TO TALK ABOUT THE CANADIENS AS MUCH AS I DO! AS A STARTER, YOU CAN SAY THAT SINCE 1909 WHEN THE TEAM WAS FORMED, WE'VE NEVER MISSED A SEASON! NOT EVEN DURING THE WAR YEARS!

SOME OF THE GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE GAME HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE MONTREAL CANADIENS!

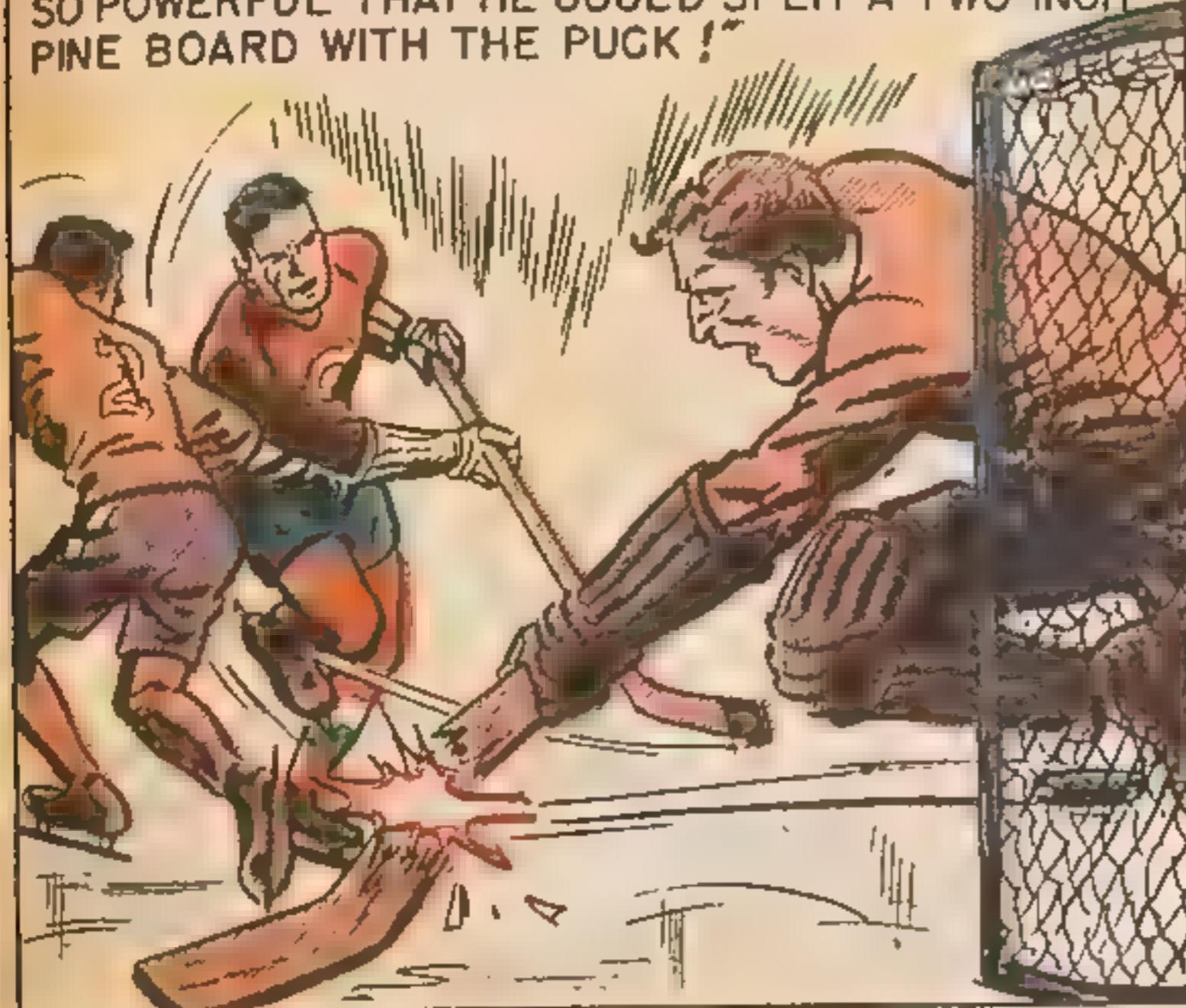
THERE WAS THE IMMORTAL HOWIE MORENZ... CONSIDERED THE GREATEST PLAYER OF ALL TIME...



"SPECTACULAR AND DYNAMIC, HIS SHIFTING AT TACK GAVE OPPONING GOAL KEEPERS FEVERISH NIGHTMARES..."



"THEN THERE WAS DIDIER PITRE, A SUPERB RIGHT WINGMAN, WHOSE SHOT WAS GREASED-LIGHTNING, AND SO POWERFUL THAT HE COULD SPLIT A TWO-INCH PINE BOARD WITH THE PUCK!"



"ANOTHER OF OUR OLD-TIME GREATS WAS GEORGE VEZINA, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE VEZINA TROPHY WAS CREATED. AND THOSE WIZARDS ON ICE, SPRAGUE AND ODIE CLEGHORN...AND NEWSY LALONDE...TRULY GREAT PLAYERS ALL! THE IMMORTALS OF HOCKEY!"



"LIKE I SAID, THE TEAM WAS FOUNDED IN 1909, BY GEORGE KENDALL, A SPORTS PROMOTER. THE IDEA CAME TO HIM ONE NIGHT IN 1908."

SO THIS IS ICE HOCKEY, EH, KENDALL? IT'S ABOUT AS EXCITING AS KNITTING! YOU SHOULD STICK TO THE FIGHT RACKET!



THIS GAME'S PRETTY GRUESOME ALL RIGHT... BUT DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU! WHEN THIS GAME'S PLAYED RIGHT, IT MAKES THE FIGHT GAME LOOK LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC!

YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW ME!

BY GOLLY, I WILL! I'LL FORM A TEAM THAT'LL MAKE EVEN YOUR HAIR STAND ON END WHEN YOU WATCH THEM PLAY!



"KENDALL'S TEAM WAS A HUGE SUCCESS!"

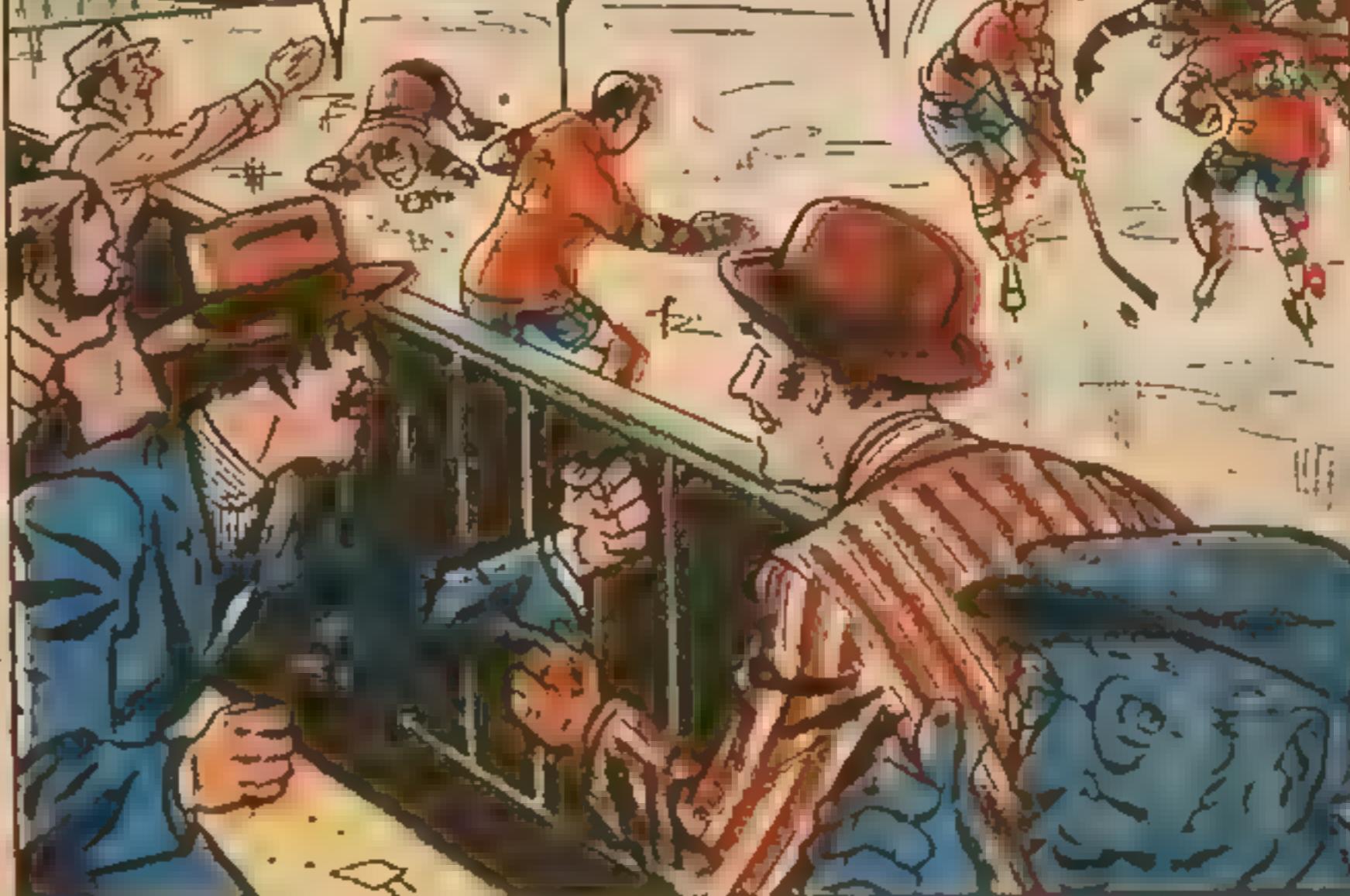
THAT TEAM WAS... AND IS THE MONTREAL CANADIENS!

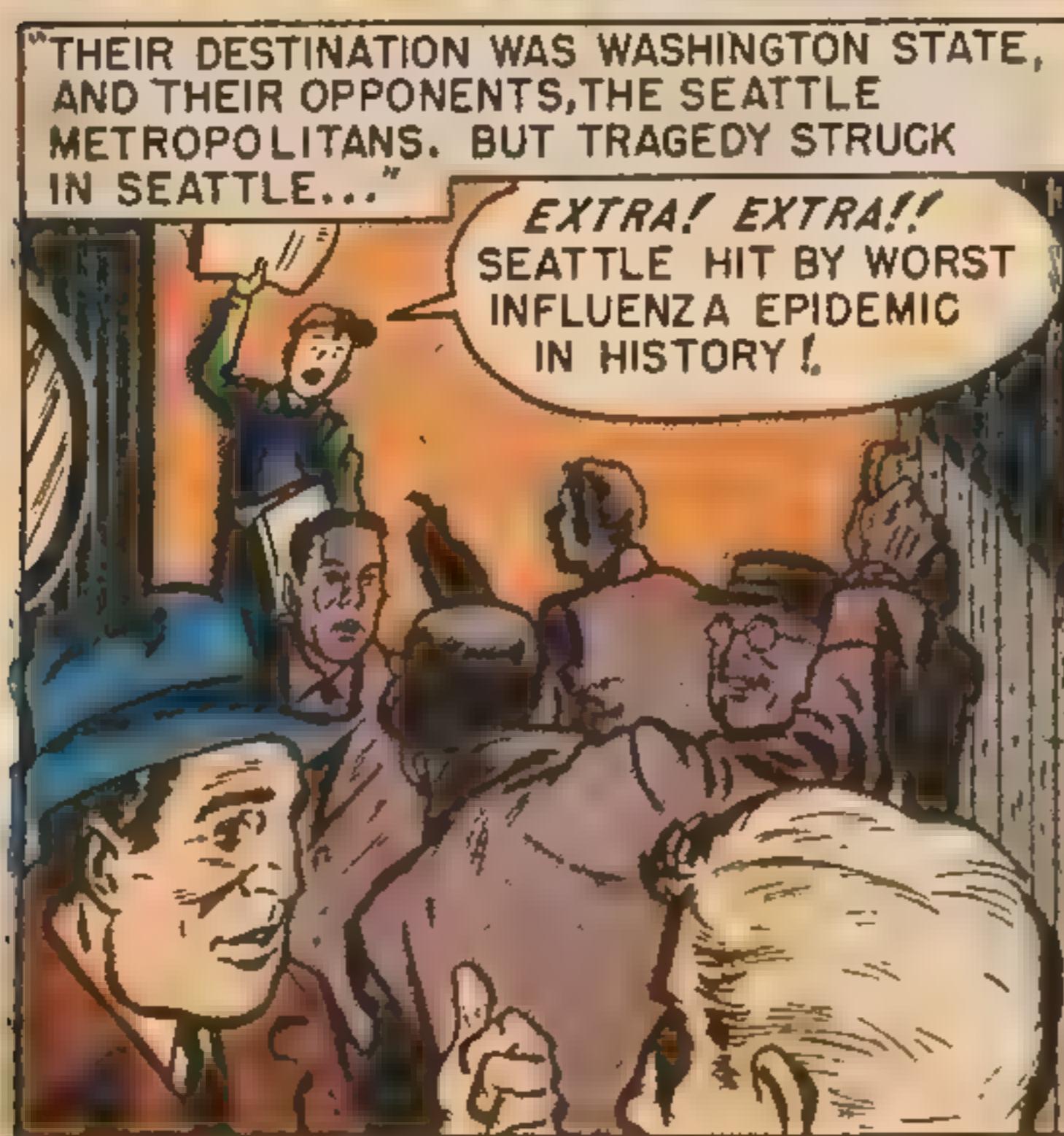
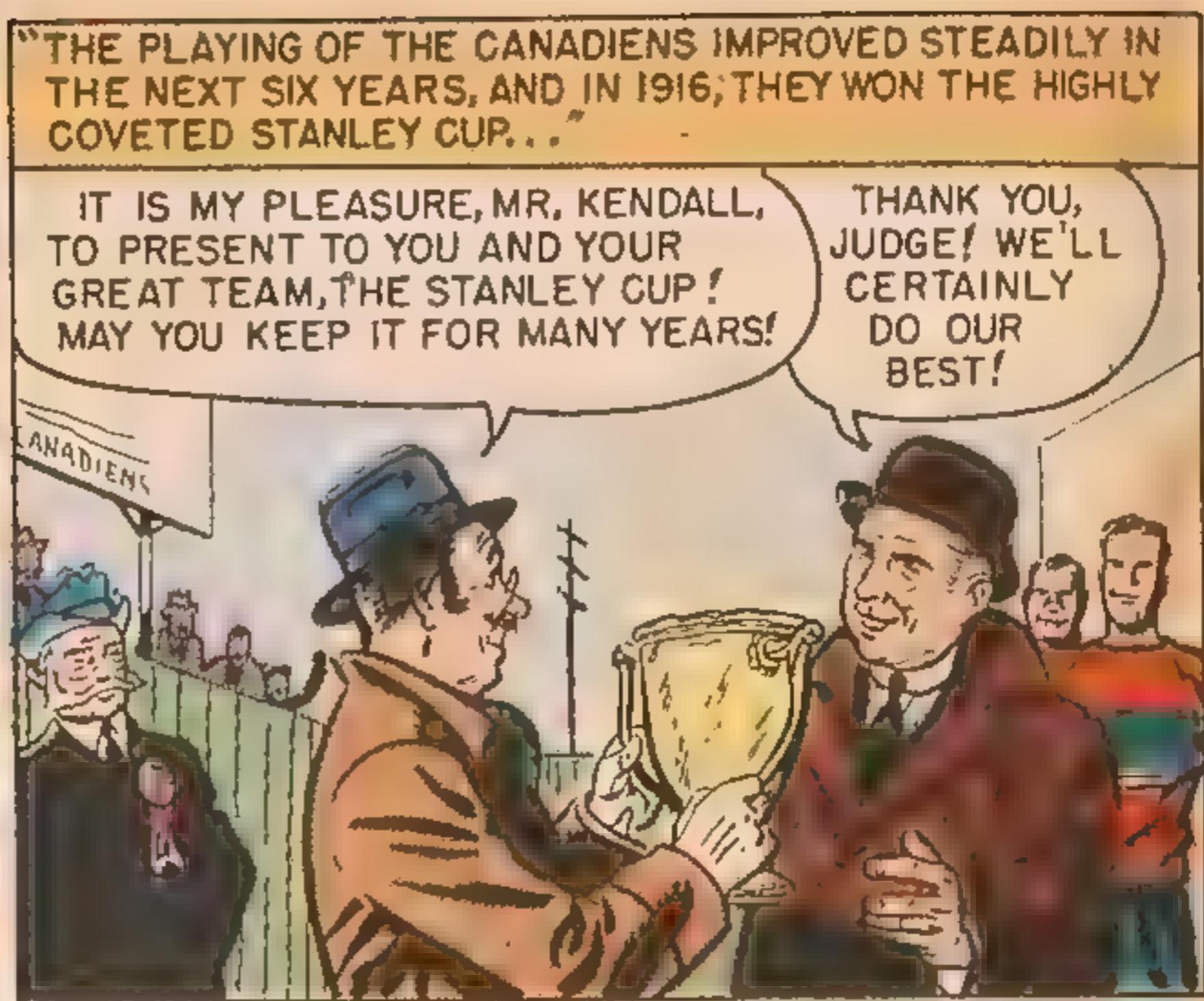
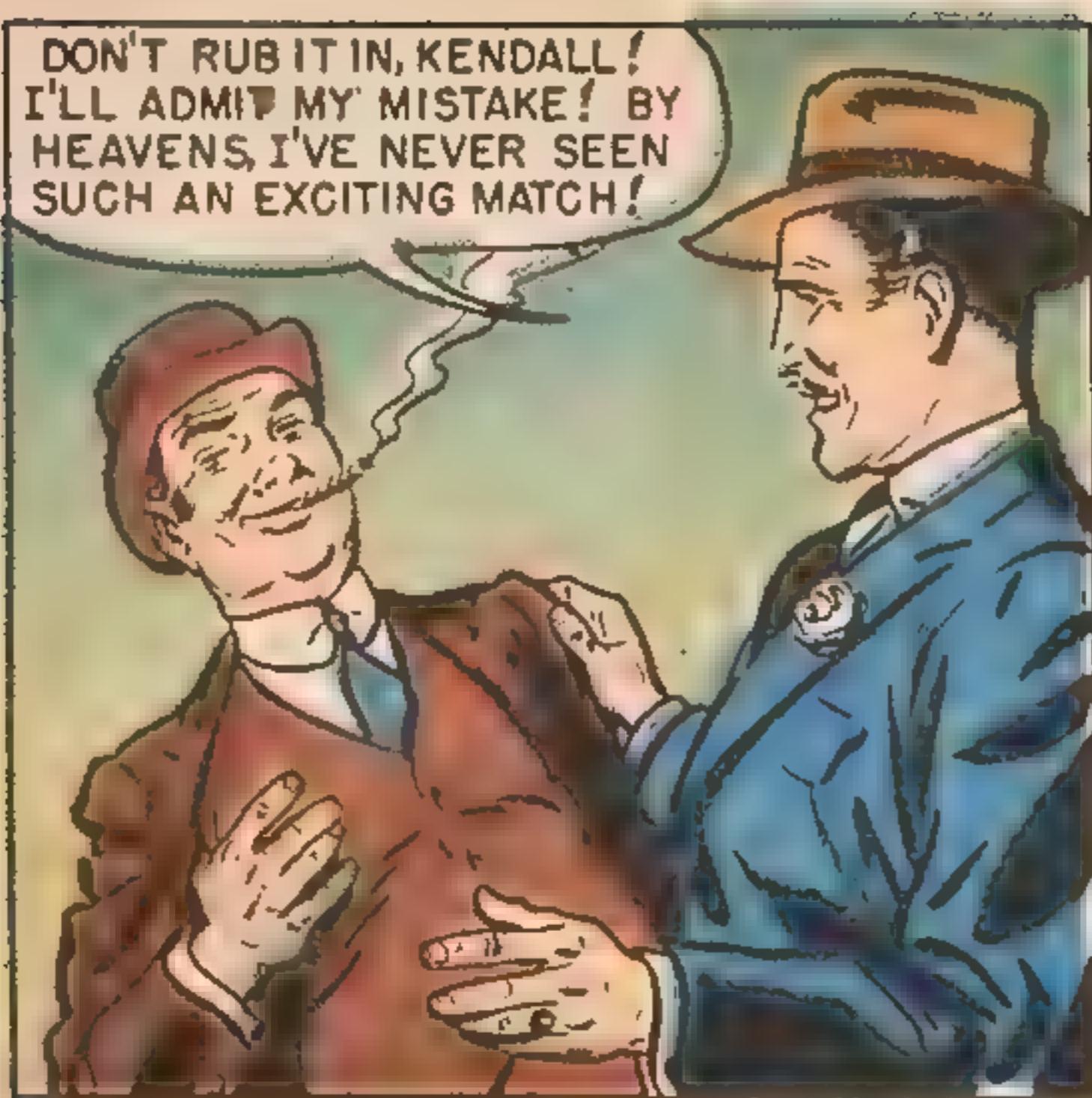
TONIGHT IS OUR FIRST GAME, BOYS... AND I'M ONLY GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE ORDER! WIN, LOSE OR DRAW, I WANT TO SEE YOU IN THERE FIGHTING! KEEP IT CLEAN, BUT FIGHT! EVERY MINUTE OF THAT GAME!!



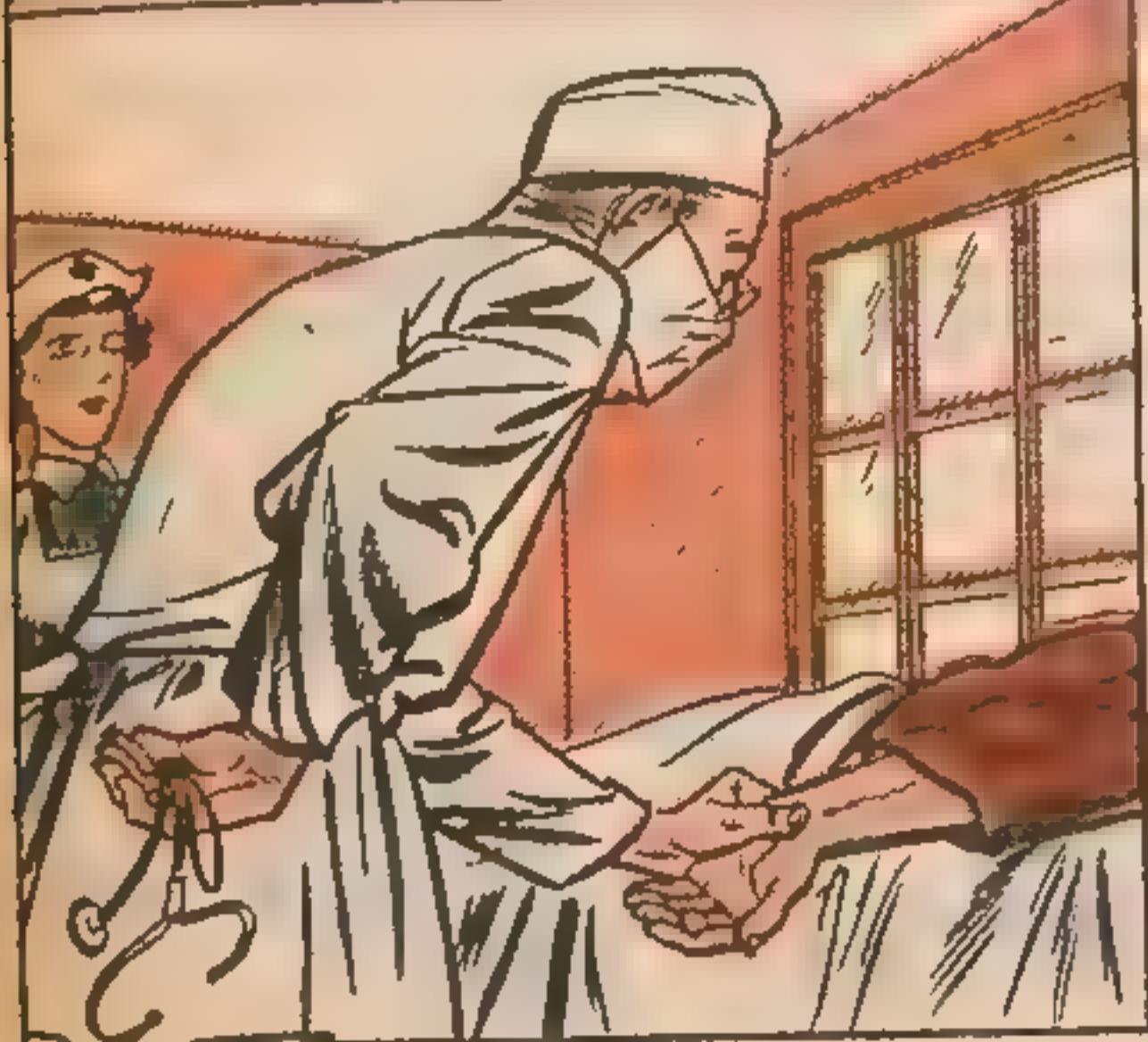
YAHOO!! GO GET 'EM, YOU CANADIENS!!

NOT QUITE SO MUCH LIKE KNITTING, NOW, IS IT?

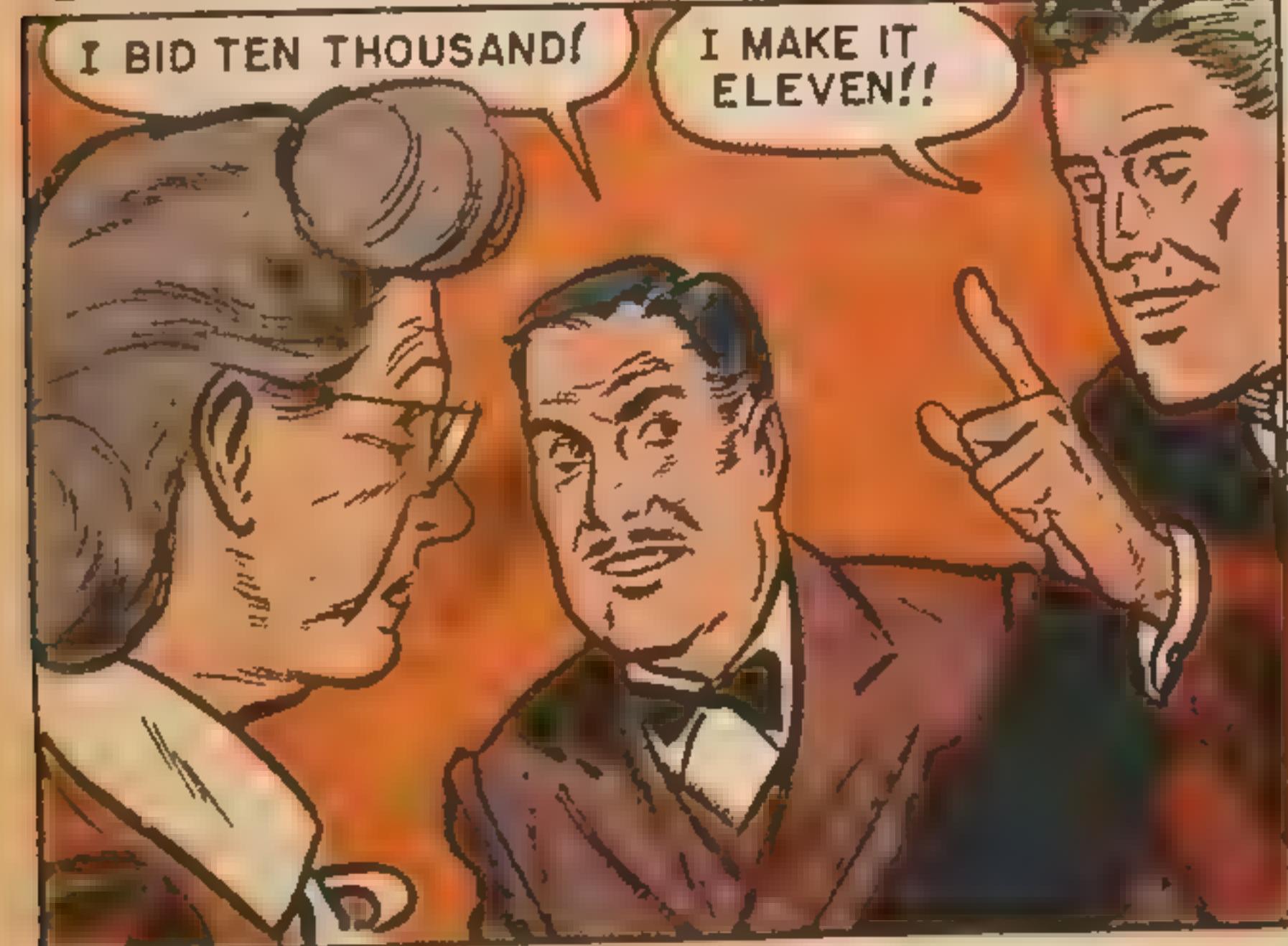




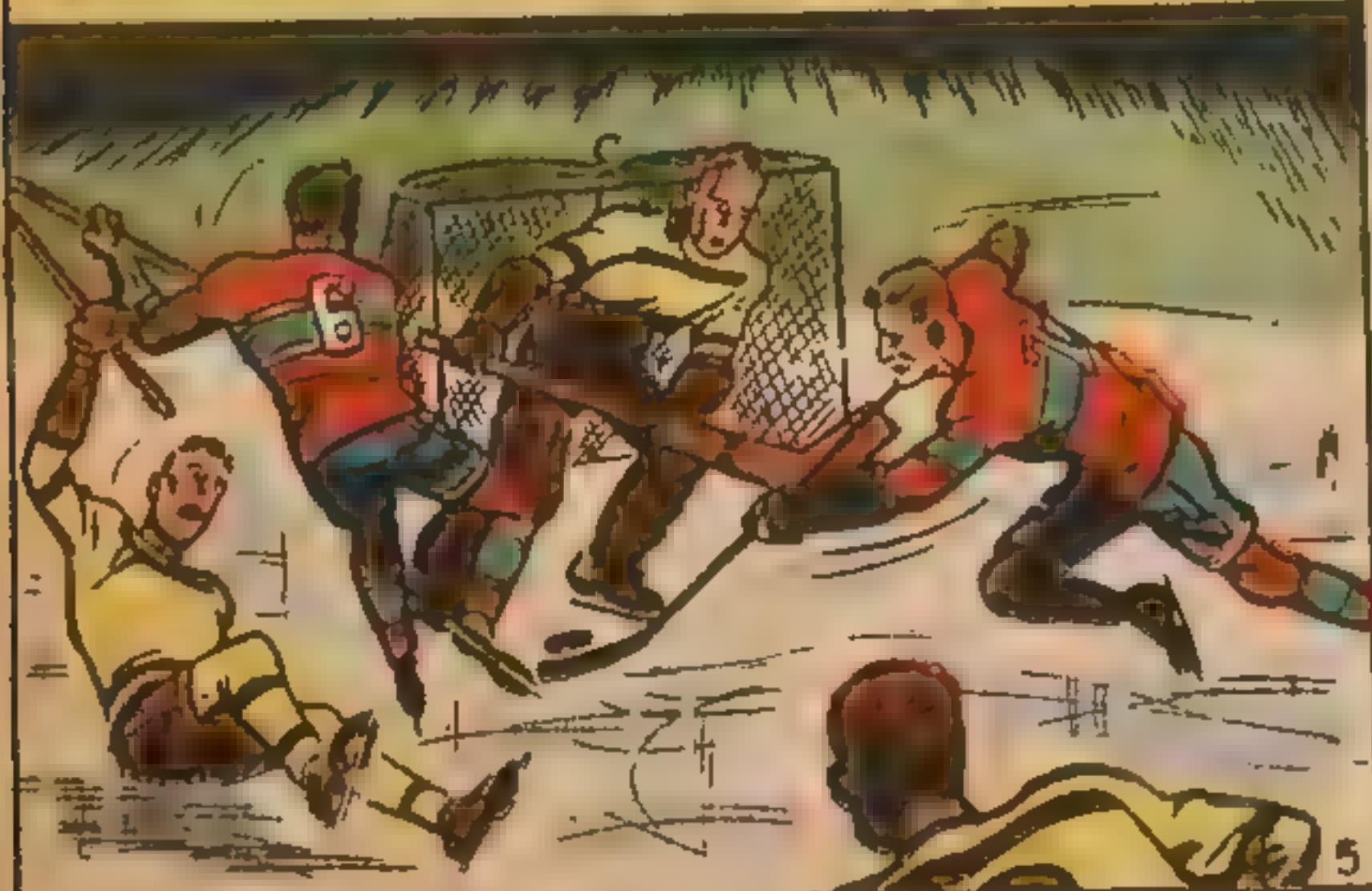
"...AND INFLUENZA IT WAS! IT STRUCK DOWN EVERY MAN ON THE TEAM. OUR STAR DEFENSE MAN, JOE HALL, DIED AND KENDALL HIMSELF, BADLY STRICKEN, NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS!"



"SEVERAL INTERESTS WANTED THE CANADIENS, AMONG THEM JOE HART, WHO HAD FOLLOWED THE TEAM'S EXPLOITS FOR MANY YEARS!"

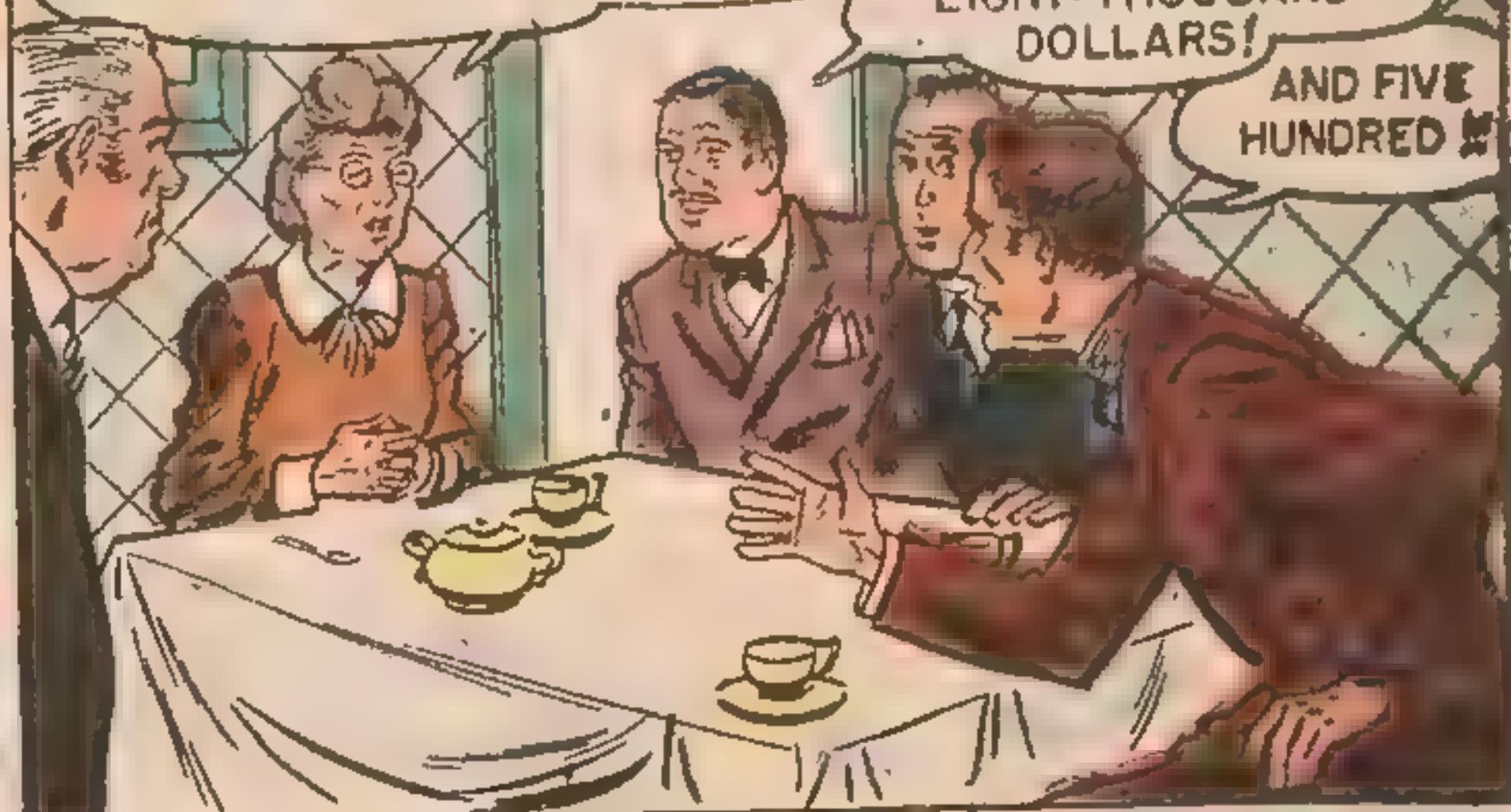


"UNDER HART'S MANAGEMENT, THE TEAM TOOK HONOR AFTER HONOR, ADDING FOUR MORE STANLEY CUPS TO THEIR COLLECTION... A FEAT THAT HAS NEVER BEEN BETTERED BY ANY OTHER CLUB..."



"A FEW MONTHS LATER, MRS. KENDALL PUT THE TEAM UP FOR SALE..."

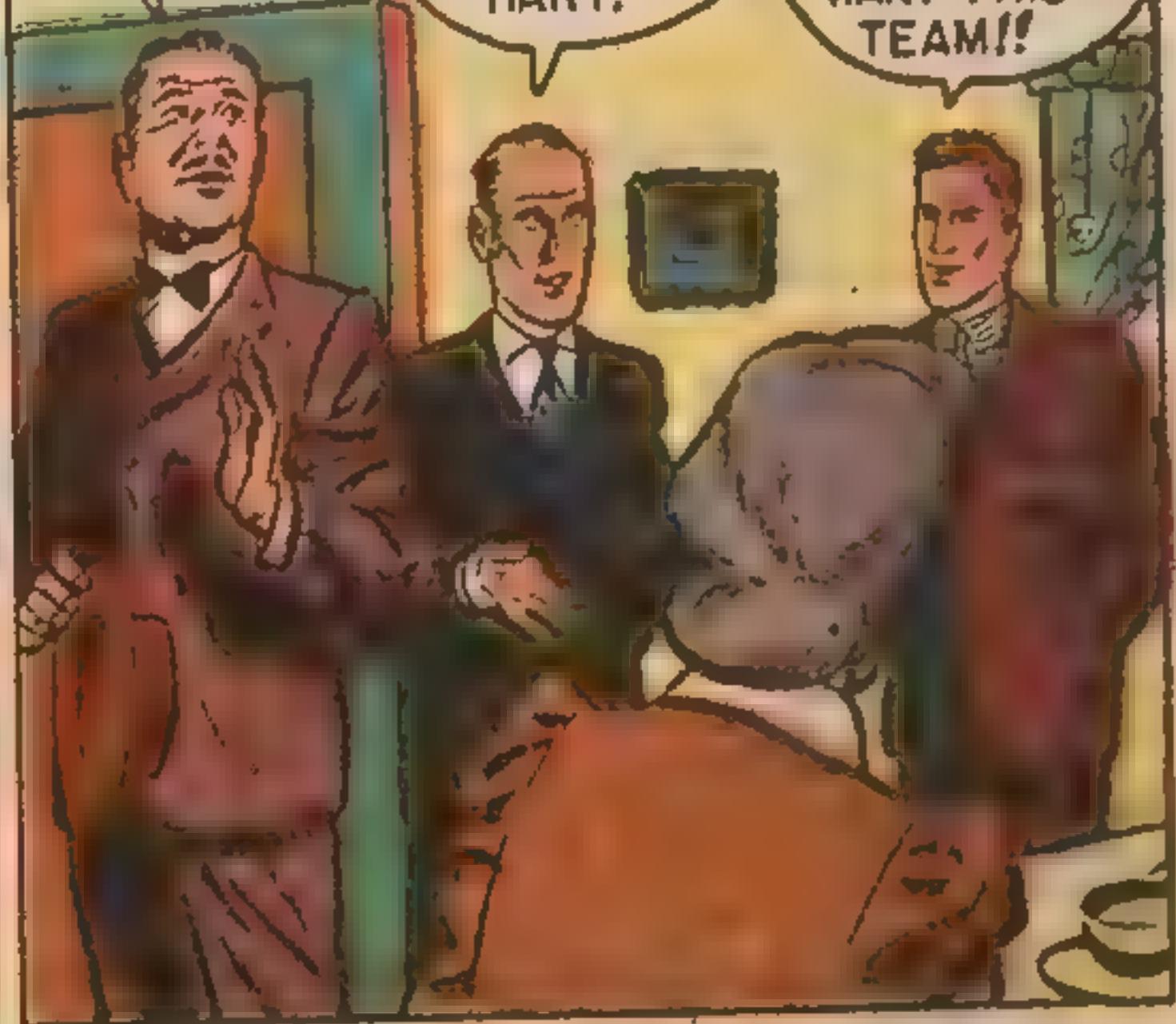
"WELL, GENTLEMEN. I'VE EXPLAINED THE CIRCUMSTANCES. MY HUSBAND'S HEALTH WILL NO LONGER PERMIT HIM TO MANAGE THE CANADIENS AND HE WISHES TO SELL. IT GOES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!"



THAT LETS ME OUT!

HERE, TOO! IT'S YOUR COOKIE, HART!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I ALWAYS DID WANT THIS TEAM!!



"WE'VE BEEN A GREAT TEAM IN THE PAST, AND FIGURE ON BEING AN EVEN GREATER TEAM IN THE FUTURE! DOES THAT GIVE YOU A STORY?"

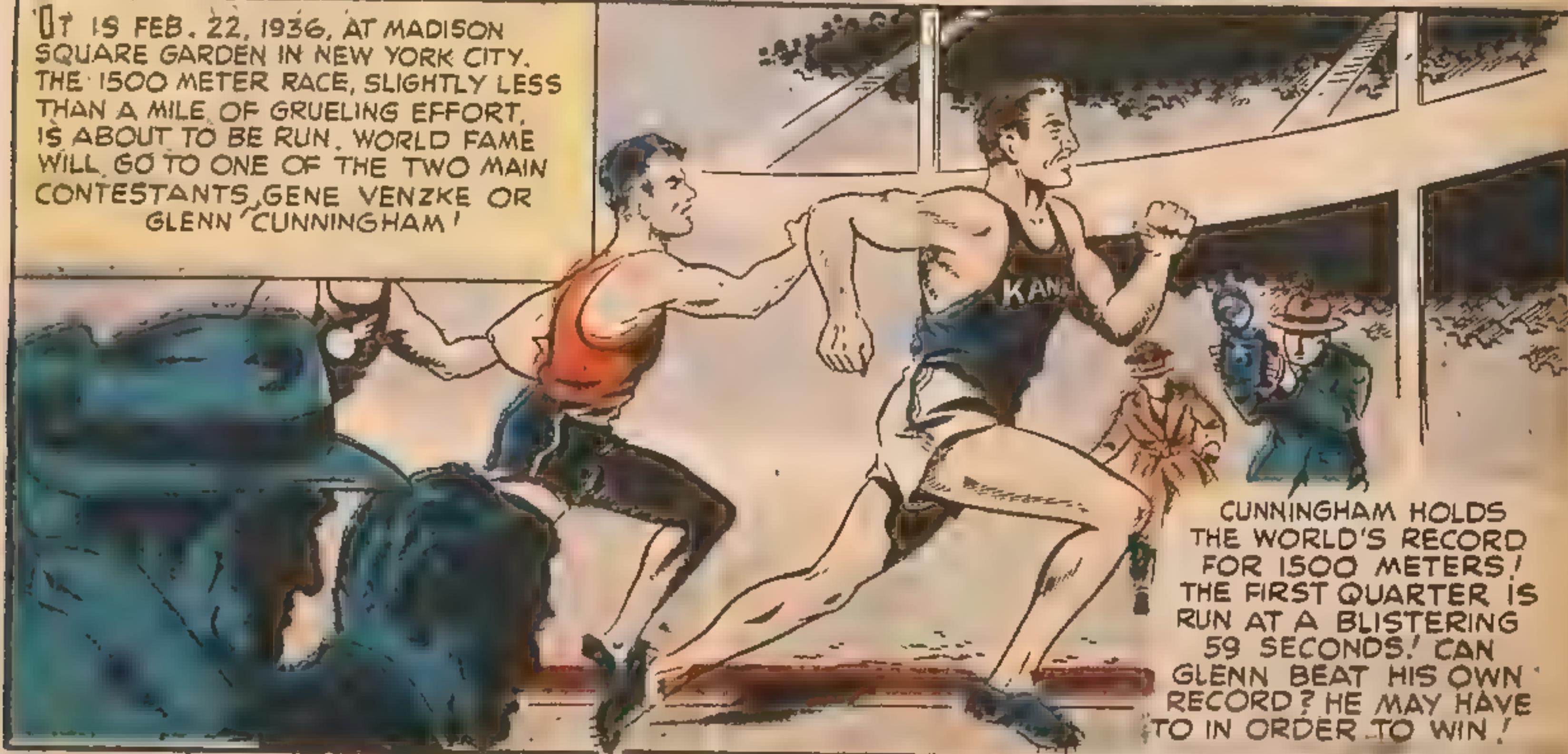
IT SURE DOES, CAPTAIN! THANKS! I'LL BE ROOTING FOR YOU IN DETROIT THIS YEAR! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU NAB THAT CUP AGAIN!



...AND THEY DID!

# FAST COMPANY

IT IS FEB. 22, 1936, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY. THE 1500 METER RACE, SLIGHTLY LESS THAN A MILE, OF GRUELING EFFORT, IS ABOUT TO BE RUN. WORLD FAME WILL GO TO ONE OF THE TWO MAIN CONTESTANTS, GENE VENZKE OR GLENN CUNNINGHAM!



CUNNINGHAM HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR 1500 METERS! THE FIRST QUARTER IS RUN AT A BLISTERING 59 SECONDS! CAN GLENN BEAT HIS OWN RECORD? HE MAY HAVE TO IN ORDER TO WIN!

IN THE HOME STRETCH IT'S CUNNINGHAM AND VENZKE. THEN THE IMPOSSIBLE OCCURS! VENZKE PULLS UP, EVEN WITH CUNNINGHAM!

THE CROWD LETS OUT A ROAR AS VENZKE PASSES CUNNINGHAM! WITH A LAST-MINUTE LUNGE, THE GREAT, PENN MILER HITS THE TAPE AT 3 MINUTES, 49 AND 9/10 SECONDS... A NEW WORLD RECORD!



THEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT CUNNINGHAM HAD ALSO BROKEN HIS OWN WORLD'S RECORD... ONLY TO RUN A SECOND TO THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMP... GENE VENZKE... THE FAMOUS PENN MILER.

# NO SIGN—NO STEAK

## A TRUE STORY

JOHN McGRAW, the scrappy manager of the New York Giants, bit his lip and scowled. Spring training had begun and all his players were signed except one. But this one was important—Big Jack Scott, the pitcher McGraw counted on heavily to help win the pennant.

The raw-boned ace was a hold-out. The Giants were willing to raise his salary but the country hurler had tall ideas when it came to money.

McGraw was amazed one day when he saw Scott come into the hotel lobby. The broad-shouldered flinger had his suitcase in his hand.

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to be a hold-out," the manager shouted.

"Reckon I just want to work out with the boys. Mebbe after you see my stuff, you'll pay me what I'm worth."

"What you're worth! I'll tell you what you're worth. You are the biggest headache on the ball club," roared Mac.

But the field boss of the club wasn't being exactly truthful. Scott was not a problem child. He was a man who obeyed orders and played hard to win, but he knew what he wanted, and he was determined to get what he wanted.

The big pitcher put on his uniform and joined the team in a

workout. He took it easy the first day, merely running around the outfield and shagging flies. In two days' time Scott was in fair shape. He began to pitch in batting practice. His curve had a mid-season break; his speed was all there. He had the best hitters on the club missing the ball by a foot. And they had some pretty good hitters on the Giants in McGraw's day.

"Mr. McGraw, I think Scott is going to have a great year. He's got a lot of stuff on the ball," said one of Mac's catchers.

"Yeah, but you must sign a contract to play ball in the National League. And if he don't sign one soon, he can take his stuff to Paducah," growled the small but tough manager. But deep down he was worried. He could ill afford to do without Scott. Twenty game pitchers are scarce in any bullpen. He knew it. So did Jack Scott.

For several days the hurler worked out with the team, although he was unsigned. McGraw fretted and fumed, club officials pleaded and scolded, but Scott did not sign up.

Various fellow players approached the holdout but he was not to be intimidated. No salary increase, no contract.

★ ★ ★

And so opening day came closer, with the big Southerner still unsigned. The Giants were

scheduled to play an exhibition game.

Jack Scott sat chewing tobacco in the dugout all through the game. The Giants' pitcher was a rookie who was really burning them in that day.

McGraw sat in the dugout making comments mostly for Scott's benefit. He praised the rookie's curve ball as the best on the club. He said his speed was blinding. He called the young player the best pitcher on the team. All through the game he did his best to burn up Scott. But the big ace only went on chewing and said nothing. And if anyone got burned up it was the manager himself.

The Giants won and Mac was pleased at the way his players were coming along . . . but he sure had it in for Scott.

★ ★ ★

The next day when Jack appeared at the clubhouse, he found the door barred to him. Mac had given orders that no unsigned player was to work out with the team. Jack disappeared for the rest of the day. However, in the evening he joined his teammates at dinner. To queries as to where he had been all day he preserved a deep silence.

The next day McGraw had Scott watched. He found that the big athlete was spending his time over at a sandlot playing ball with some kids.

The manager sputtered when he heard that one. He called the big fellow up to him and jacked up the offer the club had given him. The pitcher excused himself but replied that he had to have what he wanted, else he would not play with the Giants. The other players thought their manager was going to have a fit. He ranted and raved and then walked away from Scott.

★ ★ ★

But Scott did not sign, nor did he go home. McGraw ordered the ban on Jack lifted and allowed him to work out with the club. Still that did not soften the pitcher. He stuck to his guns.

The club was going to have a scrub game and the holdout asked to pitch for one side. Mac let him pitch.

All afternoon, the best hitters on the club swung against the big flinger. But batter after batter strode up to the plate, swung at the air and then sat down. It seemed as if the big boy did not want his buddies running the bases on a hot afternoon. He had all his stuff—plus. In the fourth inning the opposing first baseman who usually hit around .330 got a scratch single. In the seventh, two opposing batters bunched a walk and a hit to make it men on first and third with only one out. But Scott fanned the next hitter with the bat on his shoulder. And the following hitter managed to raise a weak pop-up to the mound which Scott speared with his bare hand.

John McGraw turned to one of his coaches and said, "If I knew then what I know now, I'd sooner have driven a truck for a living than become a manager."

The following morning, the traveling secretary who had been away visiting a sick relative, rejoined the club.

"How is training progressing, Mr. McGraw?" he asked.

"Fine," barked the manager.

"And how about Scott? Is he ready to sign? I hear he is in camp."

"Don't talk to me about that fellow. I don't want to have a thing to do with him," shouted Mac.

The secretary remarked, "He may not have signed up but he is still eating us out of profits for the year."

"What do you mean by that?" snapped the manager.

The man replied that since Scott was eating in the hotel his food bills were being charged to the club. The big pitcher was known as the best eater in both leagues. Indeed, his appetite was as sharp as his curve.

Something clicked in the crafty manager's brain. "Come here," he said to the secretary. The secretary and the manager got into a huddle. There was a lot of mysterious pow-wow going on. Then Mac turned away with a smile.

As the players took the field, Mac slapped Scott on the back. "How do you feel, boy?"

The players around them stared in amazement. They thought the heat had got McGraw.

All afternoon the "Little Napoleon" was as pleasant as he could be. The Giants sure thought that old Mac was slipping.

★ ★ ★

After the game the players went into their shower and then back to the hotel for dinner.

The dining room door was thrown open. As they marched in, the head waiter approached them and said, "Nice steaks today, gentlemen."

The door between the kitchen and the main room was open. An electric fan was blowing in aromas that made the players' mouths water.

Scott licked his chops. He loved steak, indeed he had been

known to eat five helpings of that delicacy at one meal.

Jack tucked the napkin under his chin and seized his knife and fork. He could hardly wait for the big platter which was to be put before him.

The waiter, who had the easy manner of all southern waiters, was slower than usual tonight.

The big pitcher growled, "How about some service at this table. What happened to that boy?"

★ ★ ★

The waiter came over with the biggest T-bone steak ever served to man or beast. Scott shut his eyes in anticipation. He was about to dig his knife into the meat when he heard a roar.

"Scott! What the heck do you think you're doing here? Don't you know that players who haven't signed can't eat here?" Mac was glowering in front of him.

"But, boss," he said hoarsely, "I'm starved! I'm hungry, Mr. McGraw."

McGraw wouldn't budge an inch. Scott offered to pay for his meal but the manager turned a deaf ear.

He pointed to the exit. "Out of the dining room! Unsigned players can't eat on the club. Those are the rules."

Tears came into the eyes of Scott. "Mr. McGraw, I'll sign. But please let me finish my dinner. I haven't eaten since this morning."

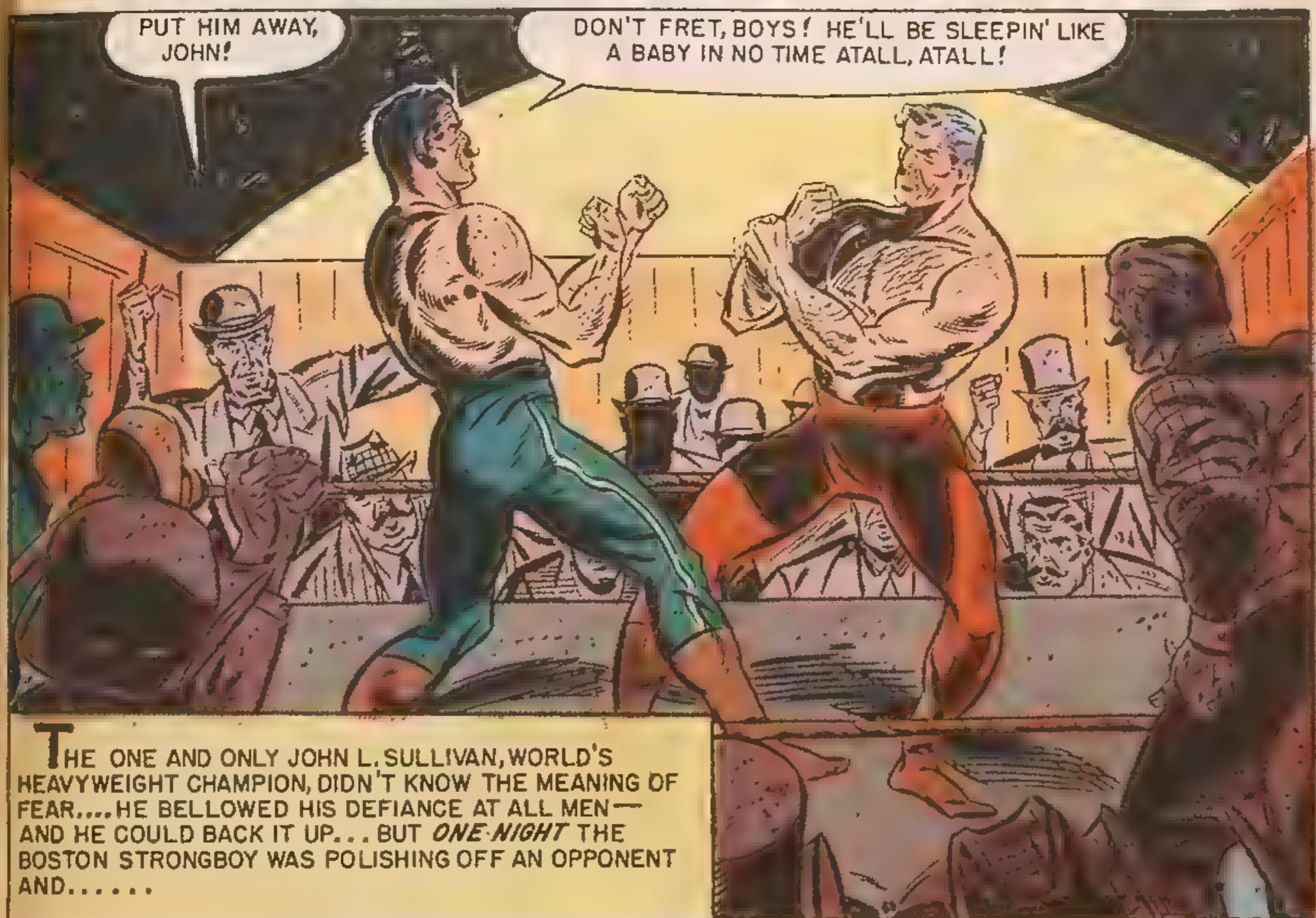
"Not until you have signed this contract."

The Giant manager had both contract and pen in his hand. Weakly the big fellow took the document and McGraw's pen. His mouth was drooling as he scrawled "Jack Scott" on the dotted line. And then he went to work on the big steak—and he had no trouble at all finding the plate.

The End

A REAL STORY

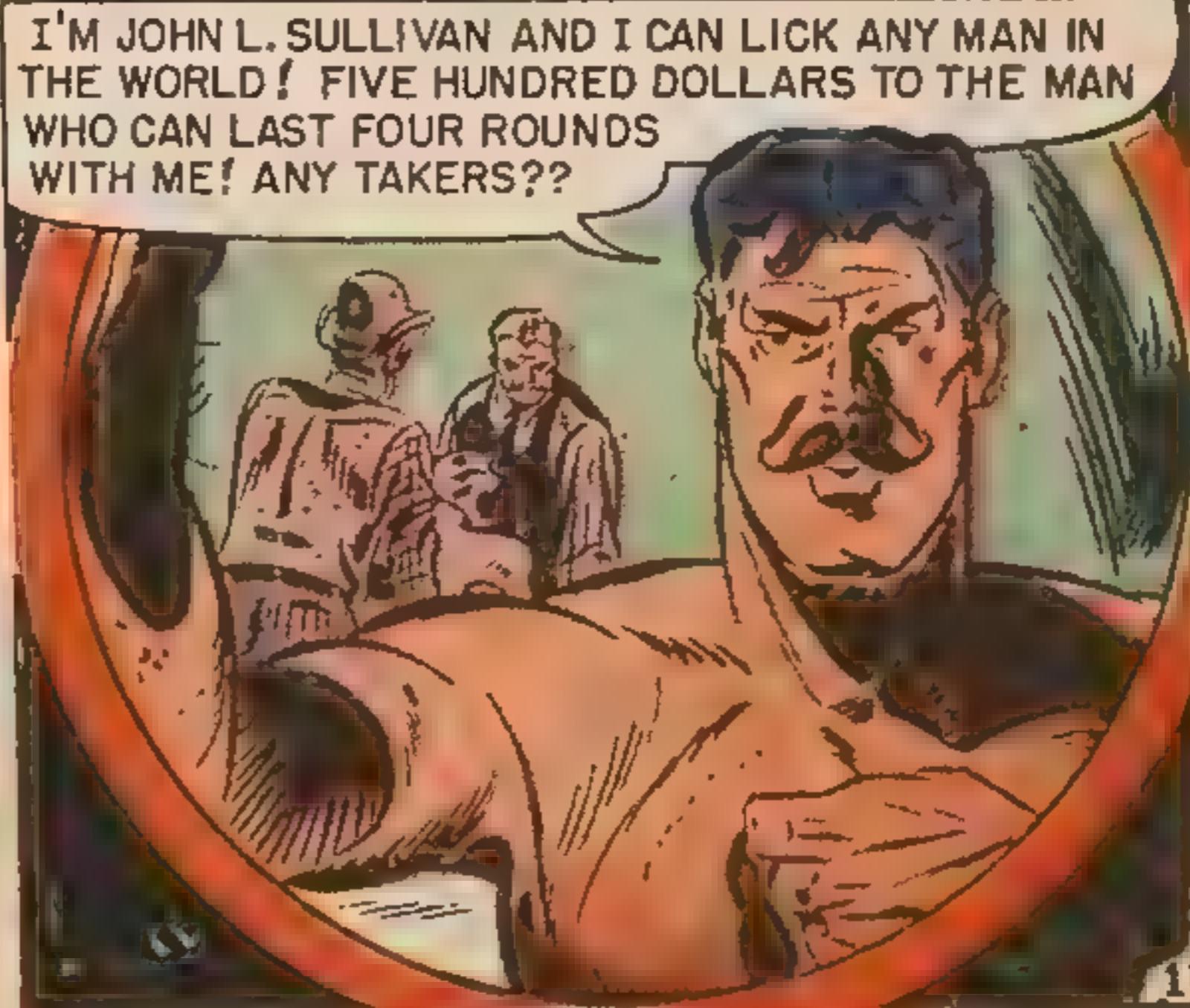
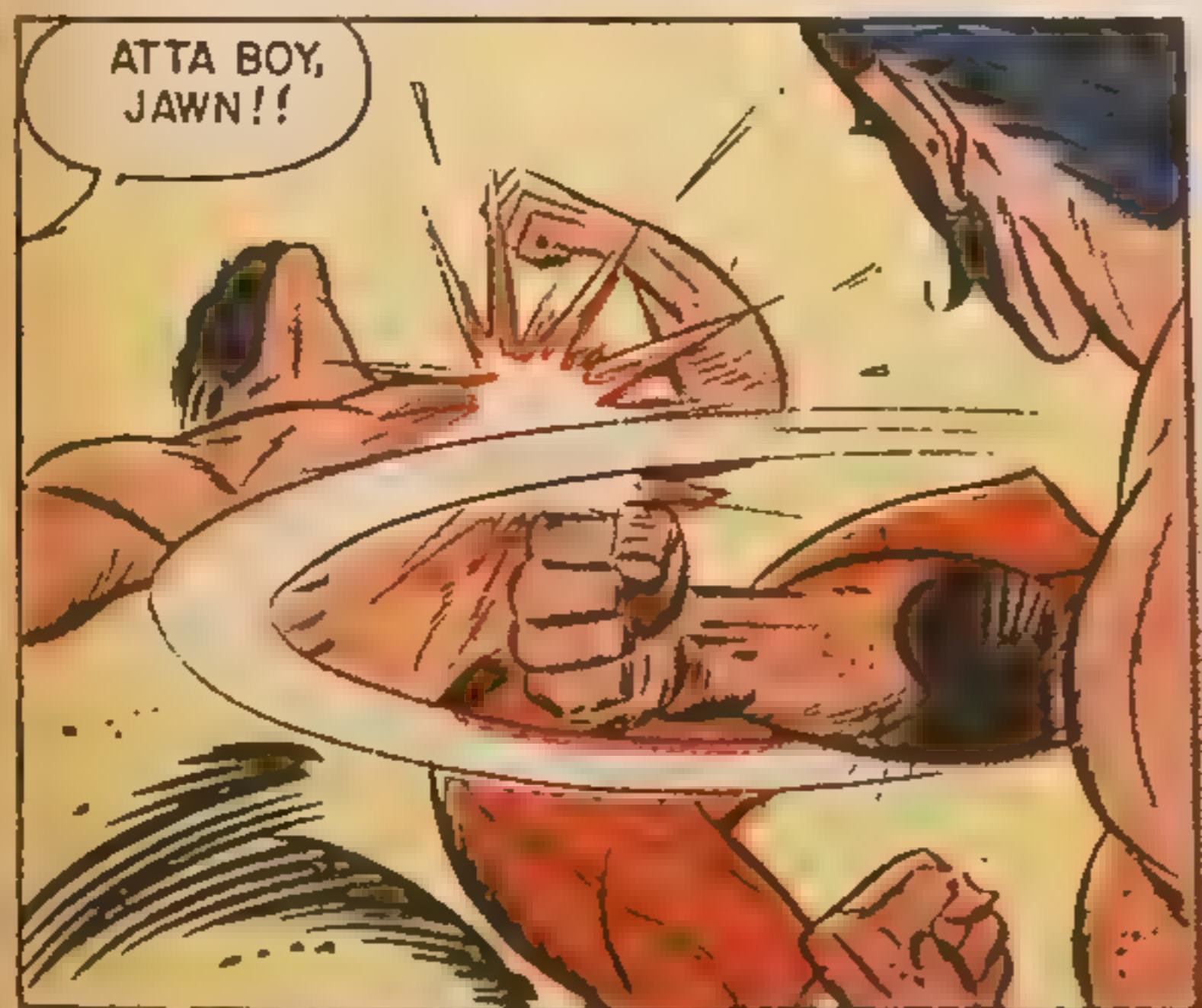
# the MAN WHO SLAPPED JOHN L. SULLIVAN



THE ONE AND ONLY JOHN L. SULLIVAN, WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR....HE BELLOWED HIS DEFIANCE AT ALL MEN— AND HE COULD BACK IT UP... BUT ONE NIGHT THE BOSTON STRONGBODY WAS POLISHING OFF AN OPPONENT AND.....

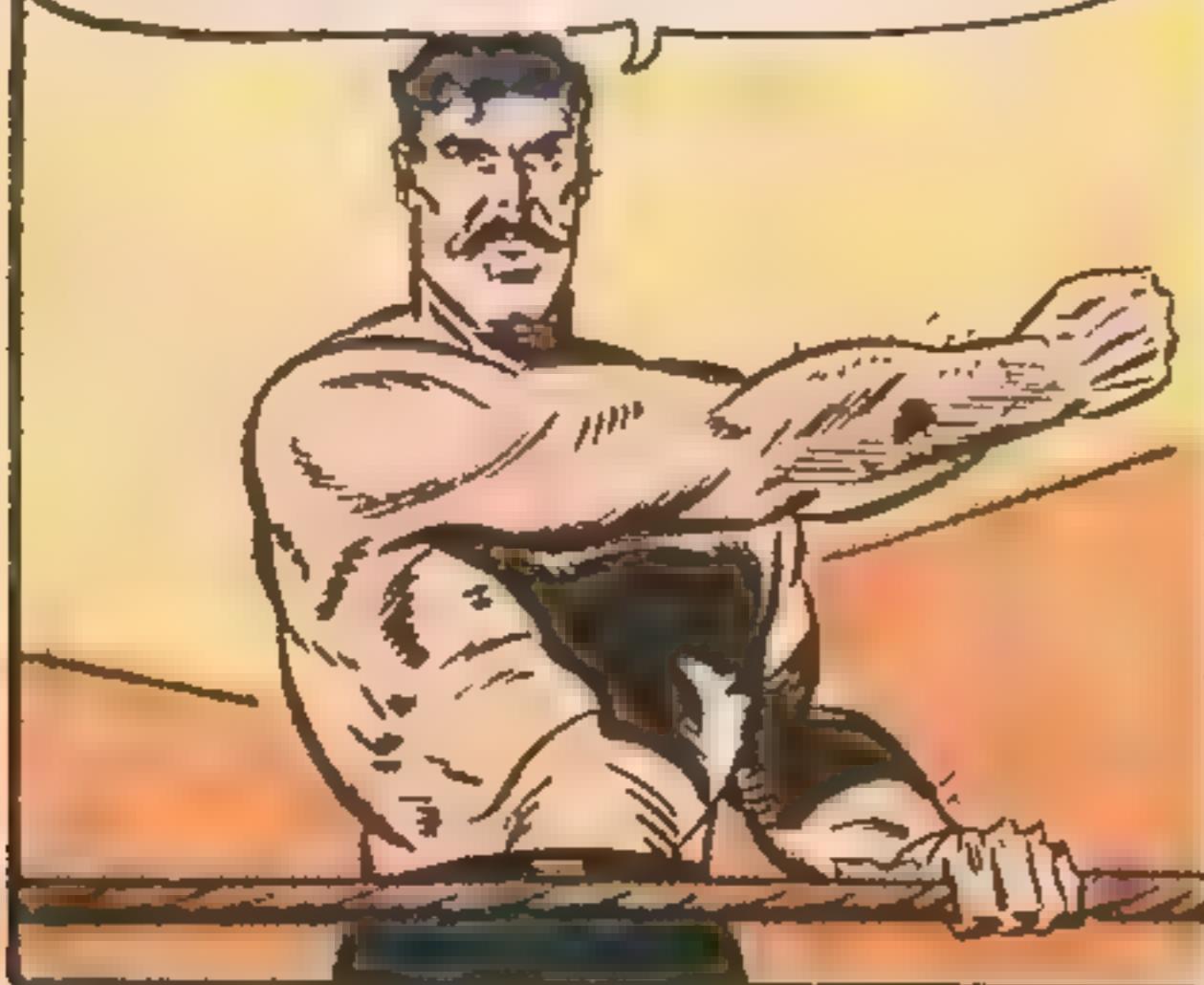
JOHN L. WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! HE DID HIS JOB LIKE A GOOD CARPENTER!

AND THEN AS HIS OPPONENT WAS CARTED AWAY...



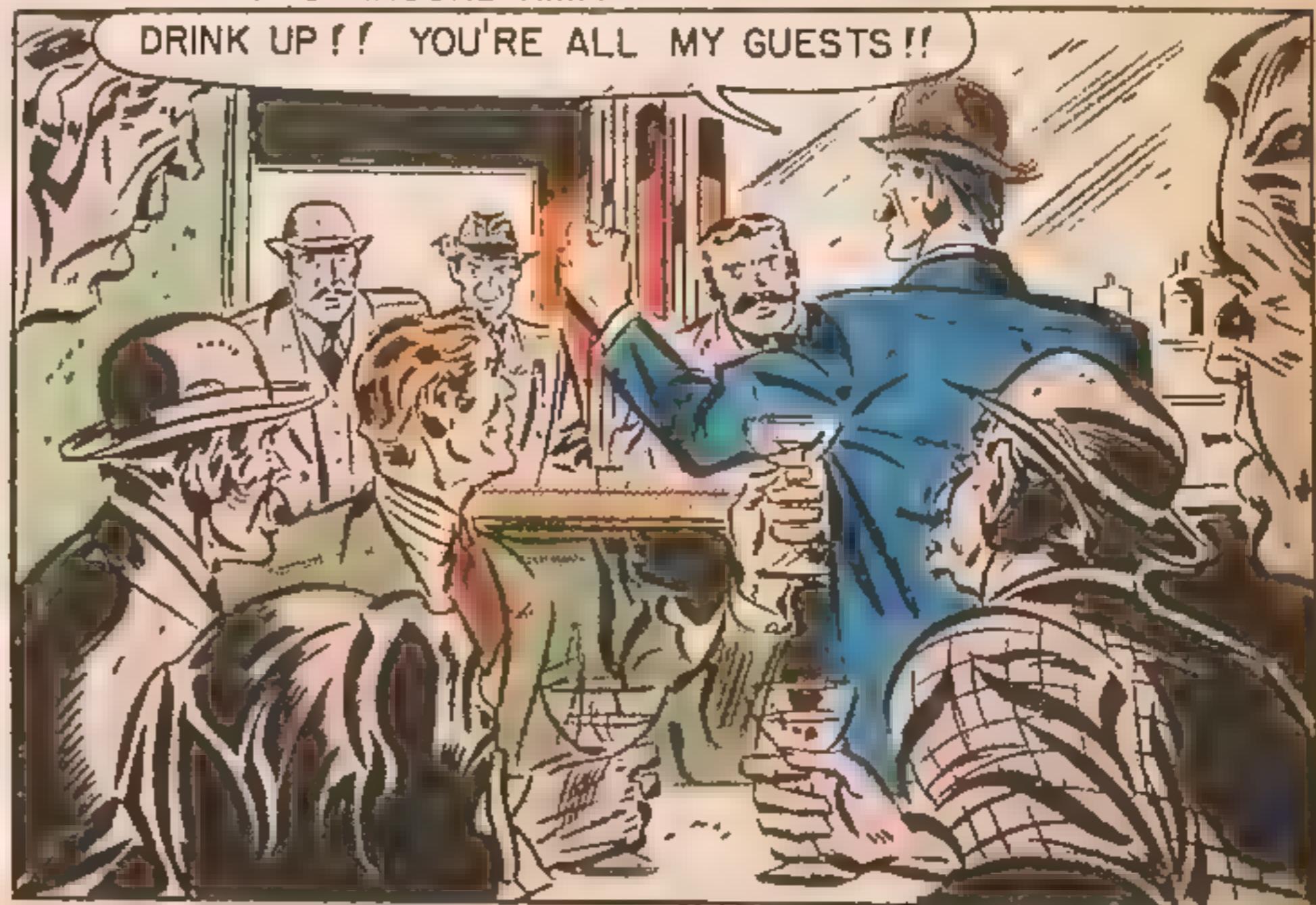
BUT AS USUAL THERE WERE NO TAKERS,  
FOR WHO COULD STAND UP TO THE  
MIGHTY JOHN L.??

ALL RIGHT THEN...IF THERE ARE NO  
TAKERS, LET'S ALL GO DOWN TO THE  
TAVERN—AND THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!

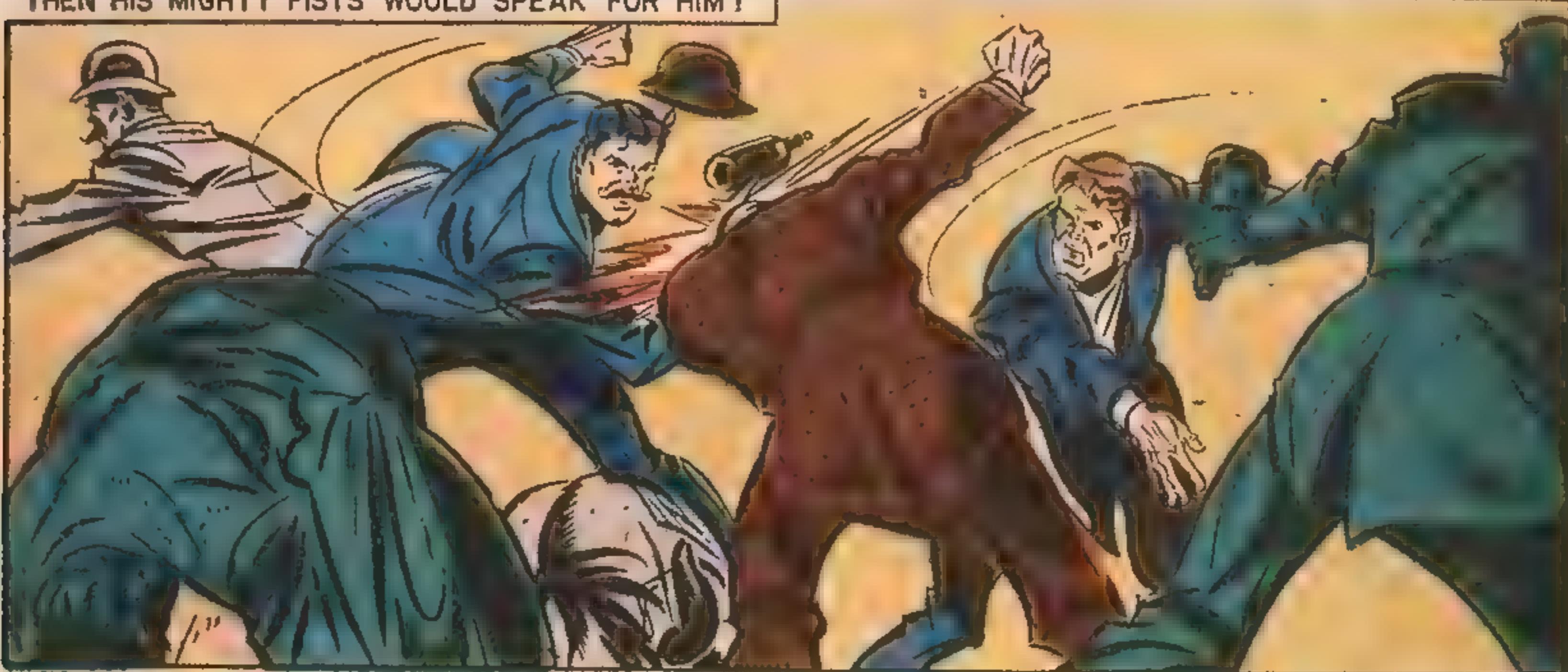


A BIG-HEARTED COMPANIONABLE MAN, SULLIVAN LOVED TO  
HAVE A CROWD AROUND HIM!

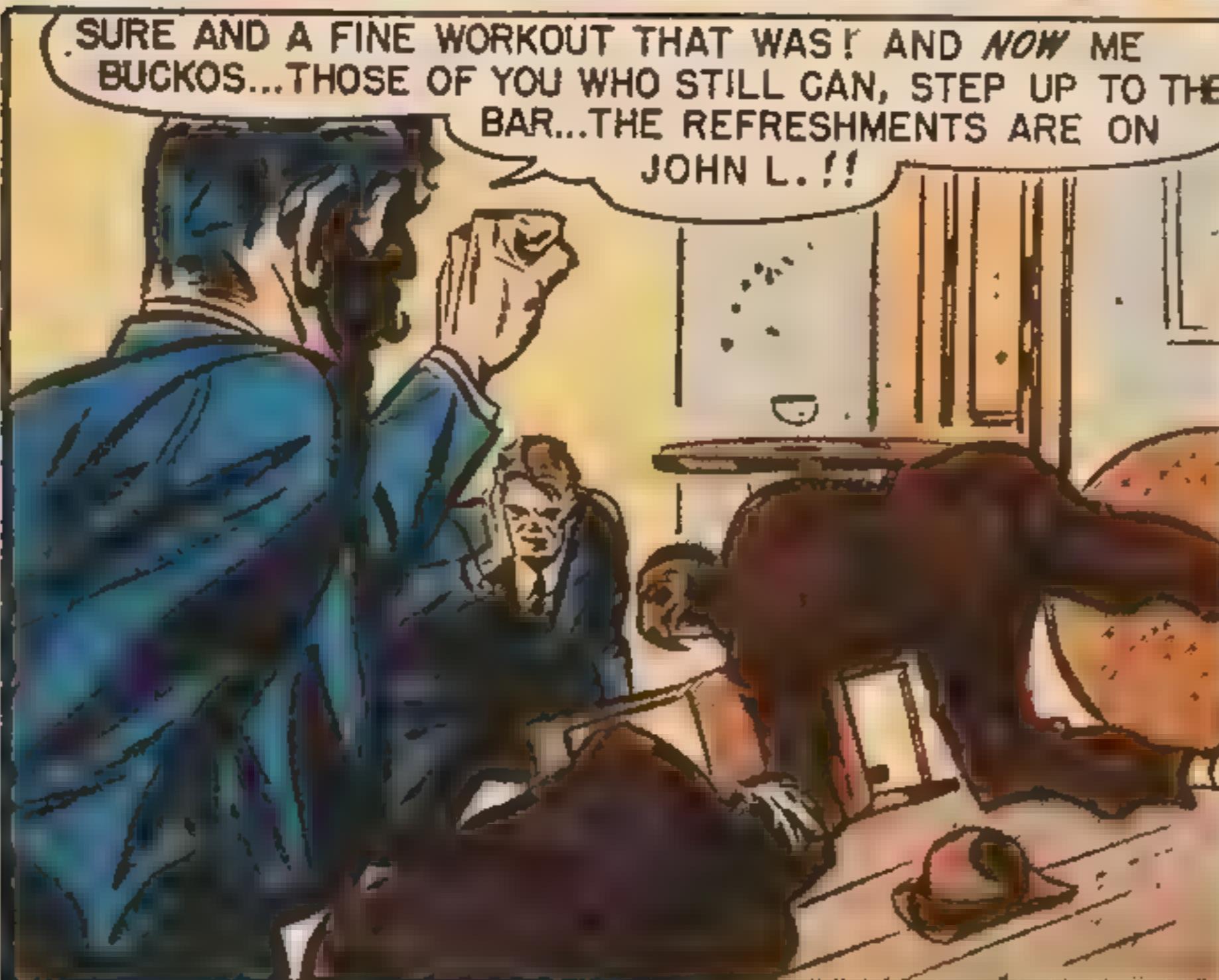
DRINK UP!! YOU'RE ALL MY GUESTS!!



SOMETIMES THERE WERE THOSE WHO MISUNDERSTOOD JOHN L.'S WHOLEHEARTED EXUBERANCE, AND  
THEN HIS MIGHTY FISTS WOULD SPEAK FOR HIM!



SURE AND A FINE WORKOUT THAT WAS! AND *NOW* ME  
BUCKOS...THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL CAN, STEP UP TO THE  
BAR...THE REFRESHMENTS ARE ON  
JOHN L.!!



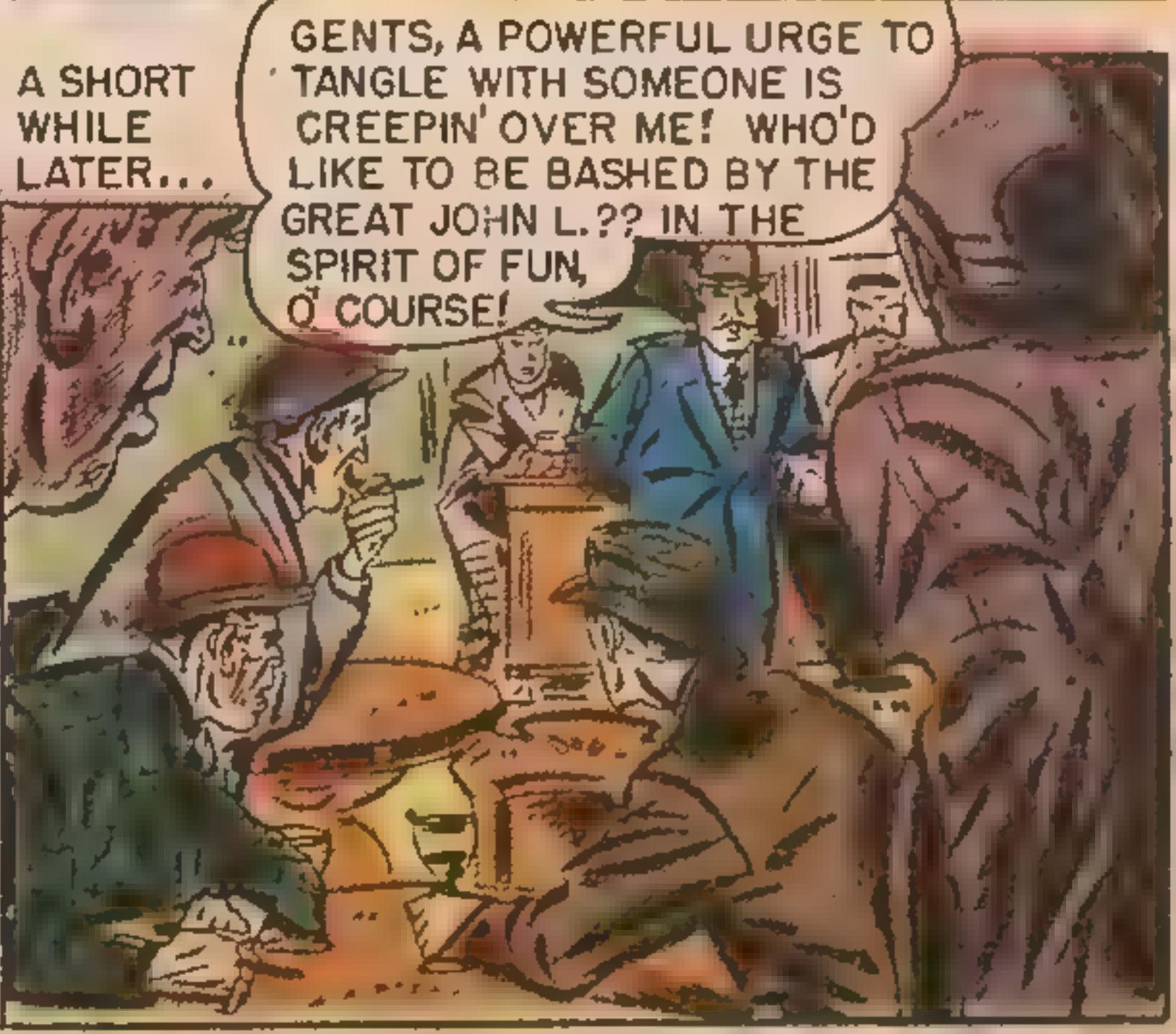
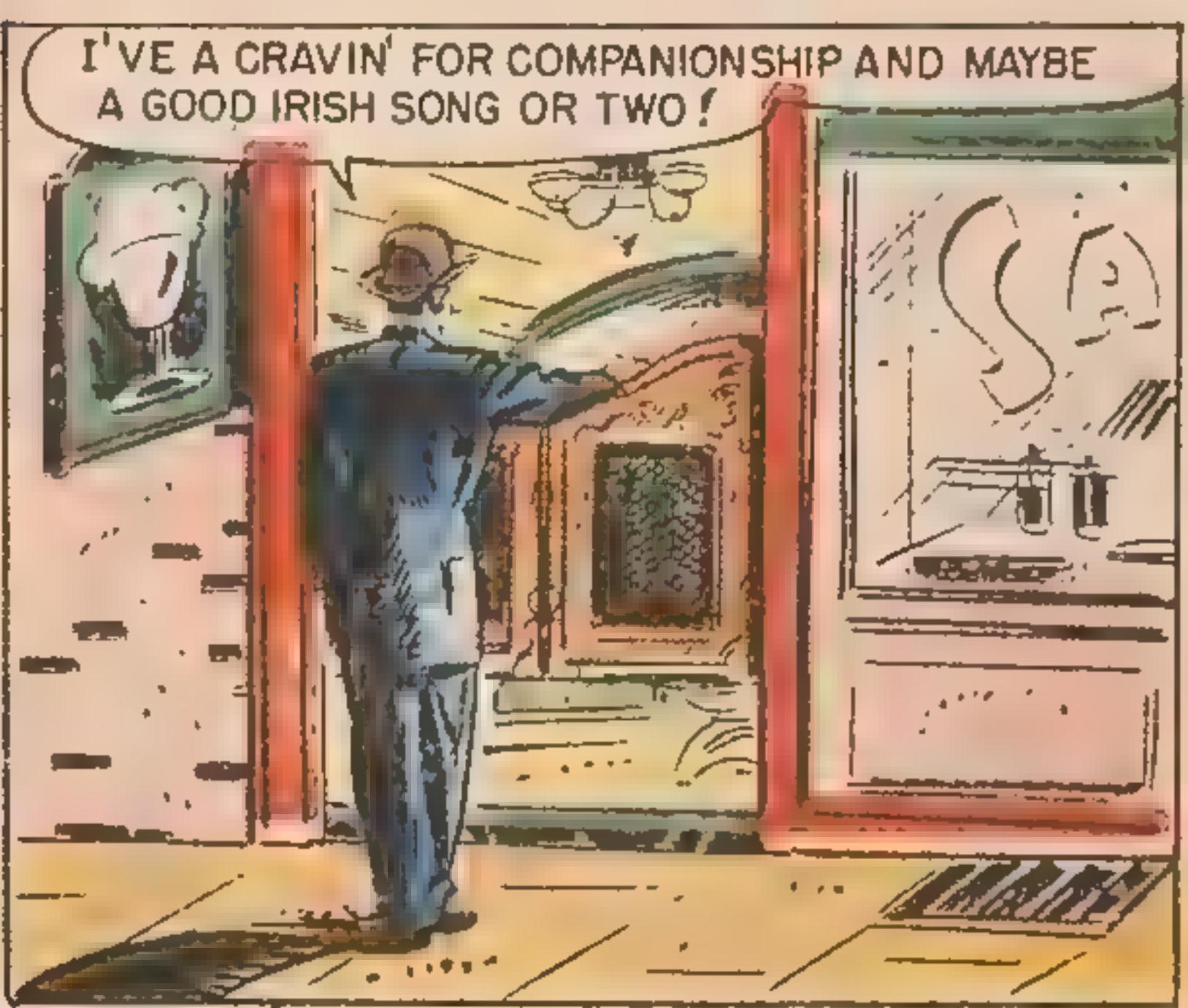
DRINK UP, LADS...AND GOOD HEALTH! NEXT  
TIME REMEMBER THAT I'M JOHN L. SULLIVAN,  
THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE  
WORLD AND I CAN WHIP ANY MAN IN  
THE PLACE!!

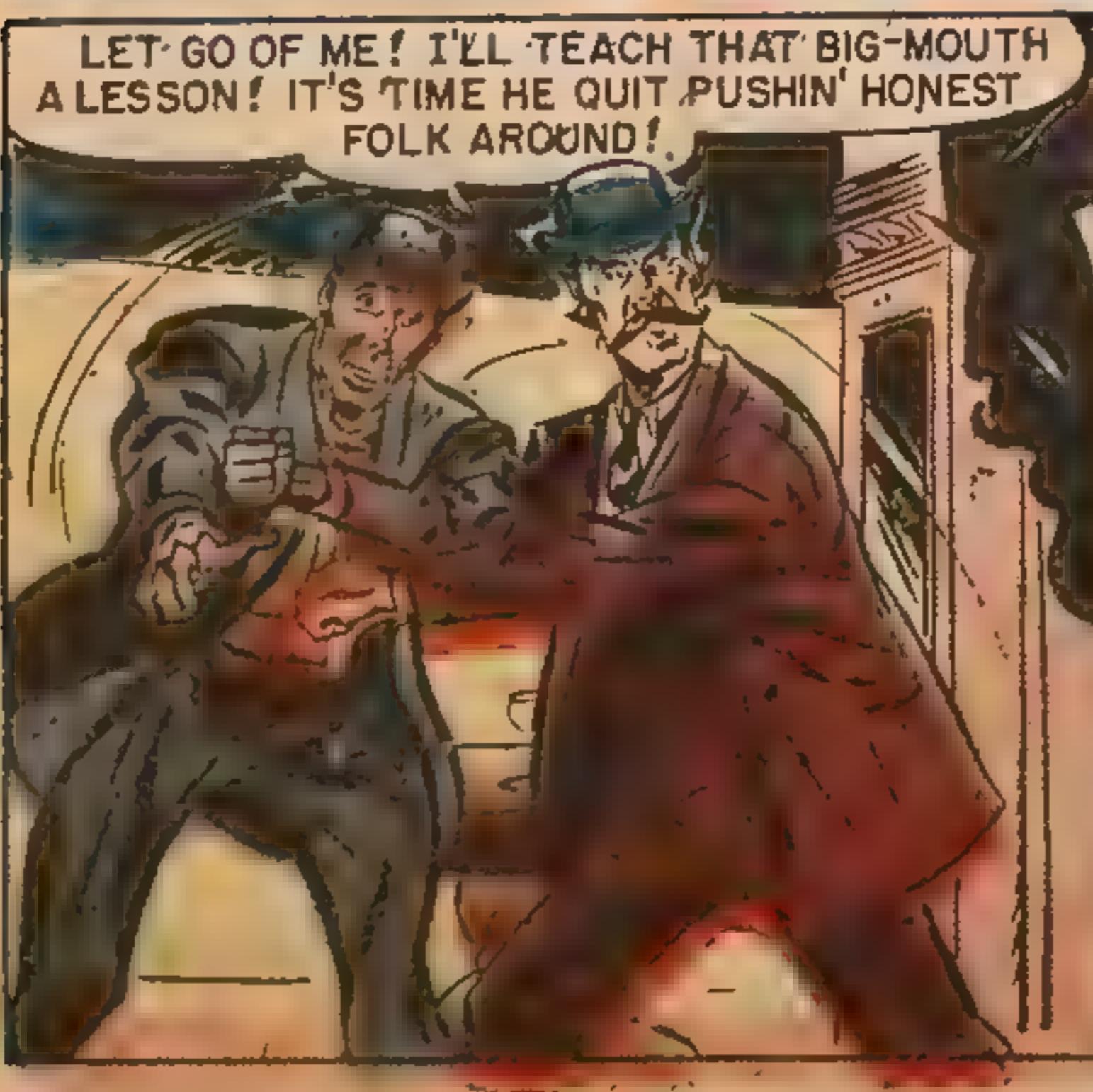
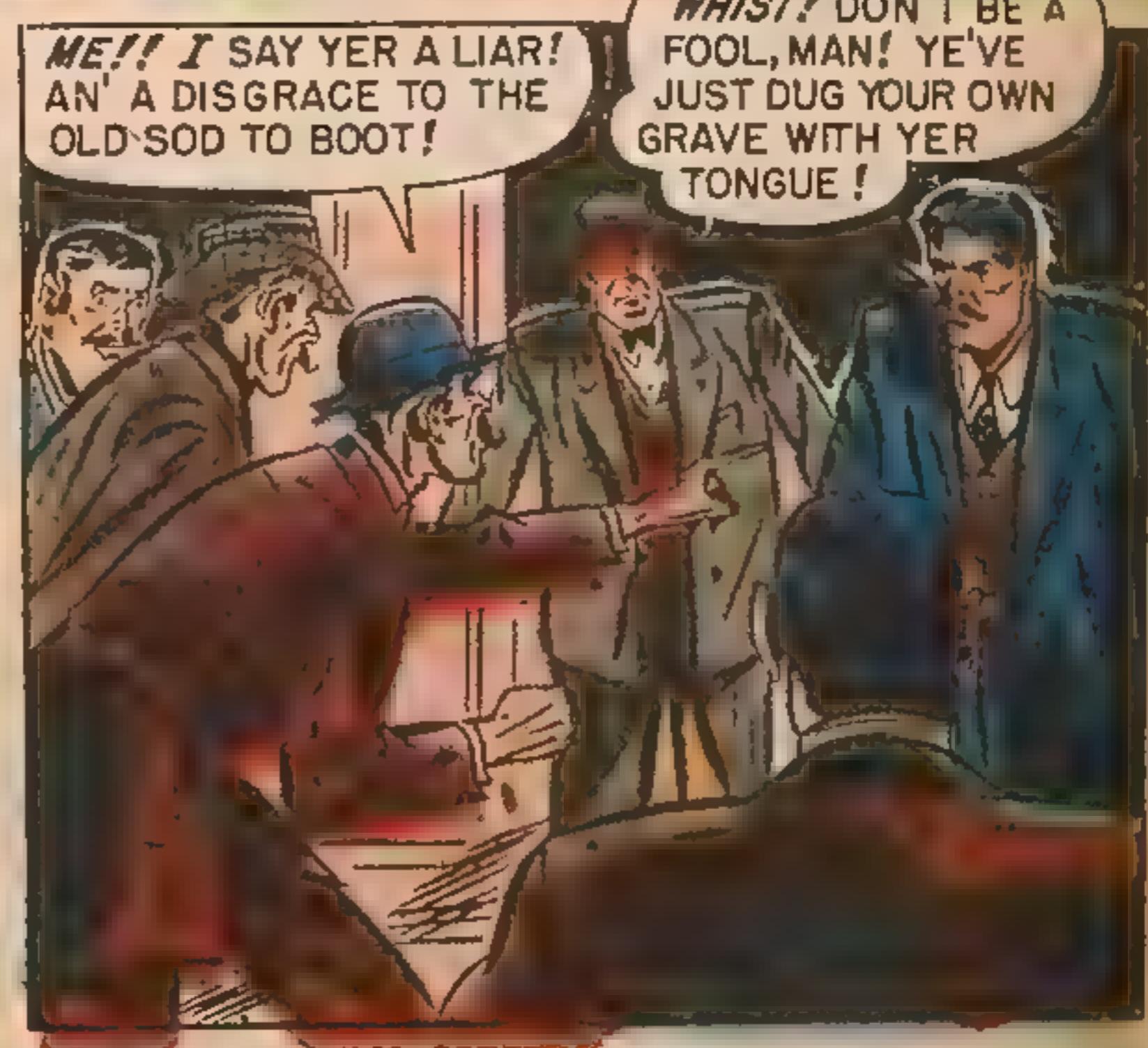
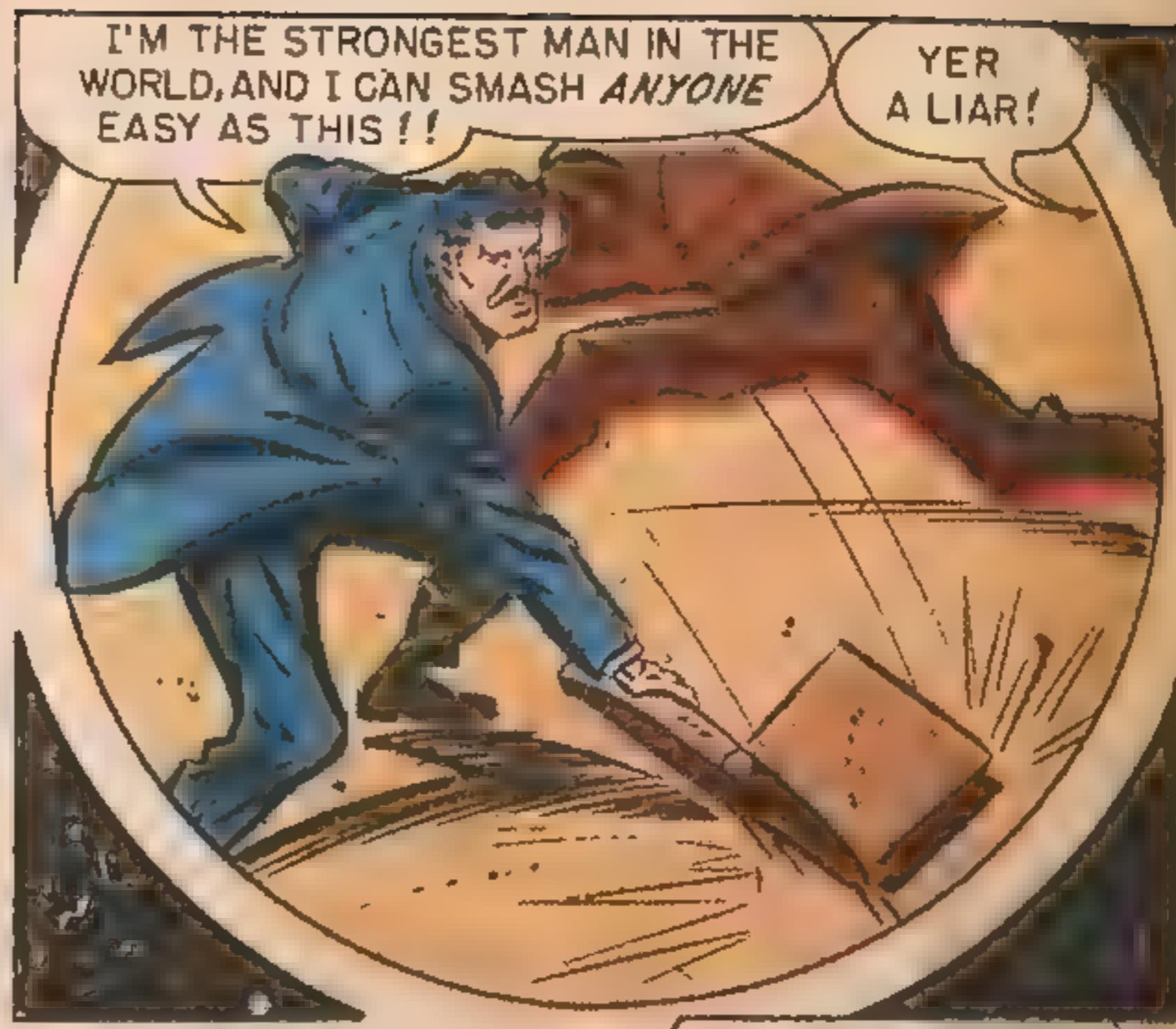
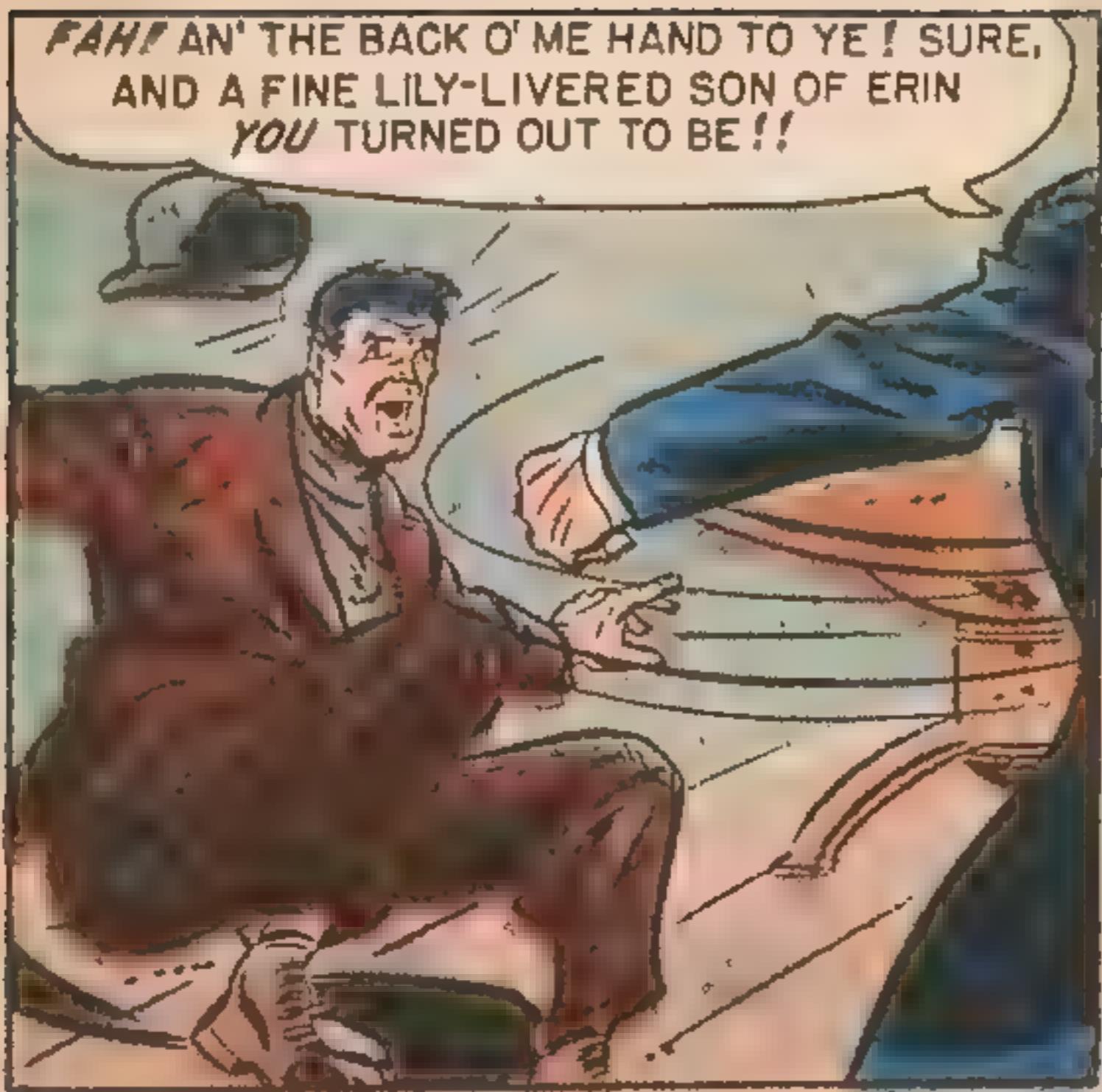


THE BOSTON STRONGBY WAS THE IDOL OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND WAS RECOGNIZED AND ADMIRE everywhere he went.



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT IN BOSTON, JOHN L. WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME...





AND THEN...

THERE! THAT'S FER YER  
BOASTIN' AN' YER SHOWIN' OFF!!

FAITH AN'  
IT'LL BE  
MURDER!  
I CAN'T  
LOOK!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION OF THE  
WORLD WAS STRUCK AND HE MADE NO MOVE TO  
DEFEND HIMSELF!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! THE LITTLE FELLER  
IS BELTIN' JOHN L.!

MERCILESSLY, THE STRANGER POUNDED THE  
BOSTON STRONGBODY, AND THEN ADDED INSULT  
TO INJURY!

THERE! MEBBE THIS'LL COOL YE OFF AN'  
TEACH YE NOT TO GO AROUND LORDIN' IT OVER  
YER BETTERS!

THEN, THE LITTLE MAN WALKED OUT LEAVING A  
HORRIFIED SILENCE BEHIND HIM!

JOHN L., ME BOY! WHY DID YE  
STAND FER IT? WHY, YE  
COULD'VE CRUSHED  
HIM WITH YER  
THUMB!

THERE'S A  
REASON! AND  
A GOOD ONE!

HE'S ME OWN FATHER!!

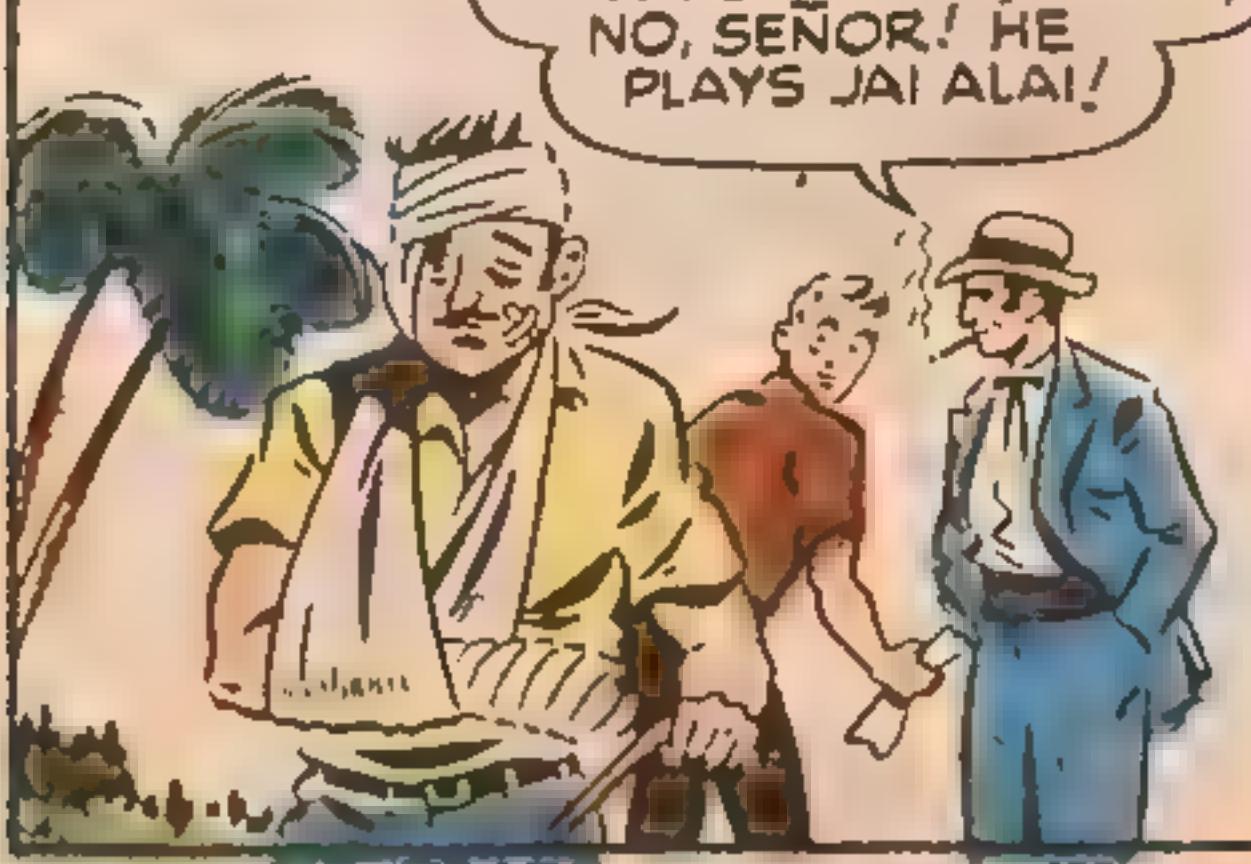
BUT DON'T ANY OF THE REST OF YOU GET IDEAS!  
I CAN STILL LICK ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE! DO I HEAR  
ANYTHING TO THE CONTRARY?

THE END.

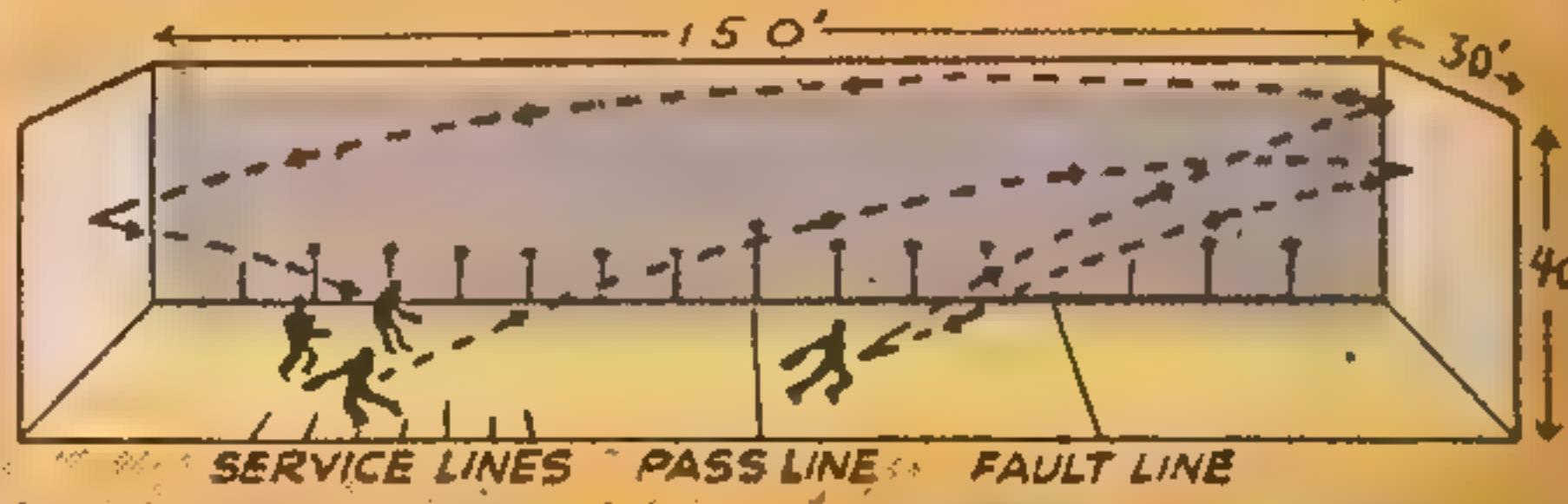
# JAI ALAI

## LIGHTNING ON A COURT

JAI ALAI ORIGINATED IN THE PYRENEES BACK IN THE 16TH CENTURY. IT IS REPUTEDLY FASTER THAN TENNIS AND MORE DANGEROUS THAN FOOTBALL OR LACROSSE!

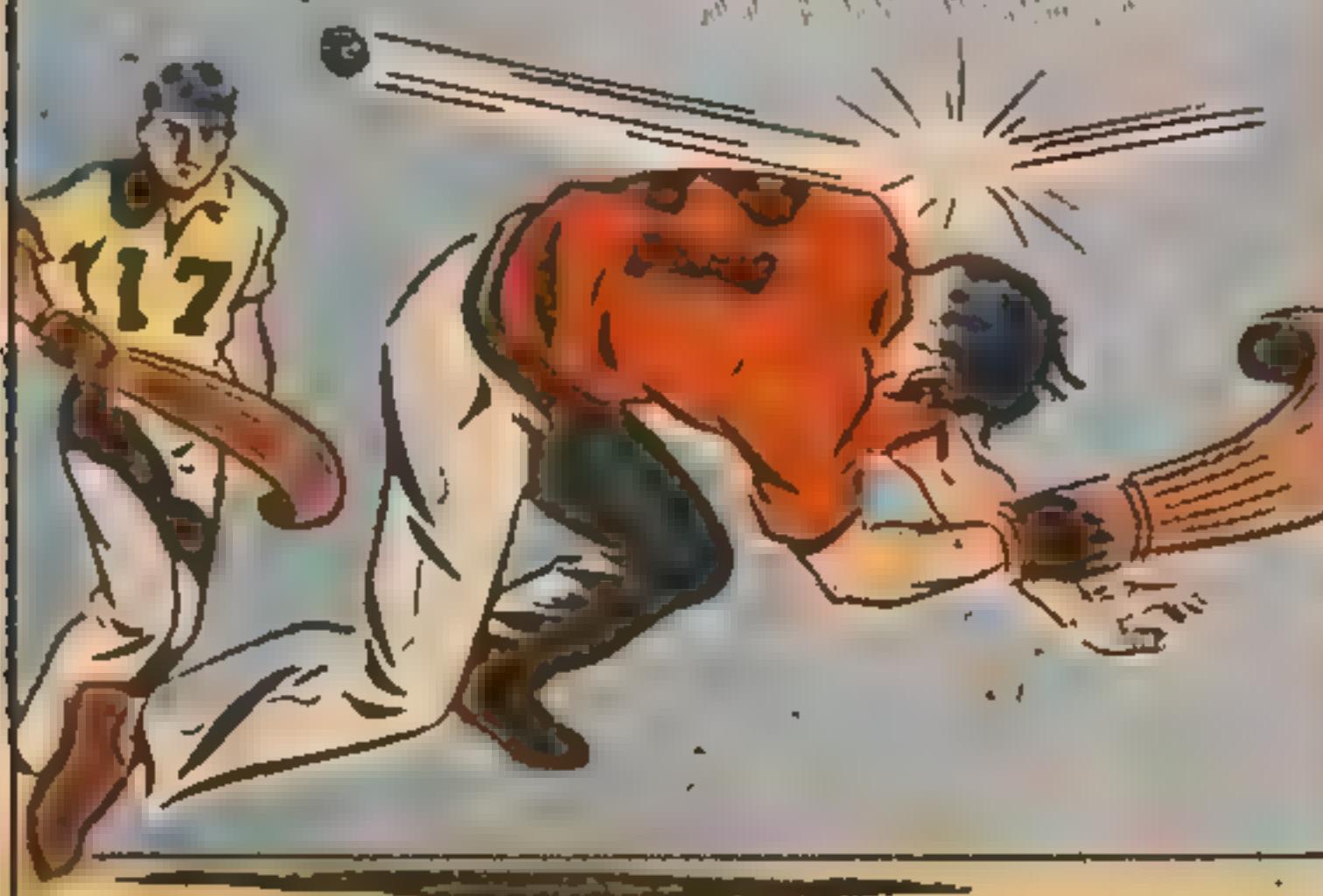


ROUGHLY, JAI ALAI (PRONOUNCED HI-LI) IS HANDBALL PLAYED IN A 3-WALLED COURT WITH A BALL SLIGHTLY SMALLER BUT HARDER THAN A BASEBALL...



THE PLAYER ON THE SERVICE LINE THROWS TO THE FRONT WALL. THE BALL HURLETS BACK TO THE FIRST PLAYER WHO IN TURN SLAMS IT BACK TO THE REAR WALL...

THE SPEED OF THE BALL IS SO GREAT THAT IF A PLAYER IS STRUCK, IT CAN CAUSE SERIOUS INJURY OR EVEN DEATH.



PLAYING THE WALL FOR A "SKIMMER" SHOT!

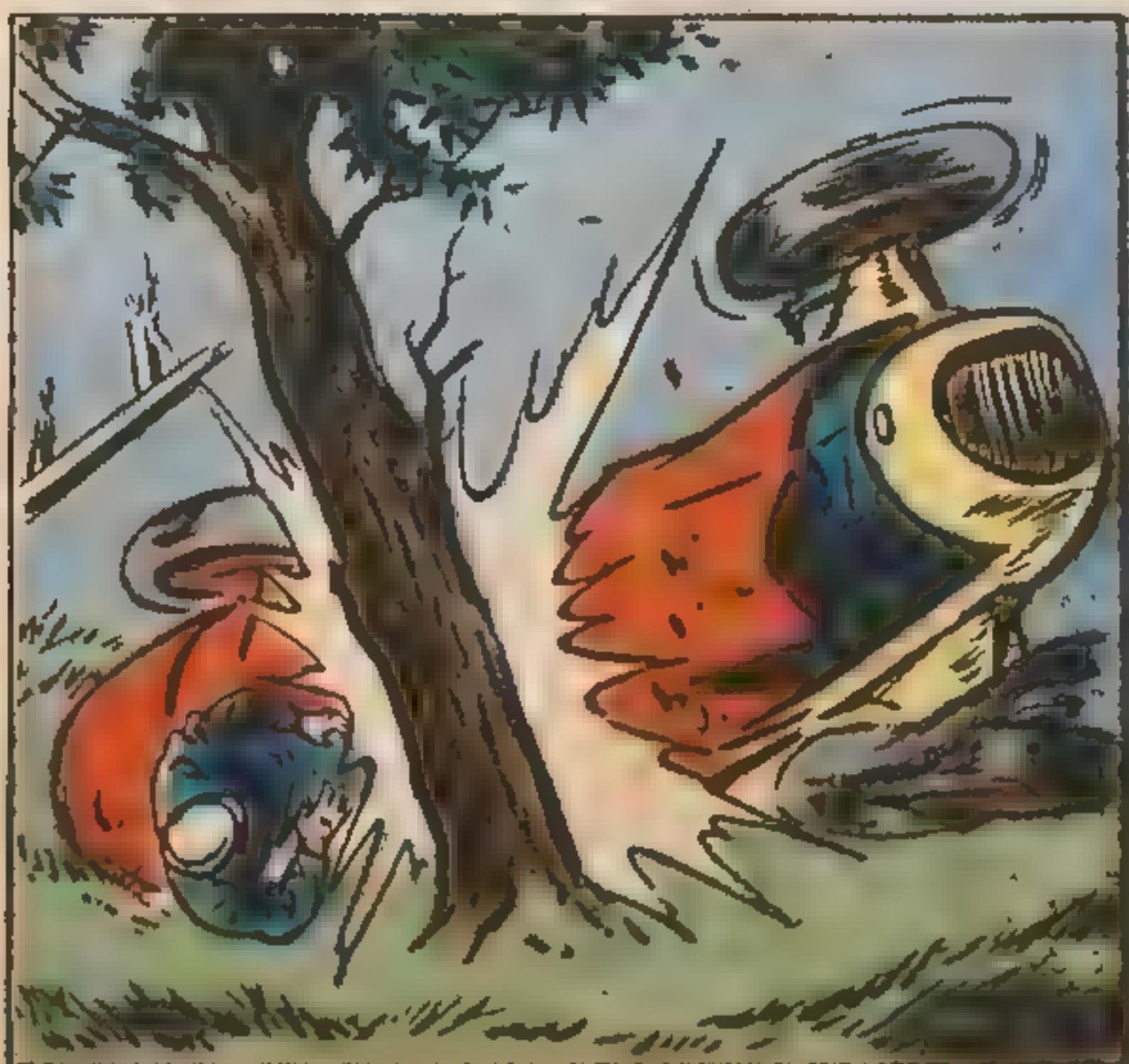
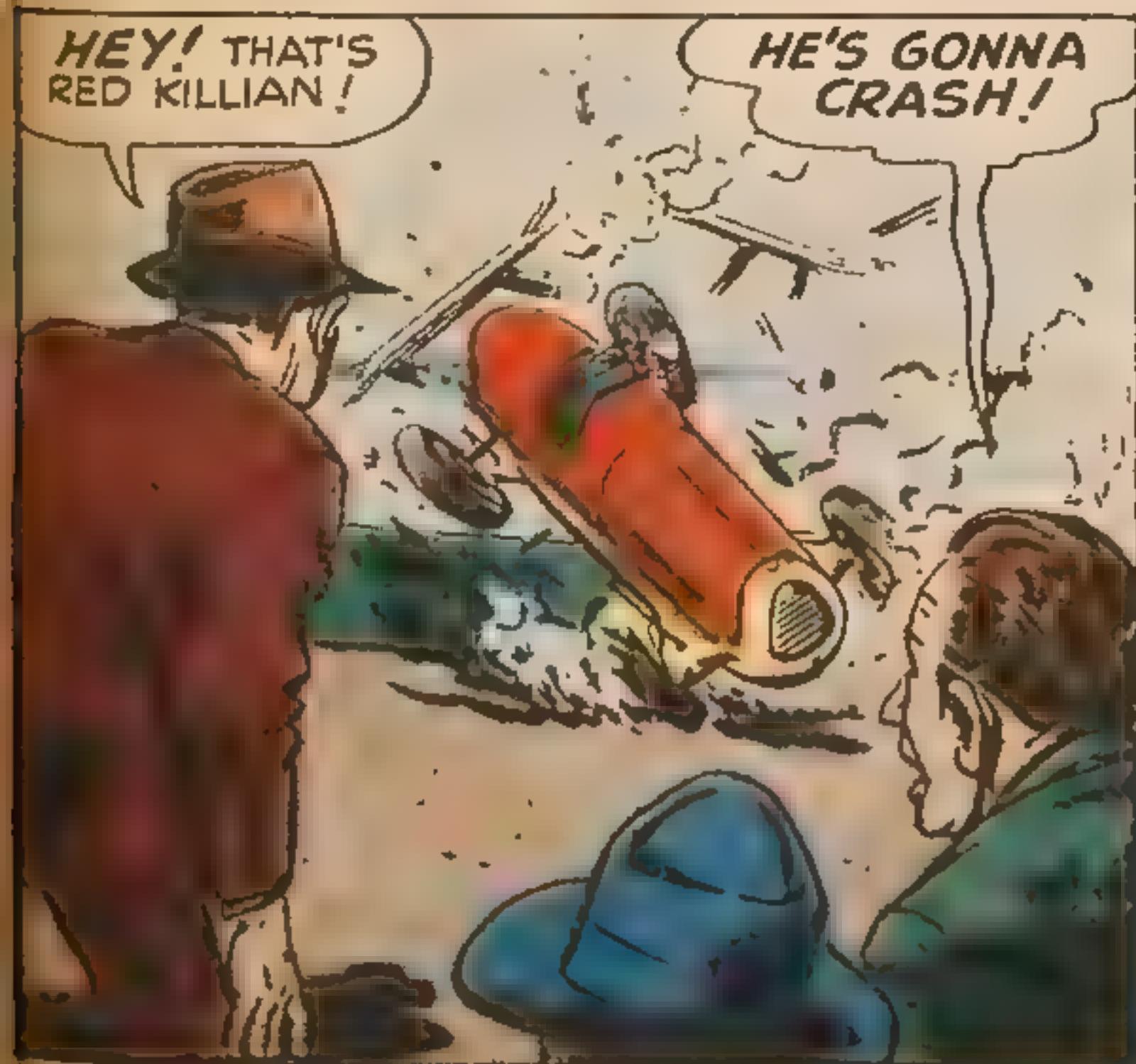
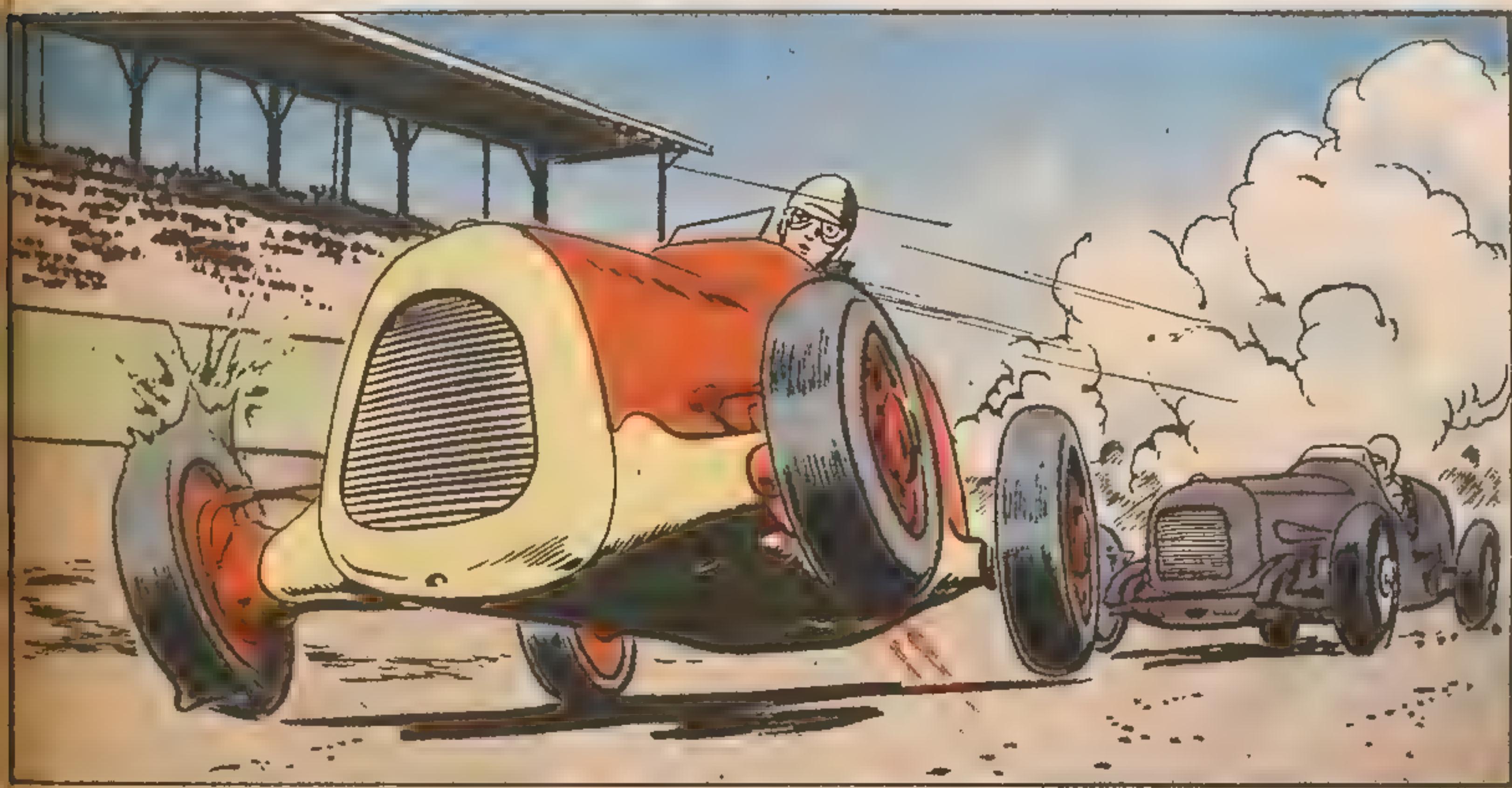


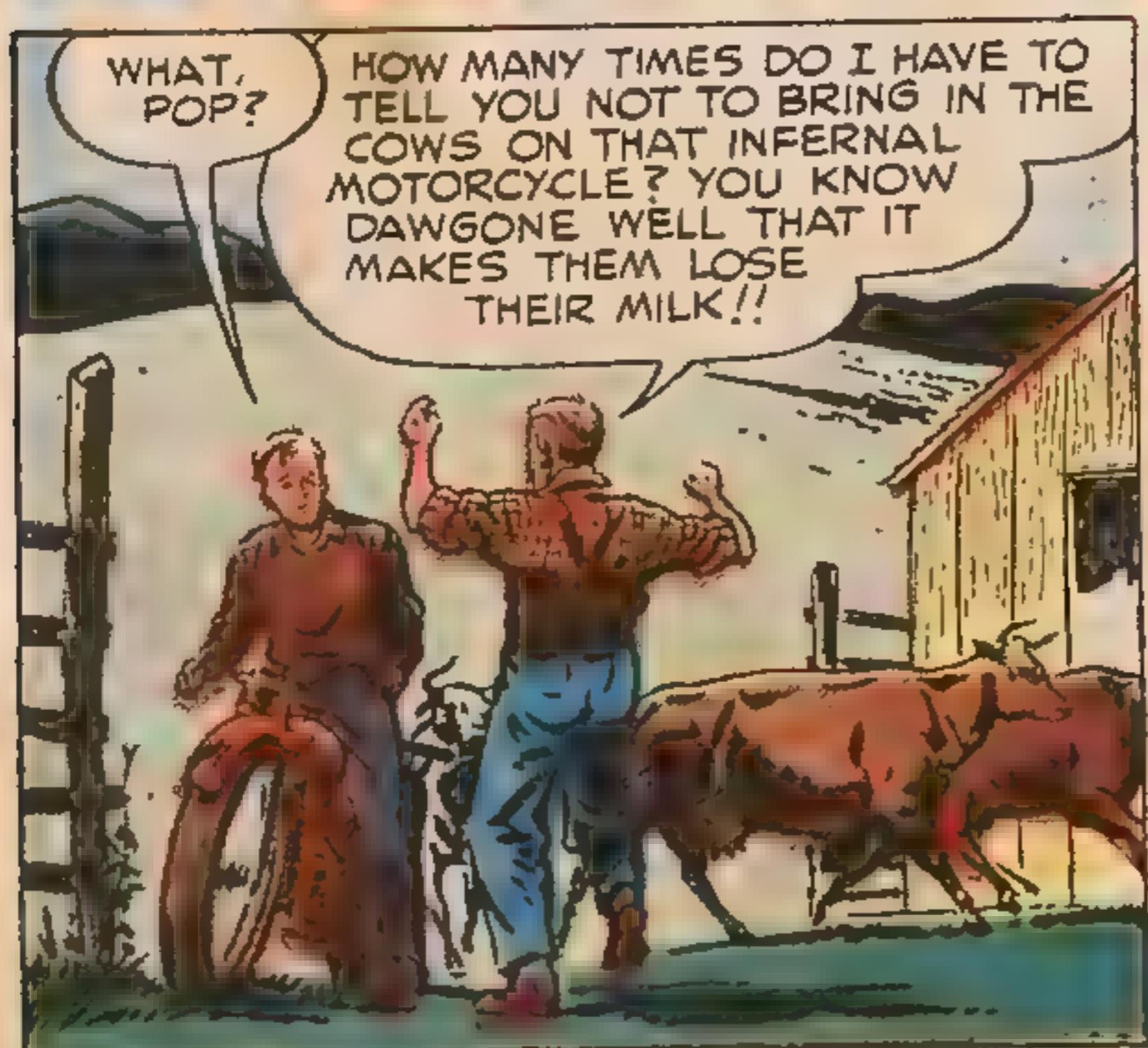
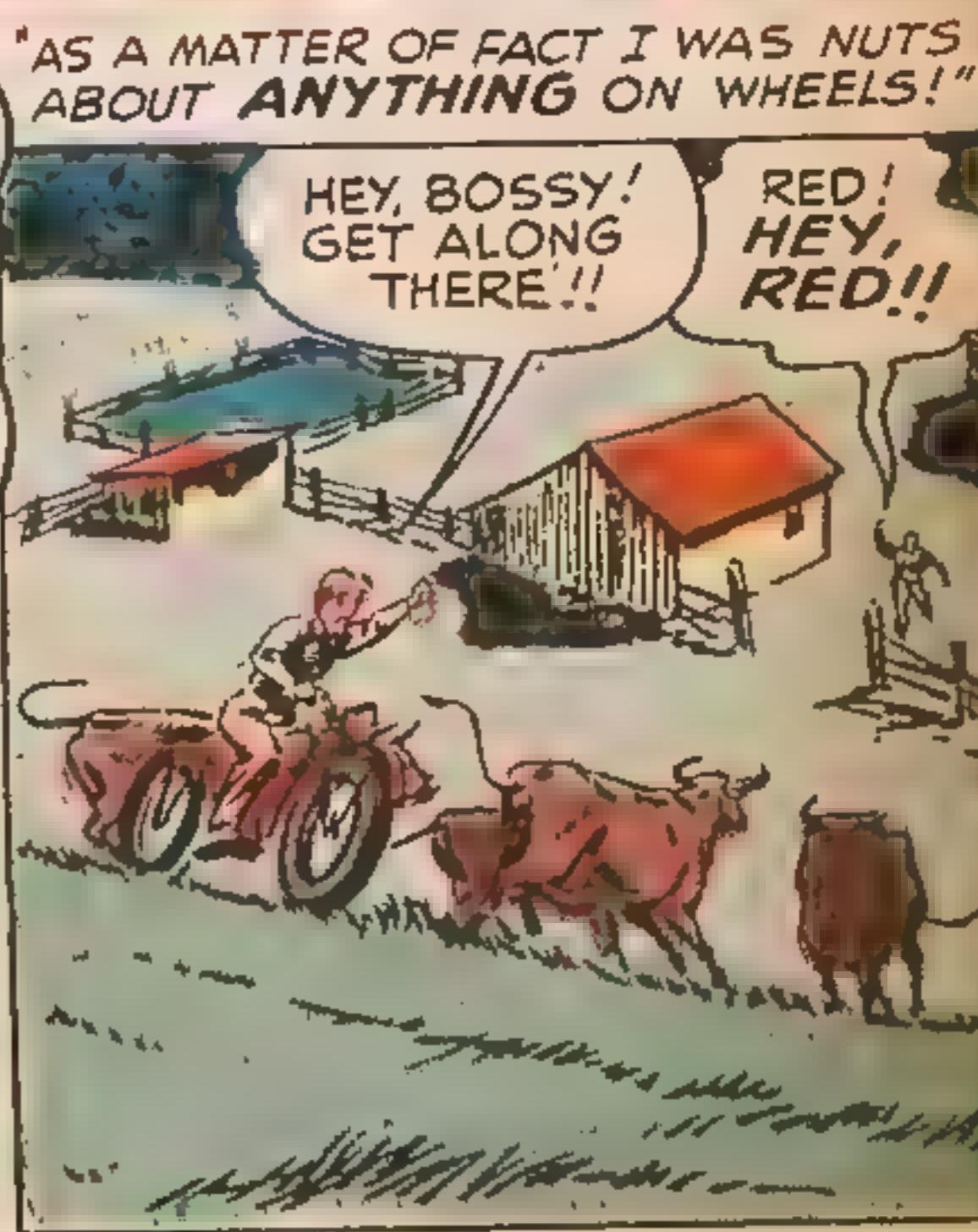
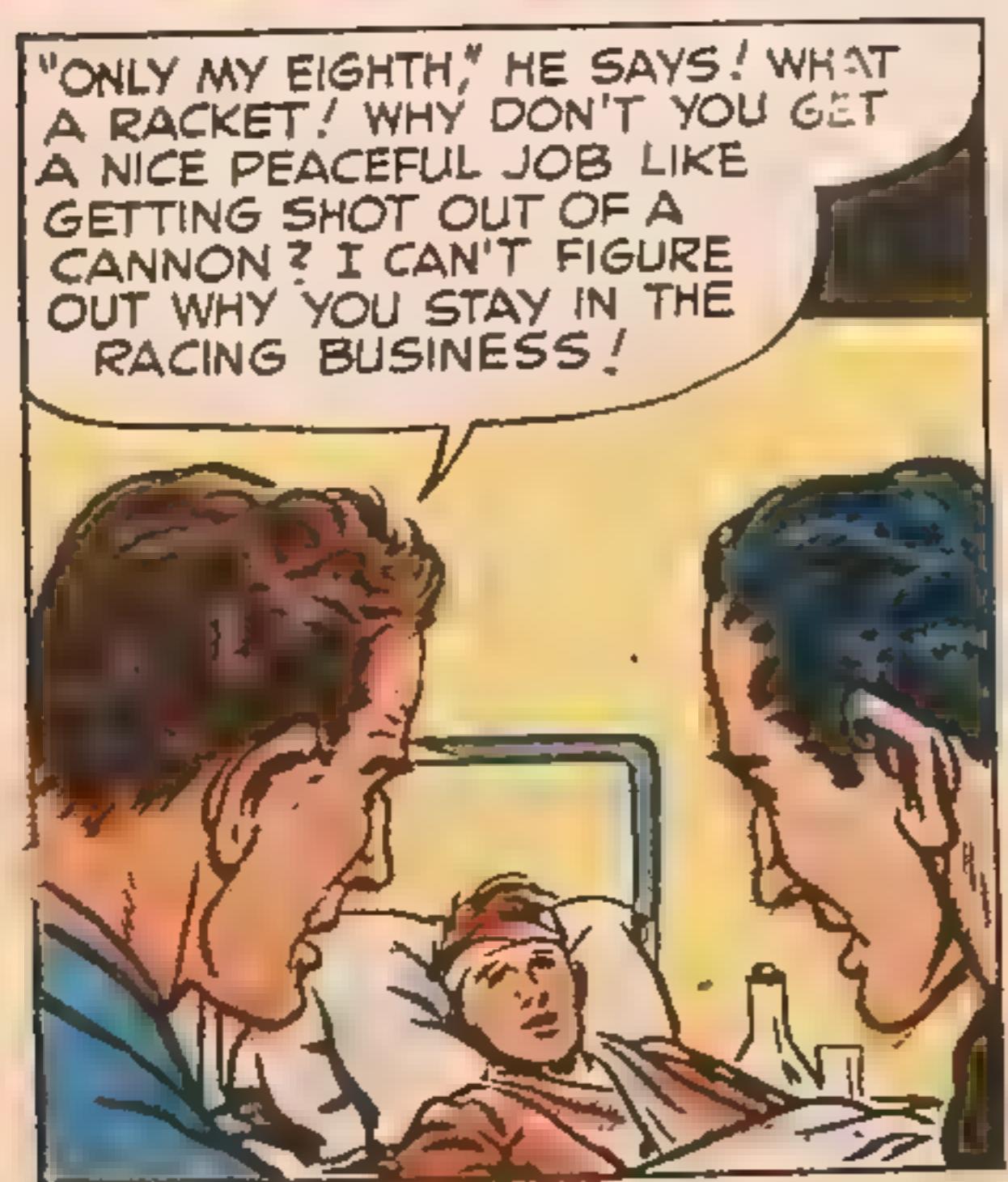
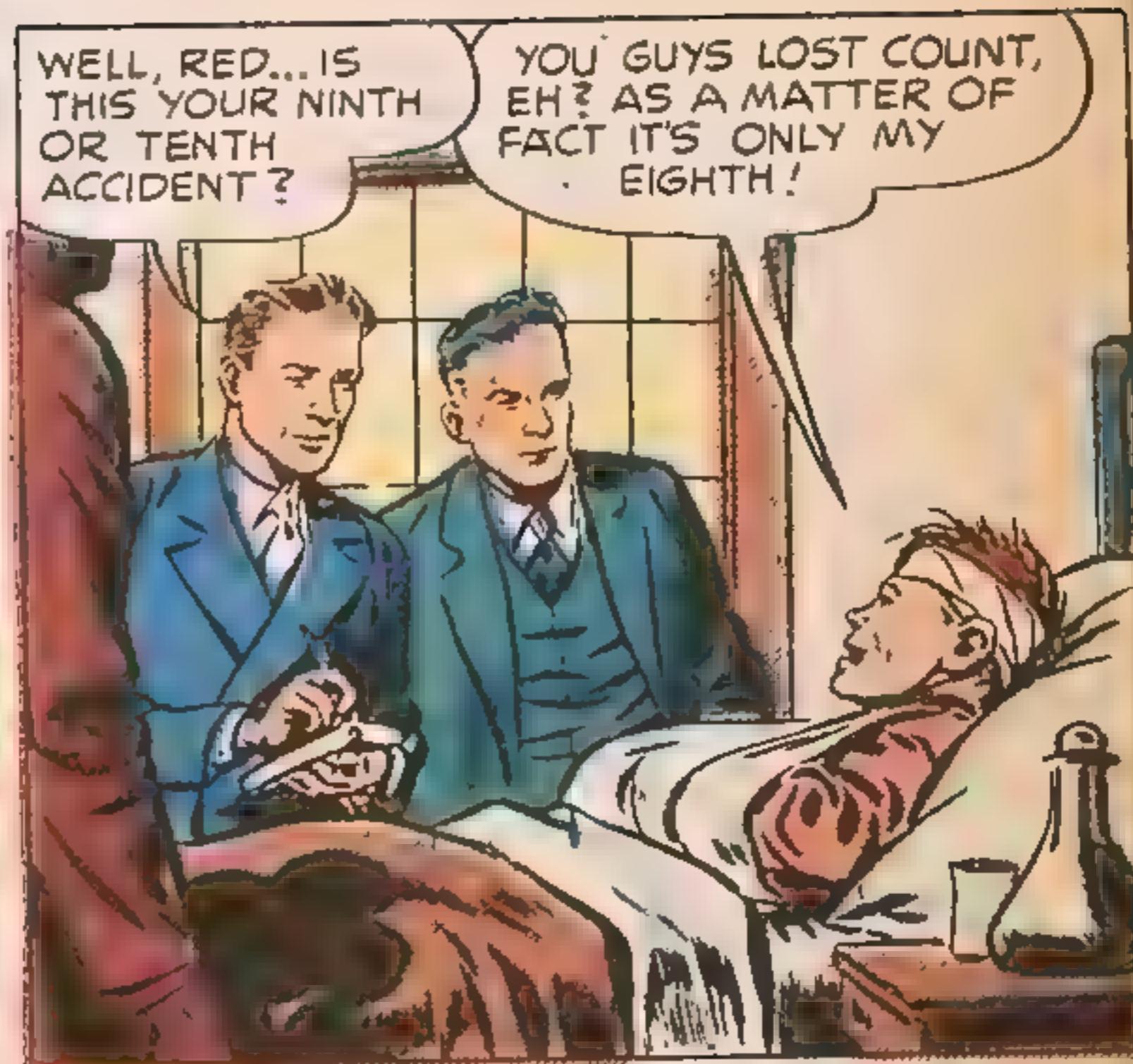
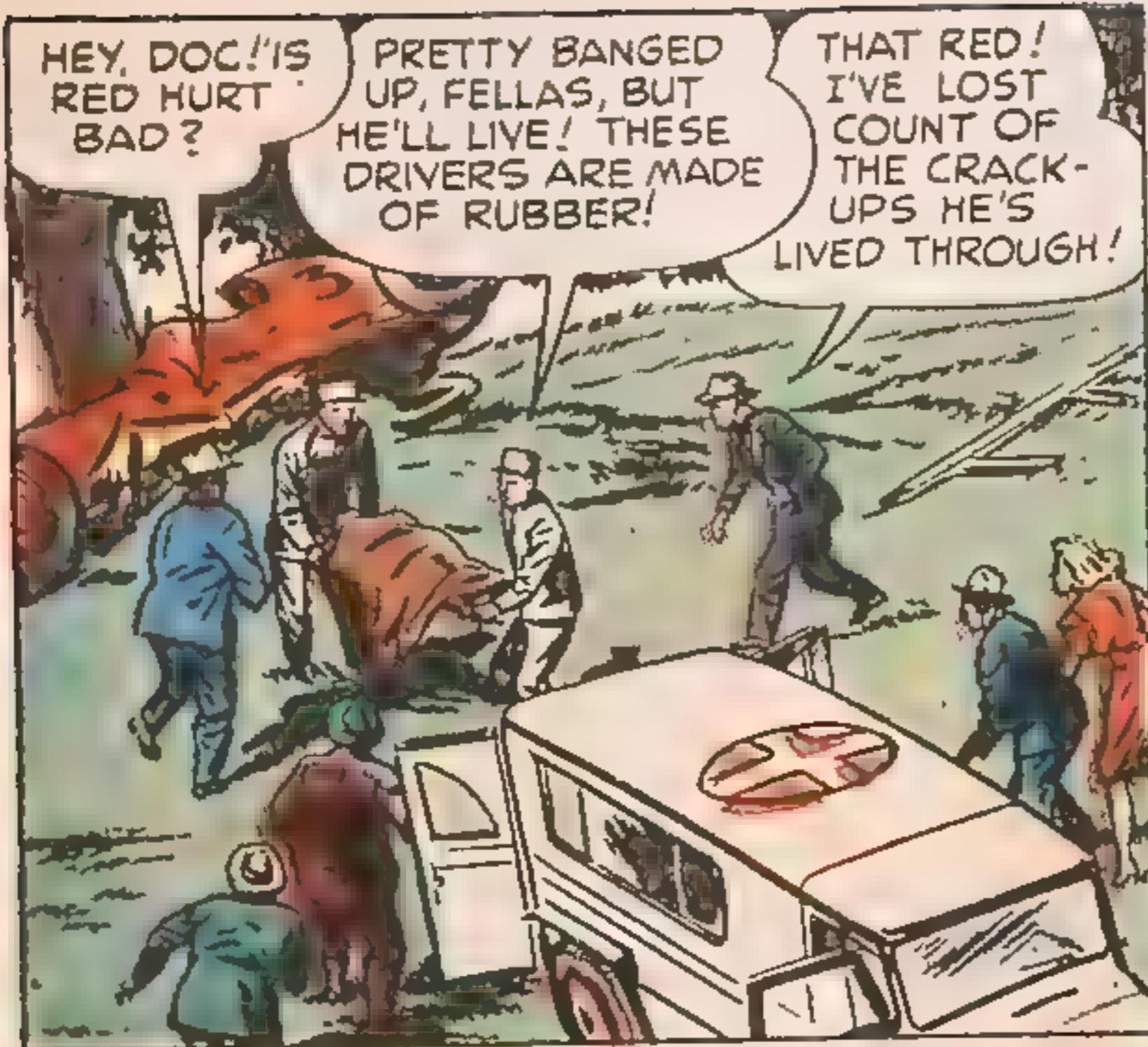
PLAYERS WILL DO THE IMPOSSIBLE TO RETURN A SHOT... SUCH PLAY USUALLY HAS THE SPECTATORS SCREAMING THEIR THROATS RAW!

THE LIFE OF A JAI ALAI PLAYER DIFFERS GREATLY FROM THAT OF OTHER ATHLETES. HE BEGINS TO LEARN THE GAME AT AN EARLY AGE - USUALLY SIX. THE STRAIN OF THE SPORT RETIRES HIM AT AROUND 25 YEARS OF AGE.

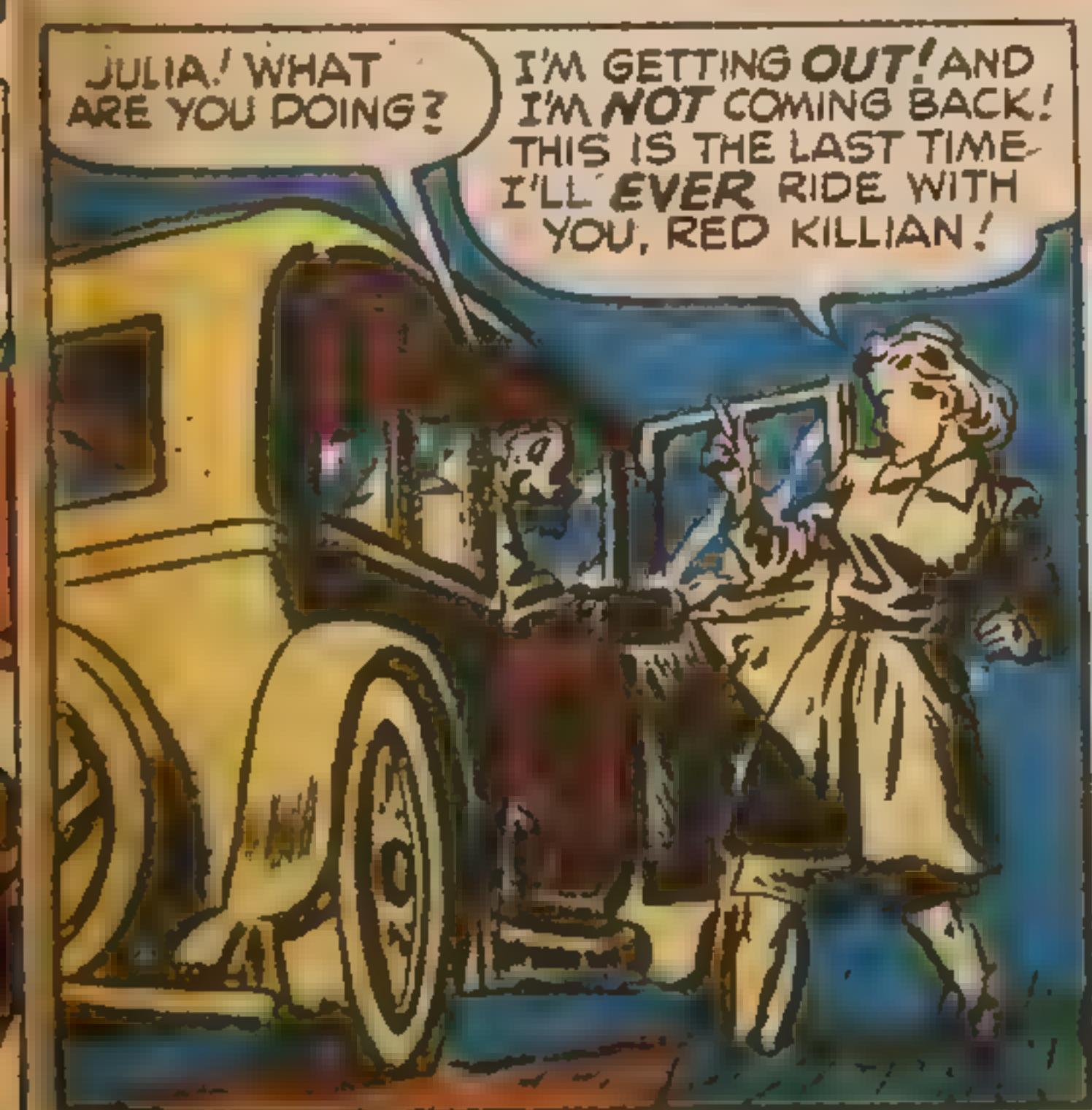
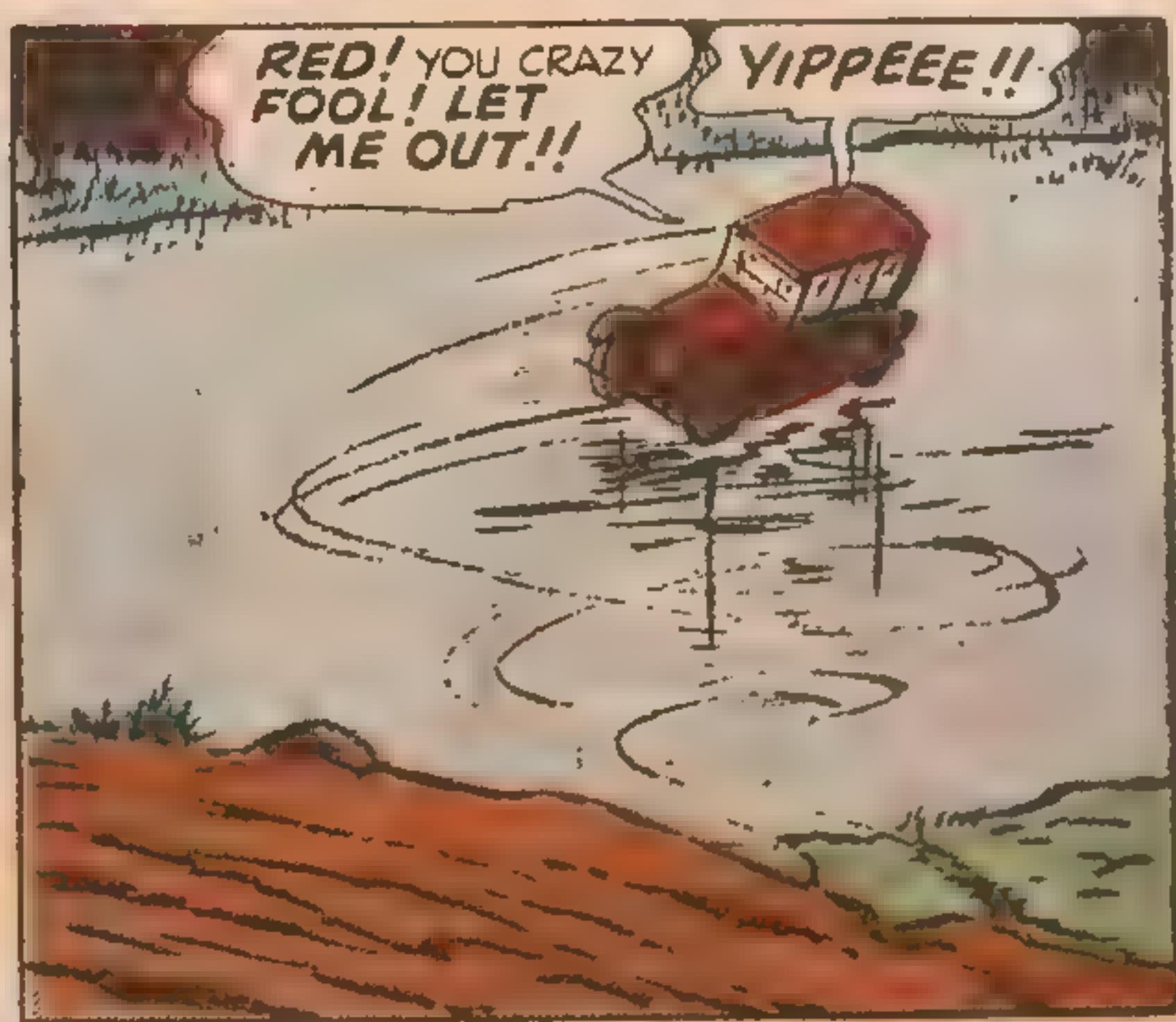
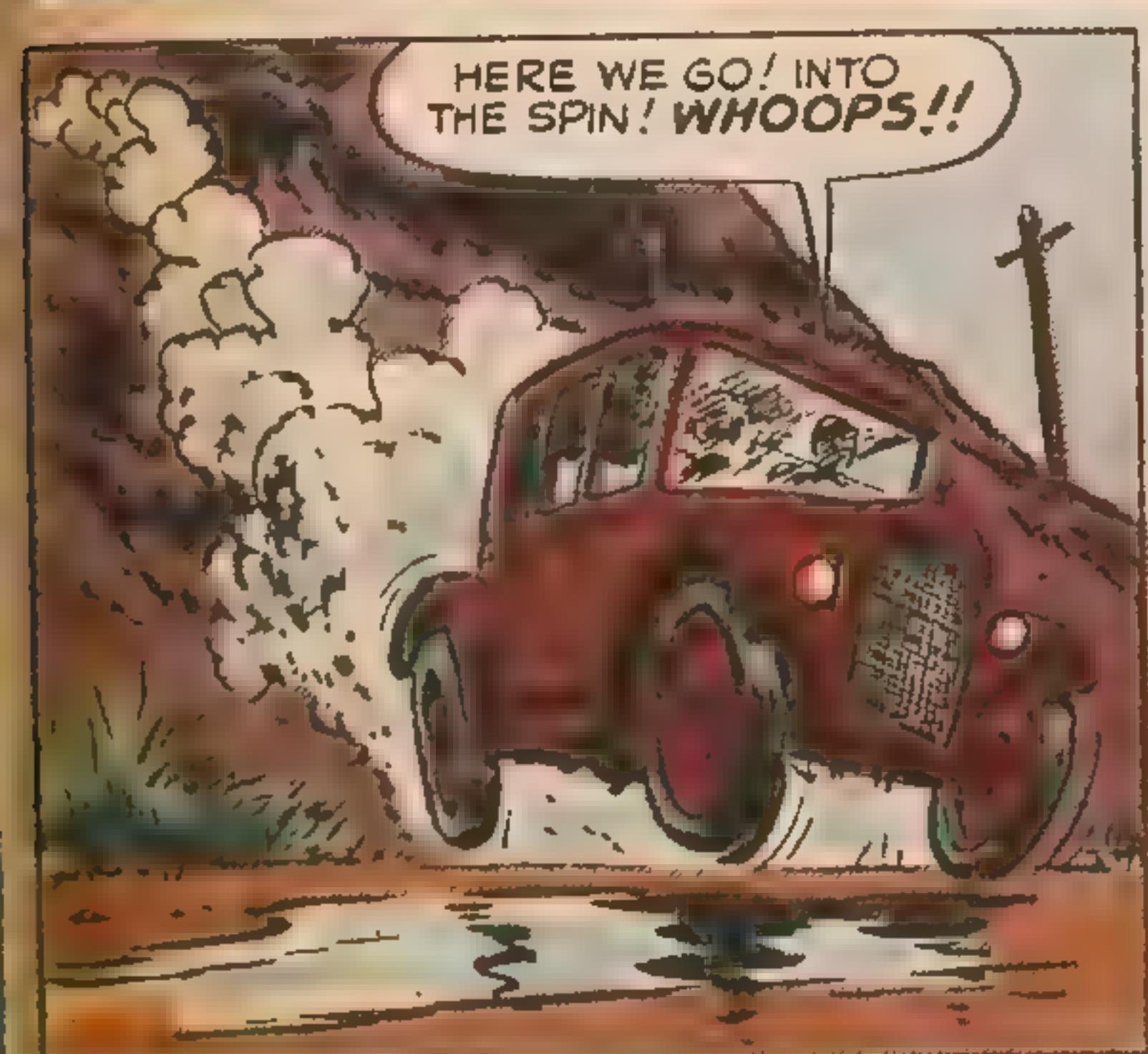
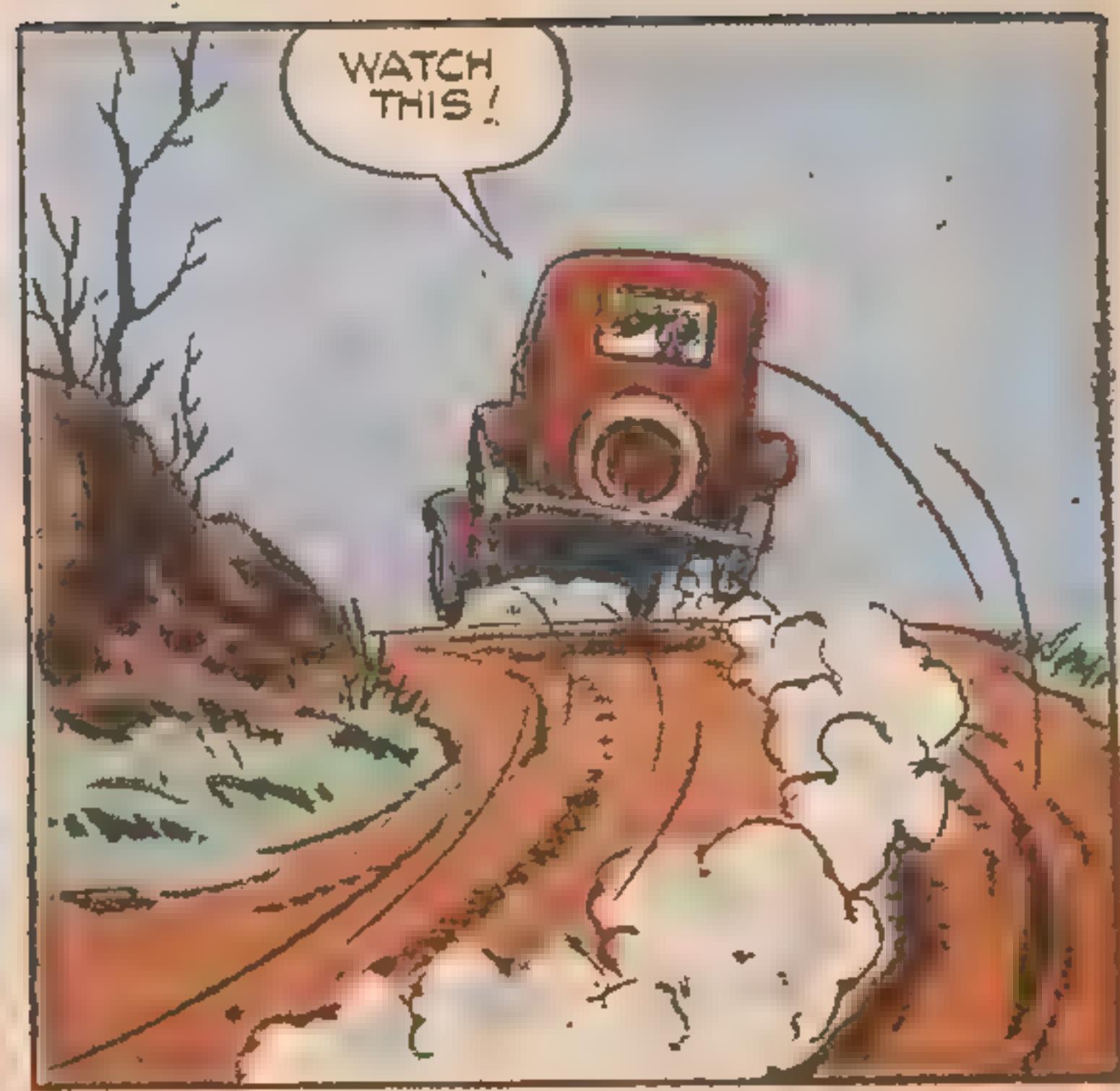
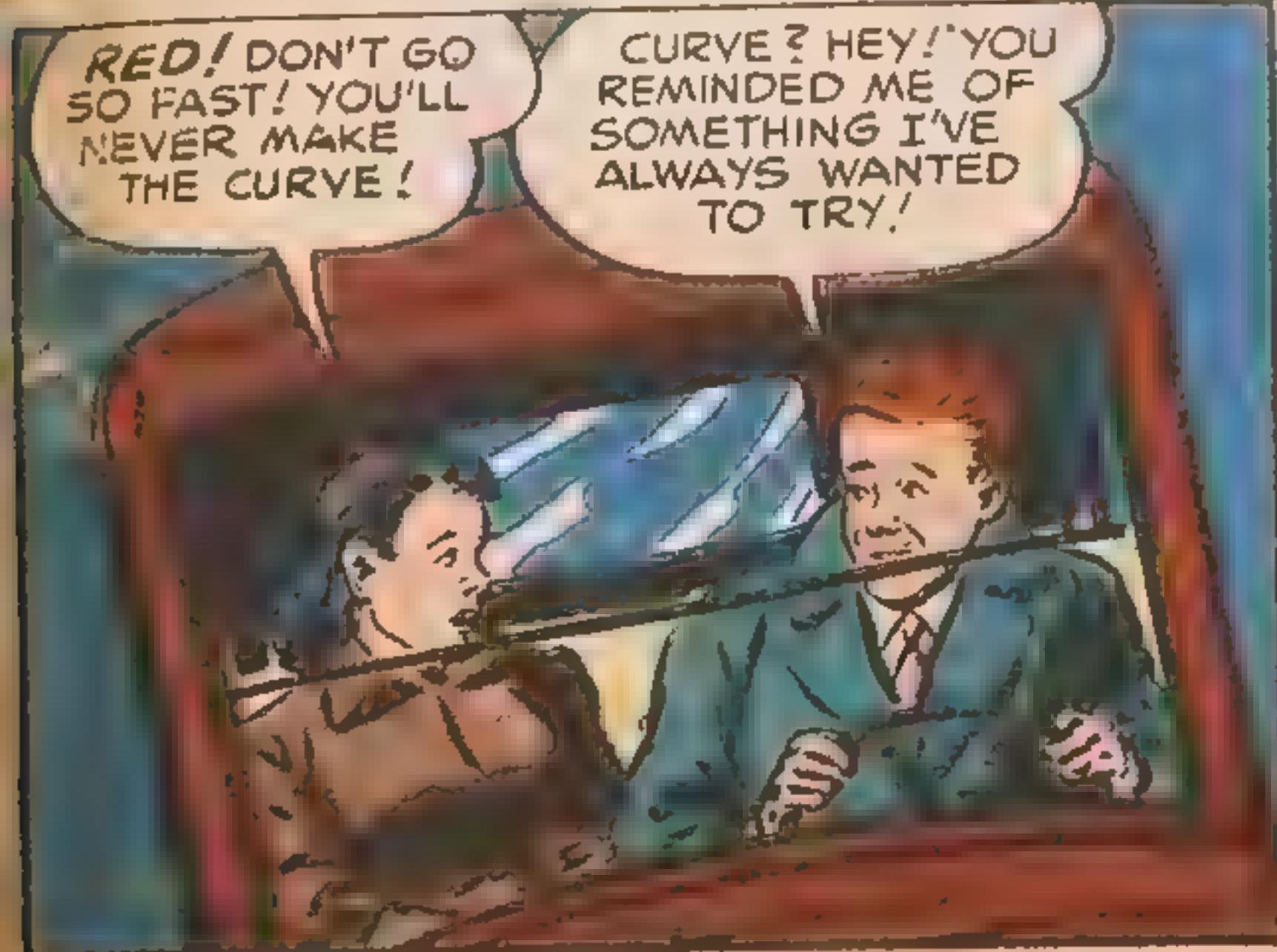
# BURN UP THE ROAD

AUTO RACING IS A SPORT WHERE THE THRILLS ARE ONLY EQUALLED BY THE DANGER THAT IS PRESENT WHEN HURTLING PROJECTILES GOING OVER 100 MILES PER HOUR NUDGE ONE ANOTHER FOR ADVANTAGE. BUT WHAT IS A RACE DRIVER LIKE?... HOW DOES HE **GET** THAT WAY?... FOR INSTANCE, LET'S PICK UP THE CAREER OF A DRIVER WE'LL CALL RED KILLIAN....

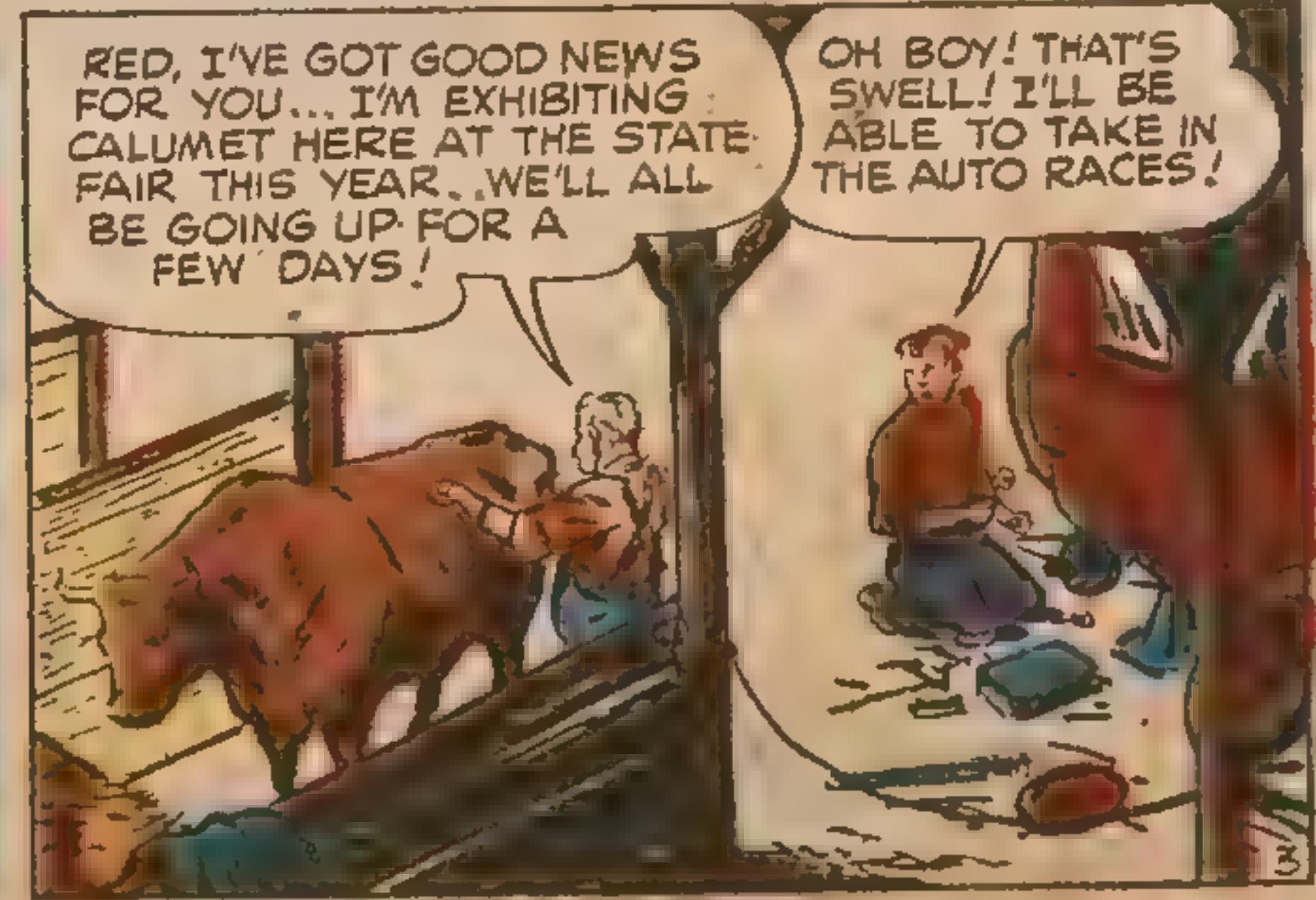




"MOTORS DIDN'T KILL ME, BUT THEY COST ME MY BEST GIRL... IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT THE FOLLOWING WINTER... WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO A DANCE..."

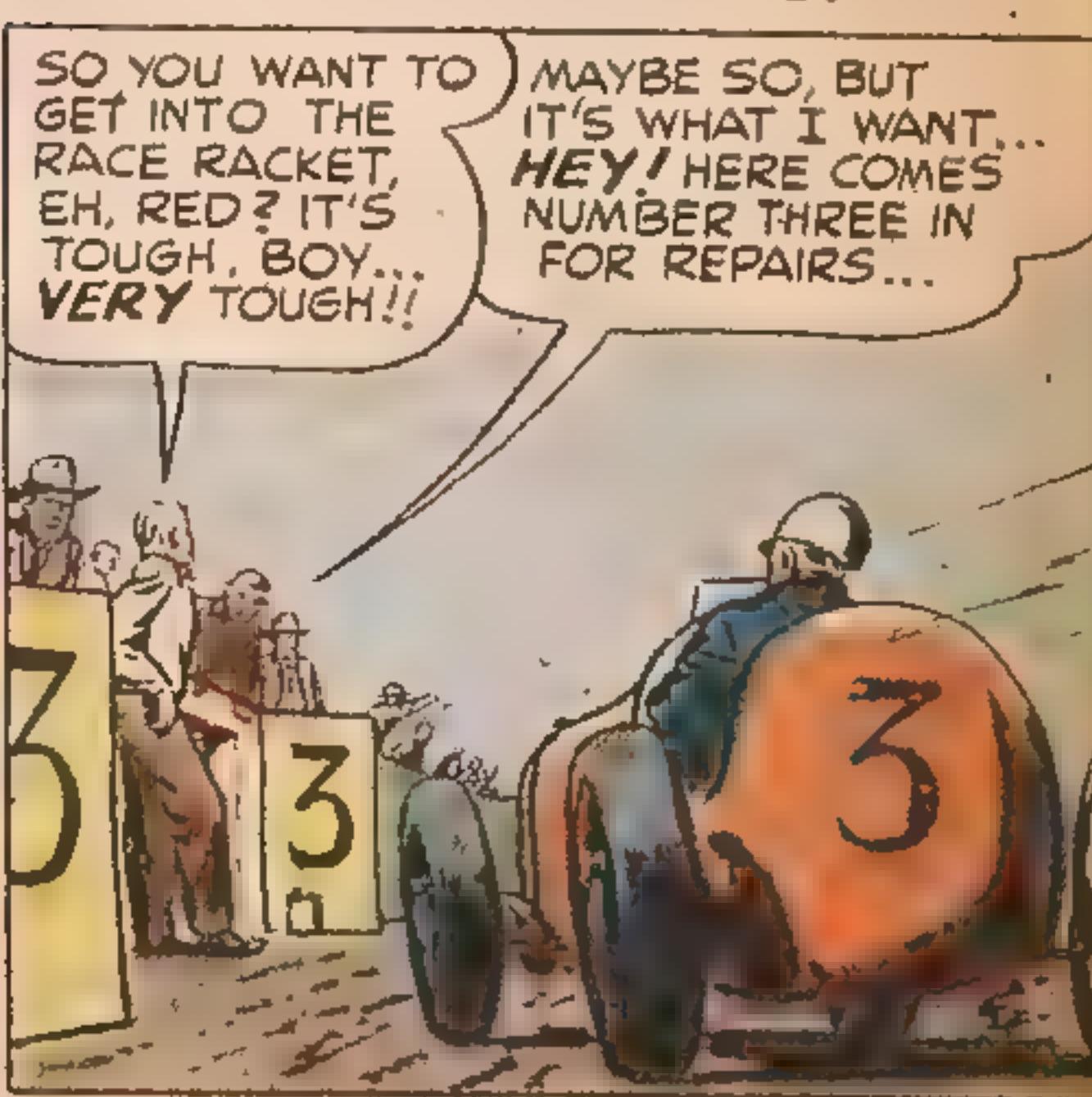
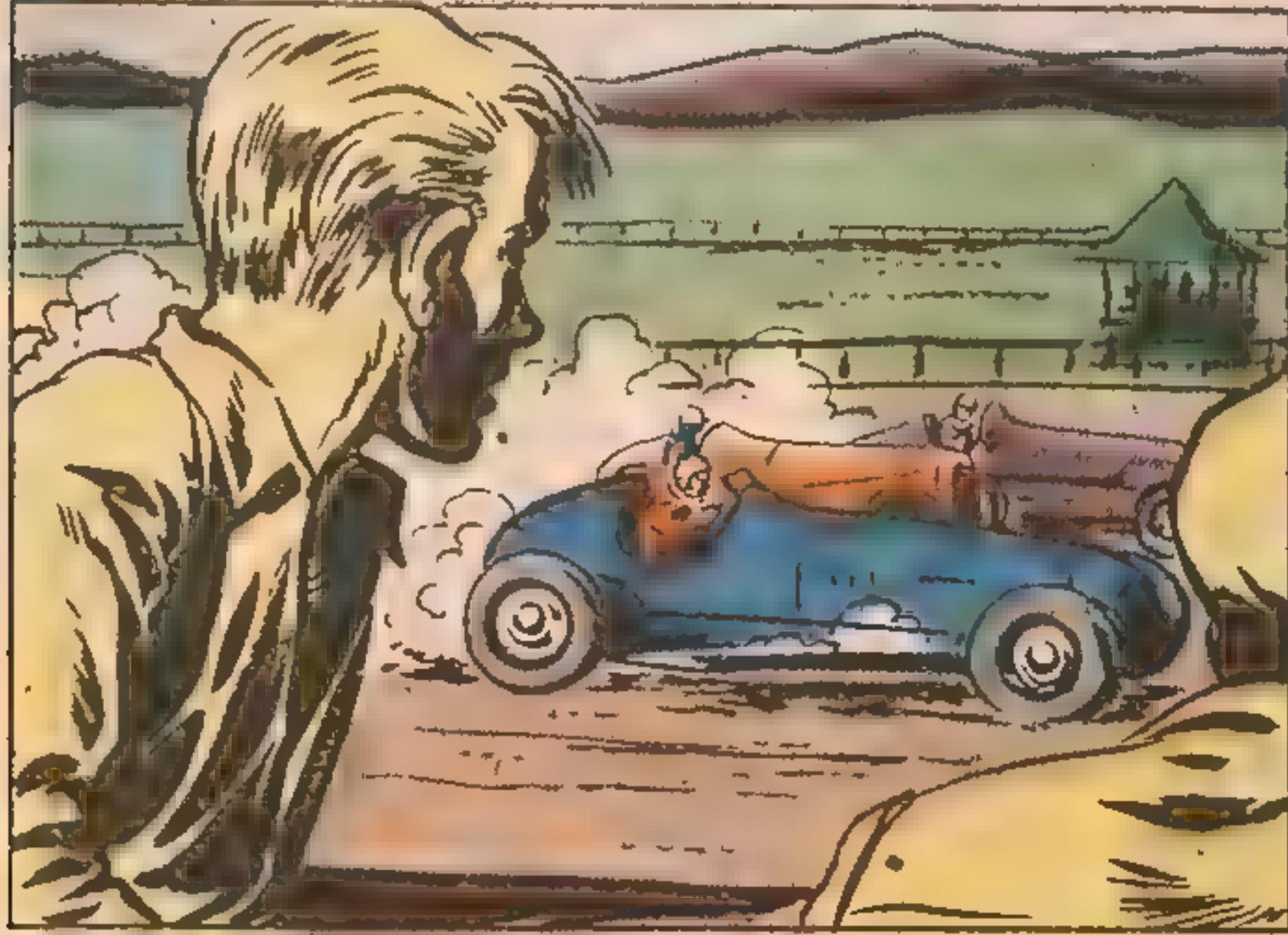


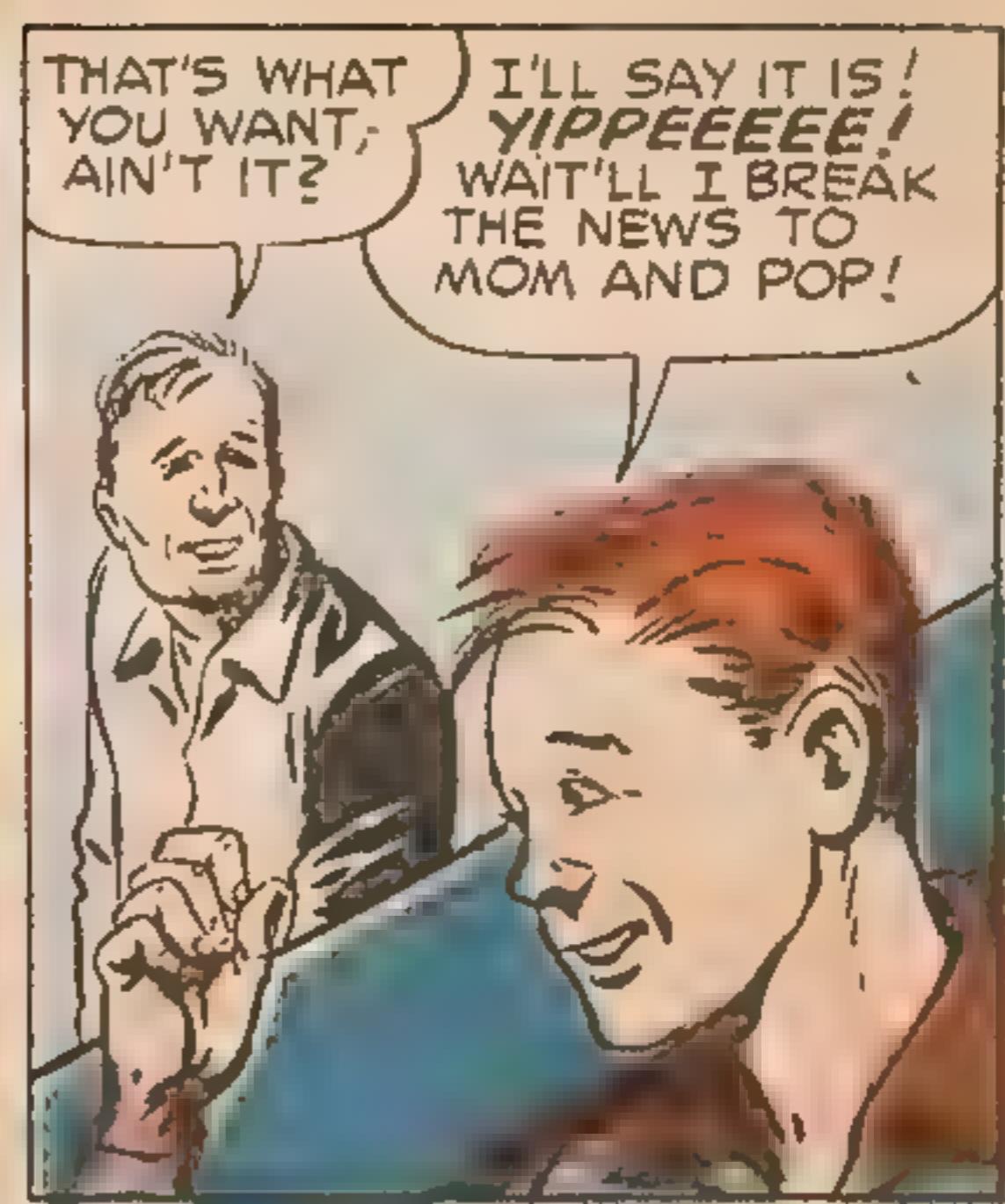
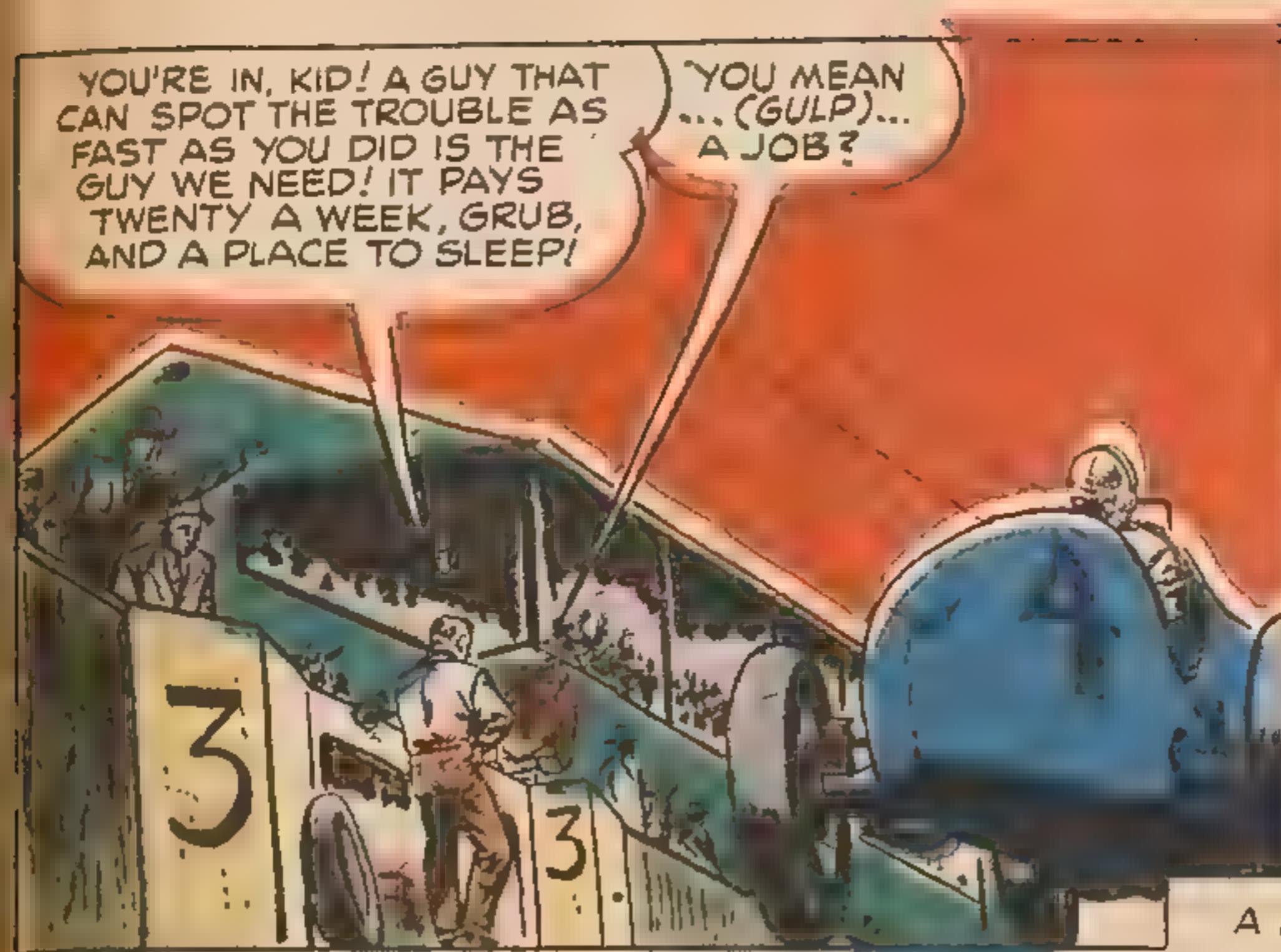
"HEH! HEH! IT WAS, TOO! SHE NEVER EVEN SPOKE TO ME AGAIN! WELL... AFTER THAT I STAYED ON THE FARM AND CONTINUED MESSING AROUND WITH MOTORS UNTIL THE FOLLOWING FALL, THEN..."



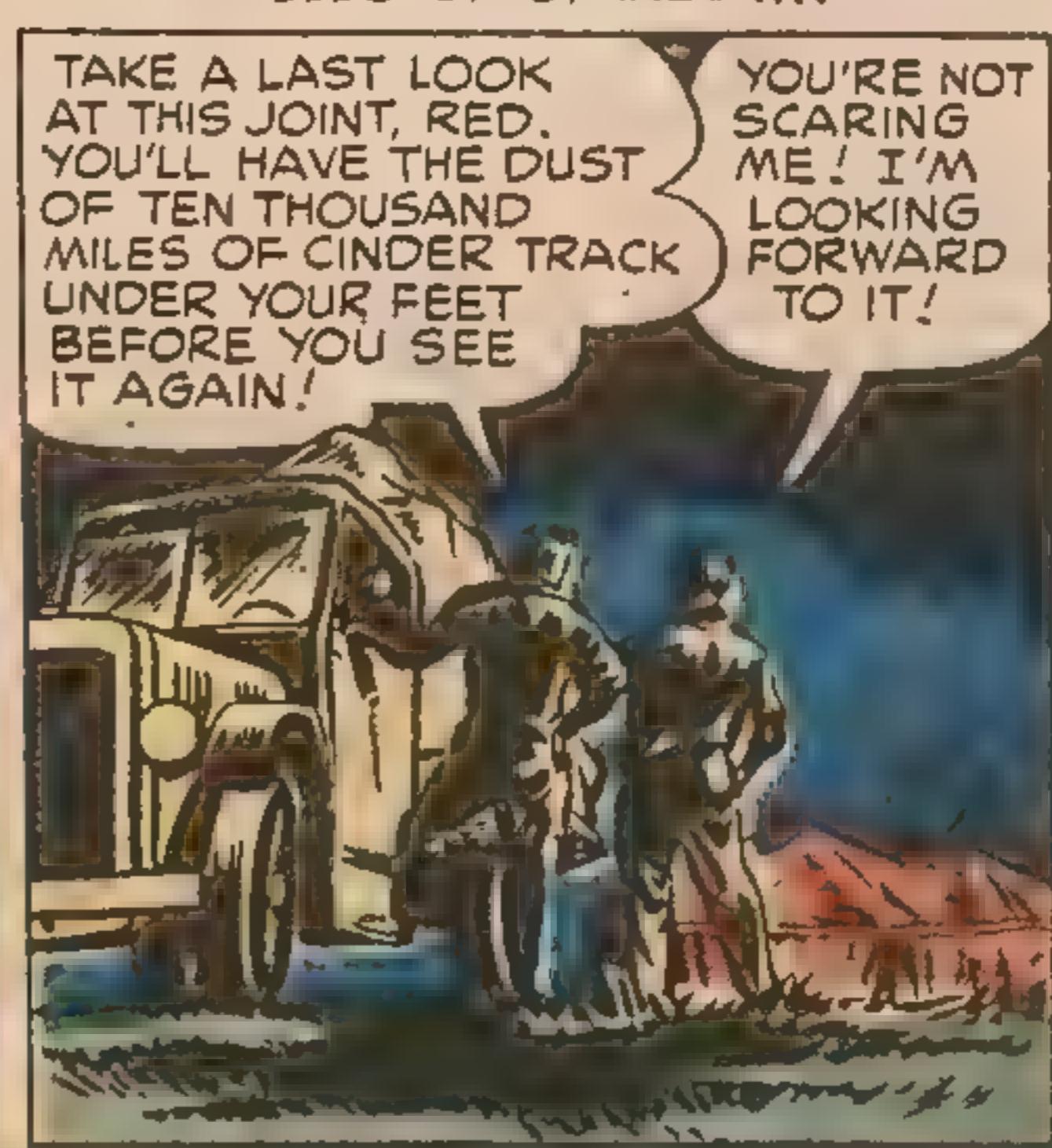
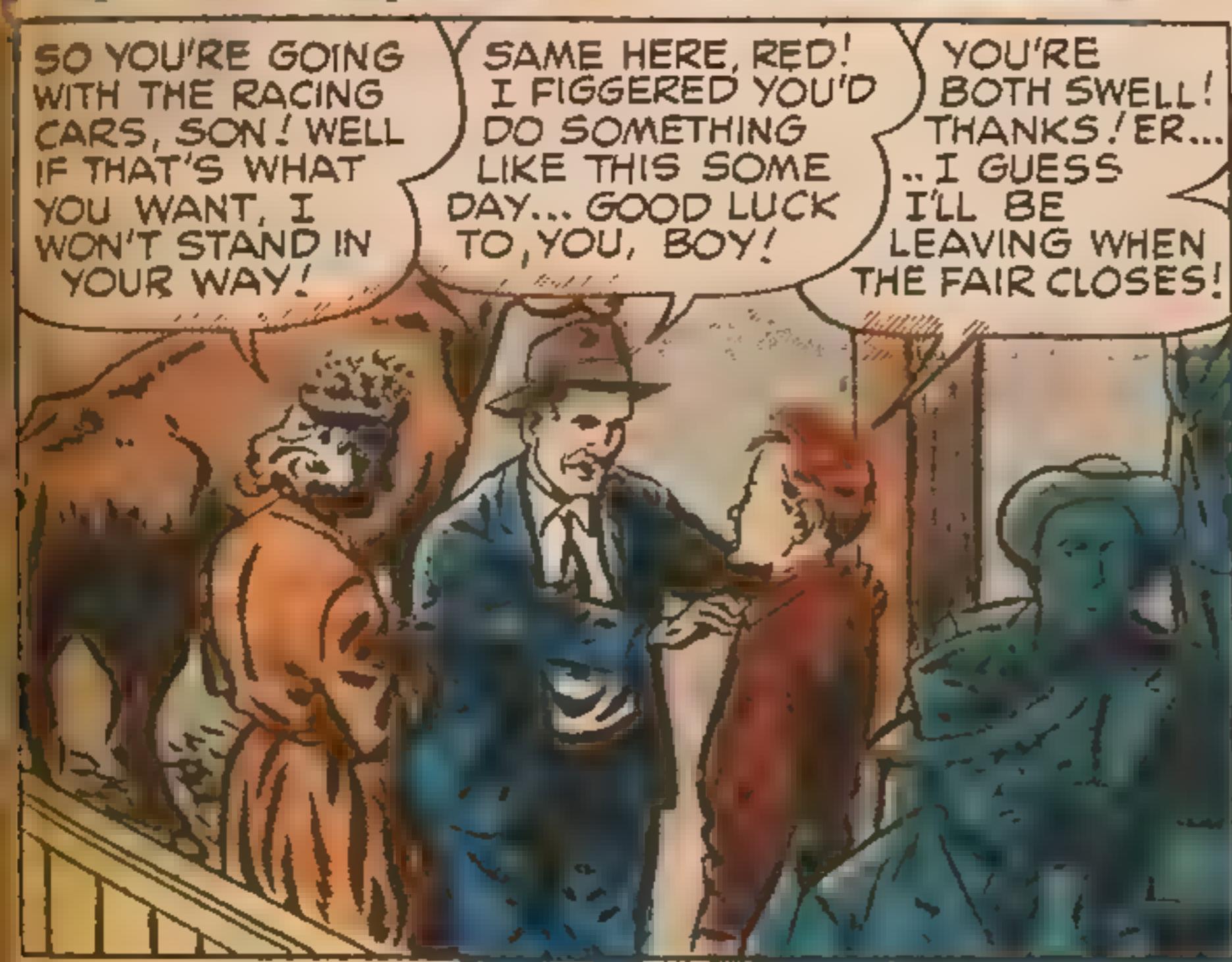
"THE RACES WERE SWELL! WHAT A THRILL! ALL I COULD DO THAT FIRST DAY WAS GAPE!"

"THEN THE NEXT DAY I BEGAN TO HANG AROUND THE SERVICE PITS."



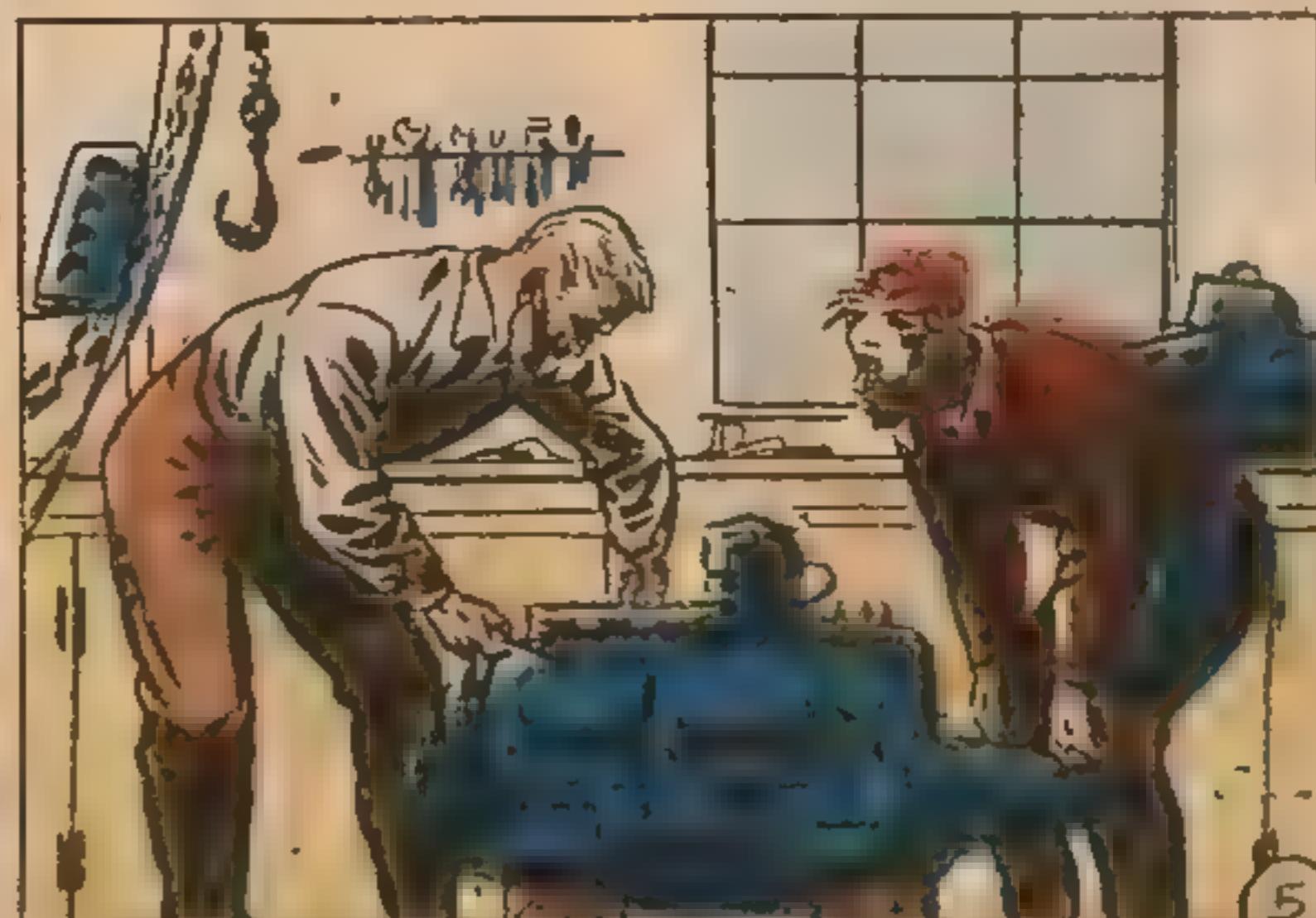
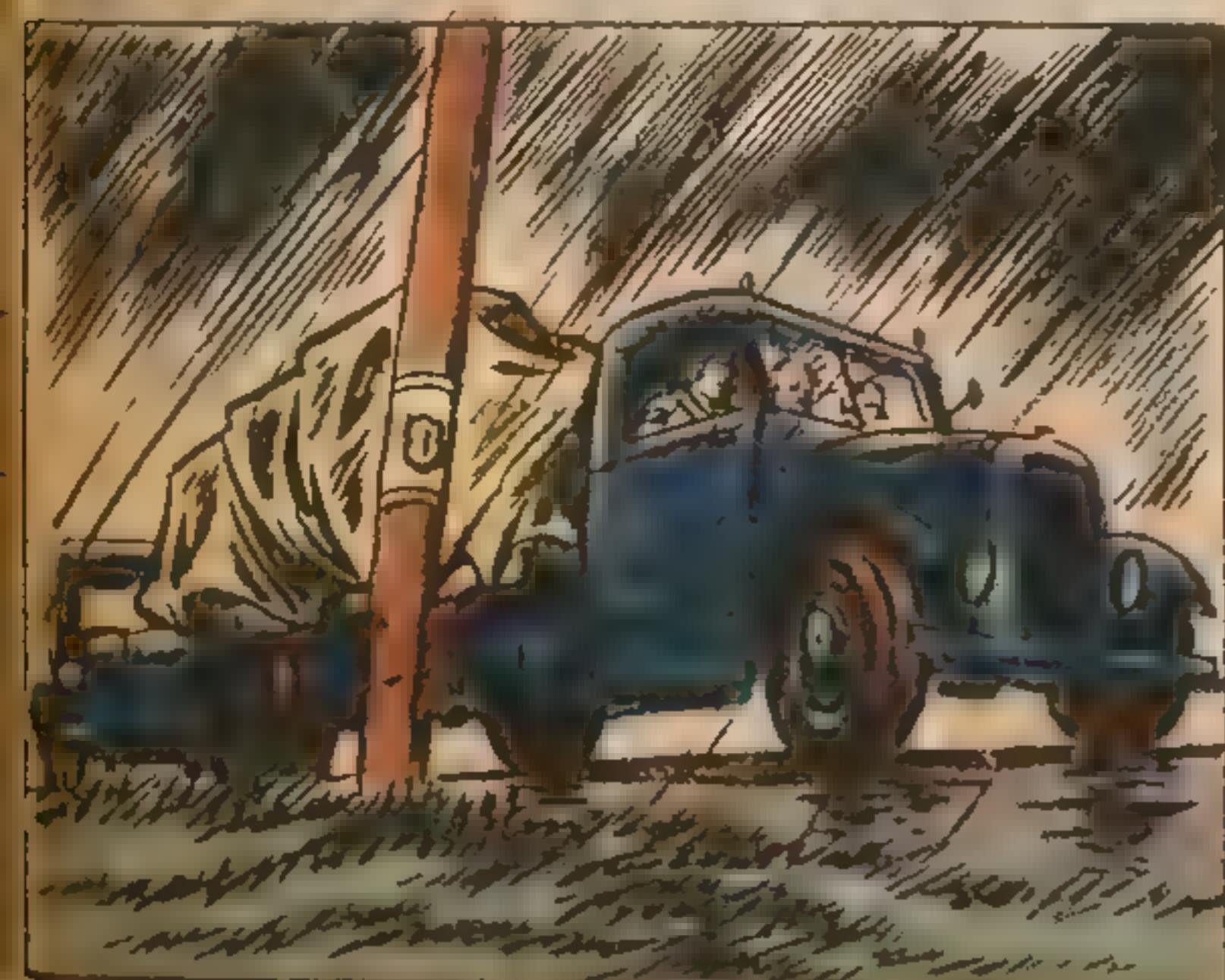


A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE FAIR PULLS UP STAKES....



"ALL THAT FALL AND WINTER WE FOLLOWED THE FAIRS, AND FROM MAINE TO MISSISSIPPI IT WAS JUST ONE DIRT OR CINDER TRACK AFTER ANOTHER!"

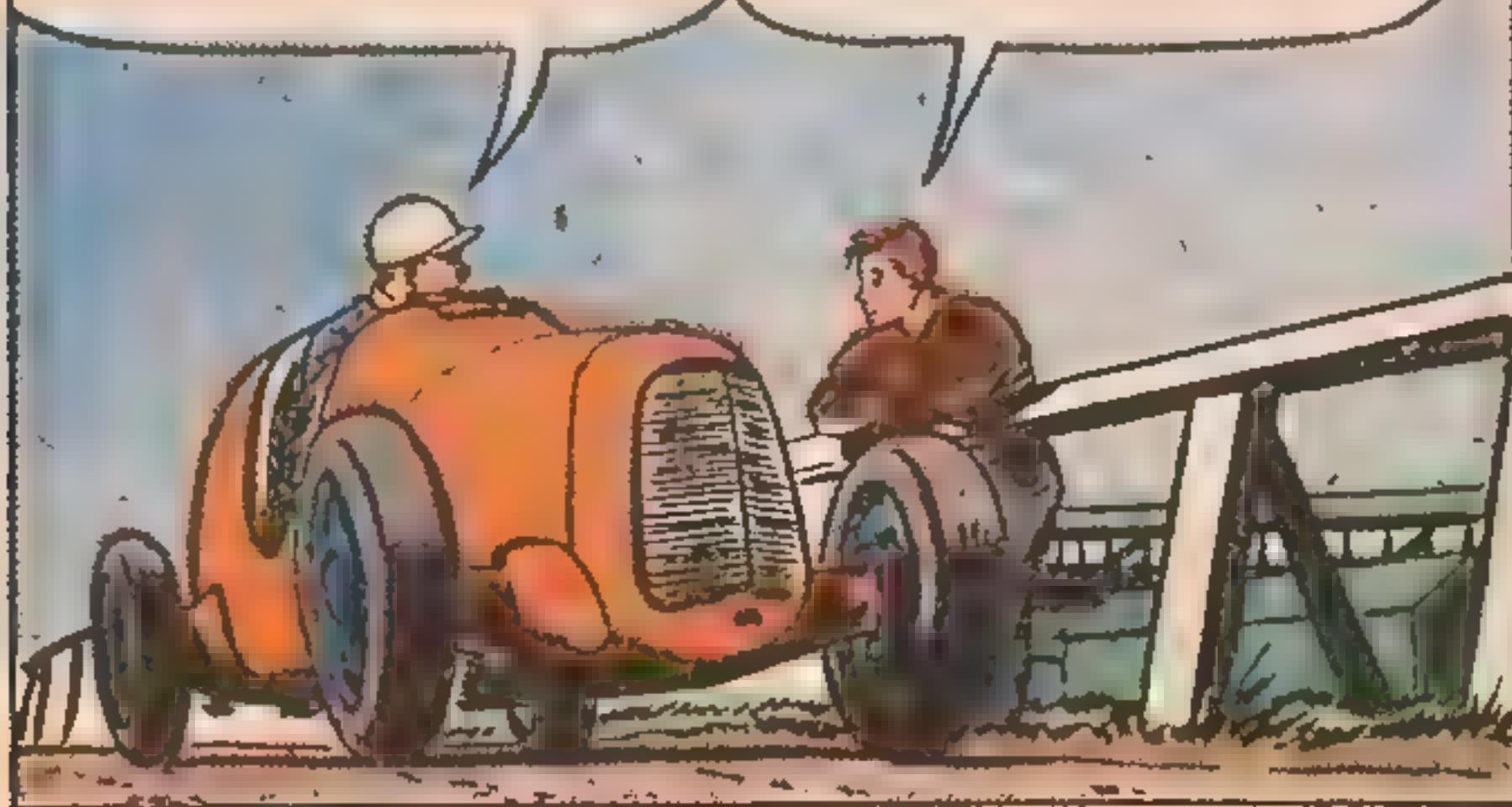
"AND ALL THIS TIME I'D BEEN LEARNING THAT THE RACING CAR IS THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE MOTOR WORLD. WHEN A PLEASURE JITTER BREAKS DOWN, IT'S A JOB FOR A MECHANIC, BUT, WHEN A RACING MOTOR CONKS OUT... IT REQUIRES A SURGEON!"



"I WAS LEARNING TO DRIVE THOSE POWERHOUSES TOO! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FIRST TIME ... WHITEY, OUR DRIVER, HAD JUST PULLED IN WITH NUMBER 3 AFTER A TRIAL SPIN..."

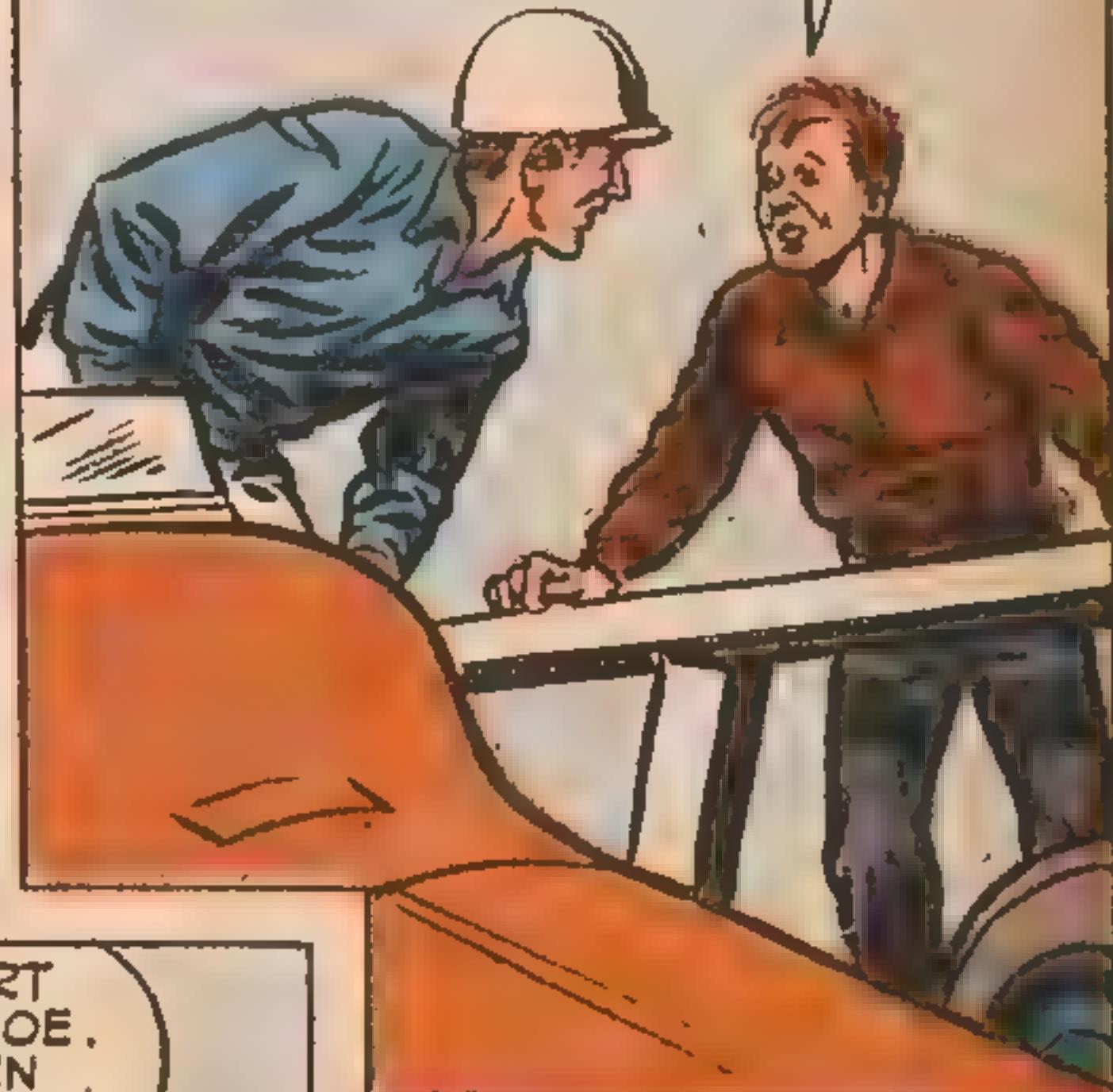
YOU'VE GOT A HUNGRY LOOK IN YOUR EYE, KID! WHAT'S THE MATTER? GETTING CAR-HAPPY?

I'VE BEEN THAT WAY A LONG TIME! I JUST GOTTA DRIVE ONE OF THESE THINGS SOME DAY, WHITEY!



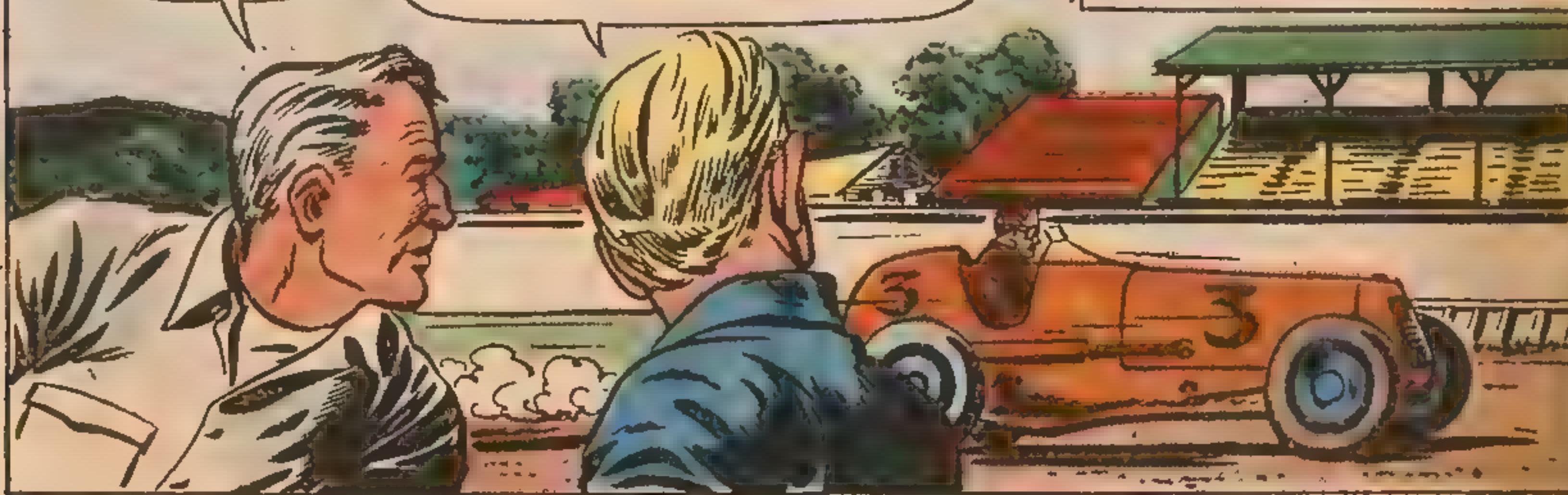
THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, RED... GO TO IT!

YOU MEAN ... ME? NOW? GEE, THANKS, WHITEY!!



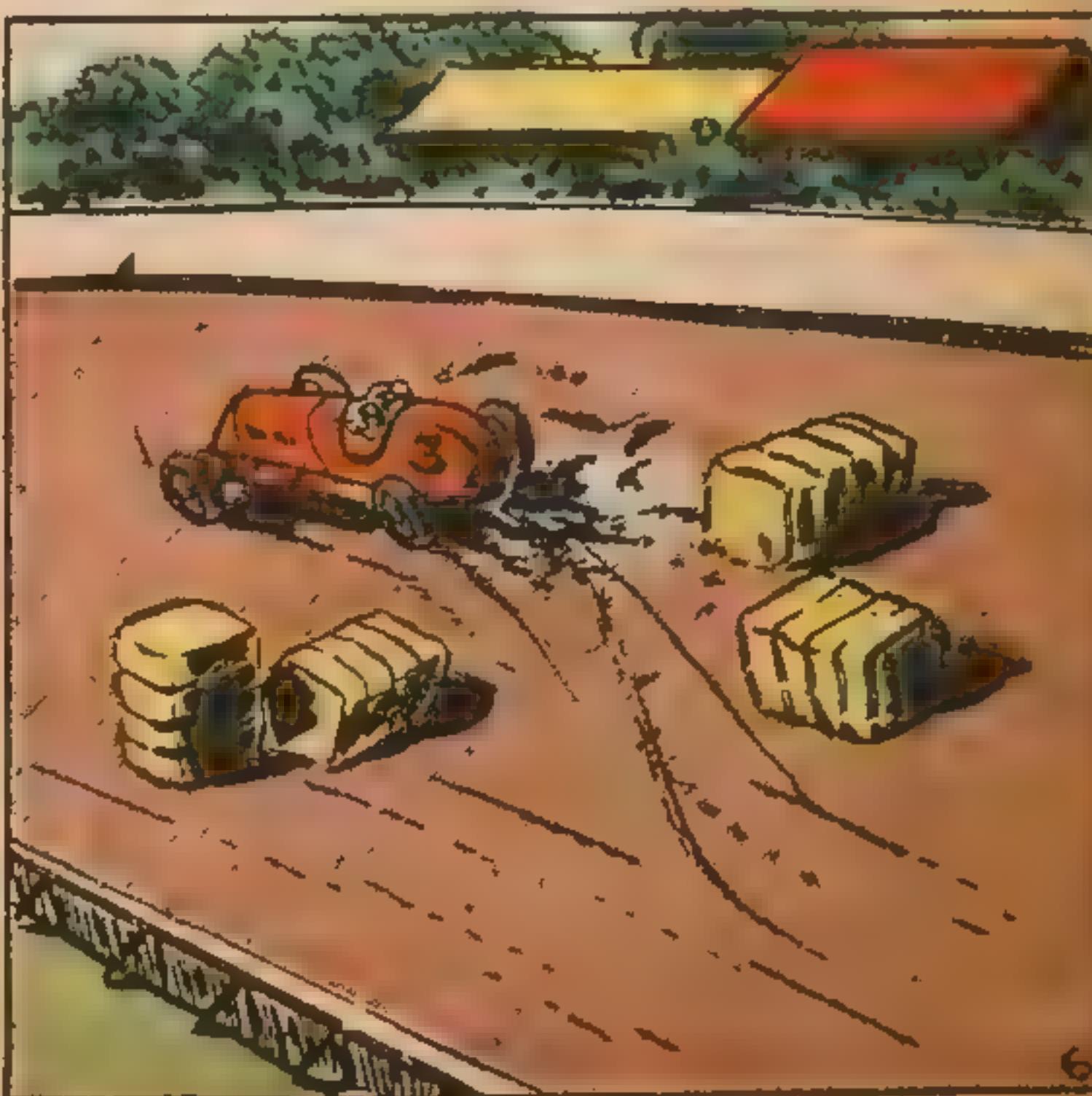
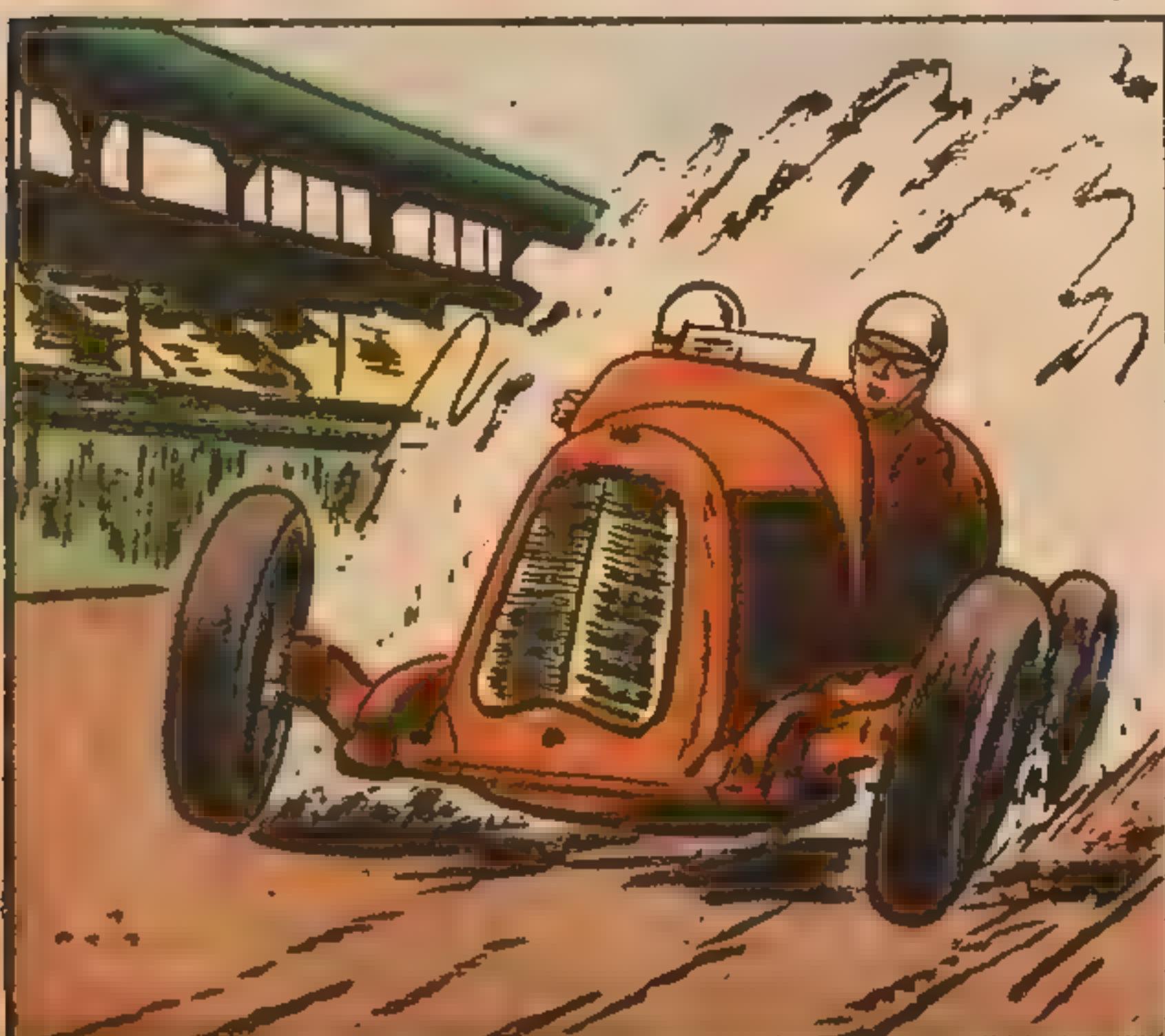
THE KID'S A NATURAL DRIVER, WHITEY!

YEAH ... I THINK I'LL START TEACHIN' HIM THE TRICKS, JOE. WHEN WE HIT THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT, HE CAN START DRIVING!



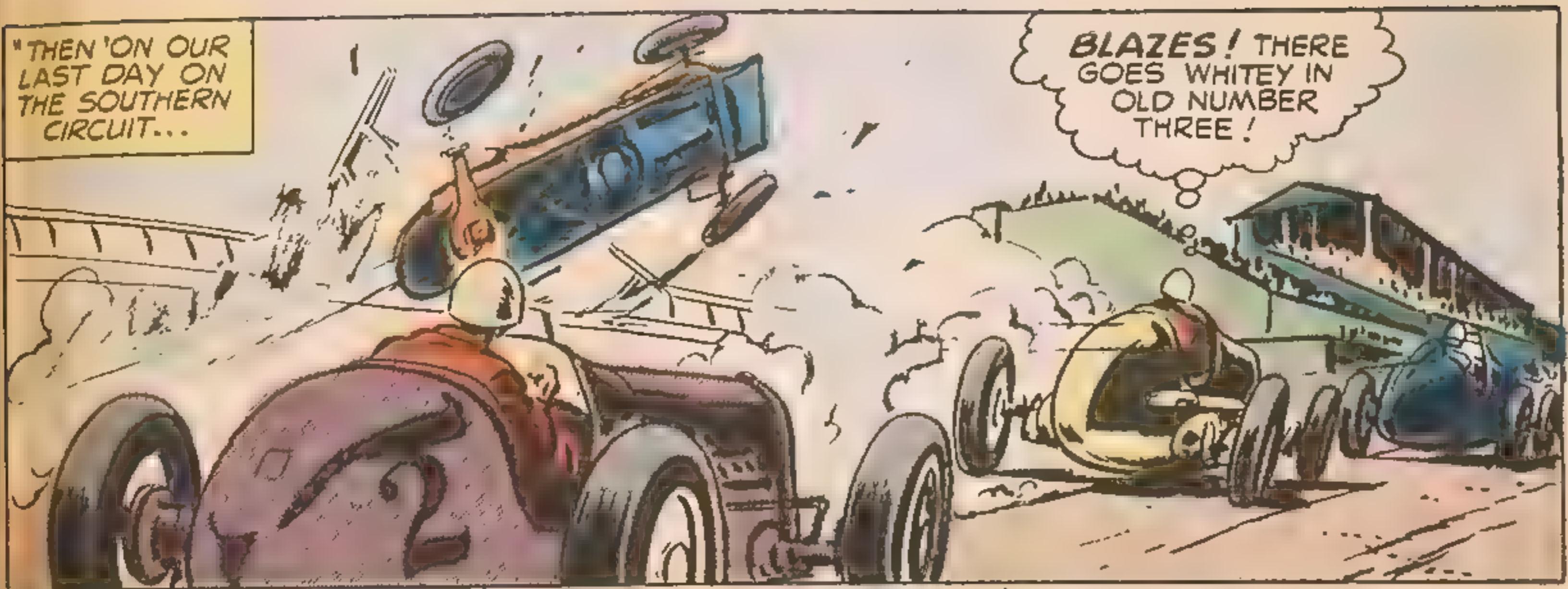
"AND WHITEY DID TEACH ME THE TRICKS ... HOW TO TAKE A CURVE ON A DIRT TRACK--BUT FAST!!"

"HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HOLES WHEN THERE'S A CRACKUP AHEAD..."



"THEN 'ON OUR LAST DAY ON THE SOUTHERN CIRCUIT..."

BLAZES! THERE GOES WHITEY IN OLD NUMBER THREE!



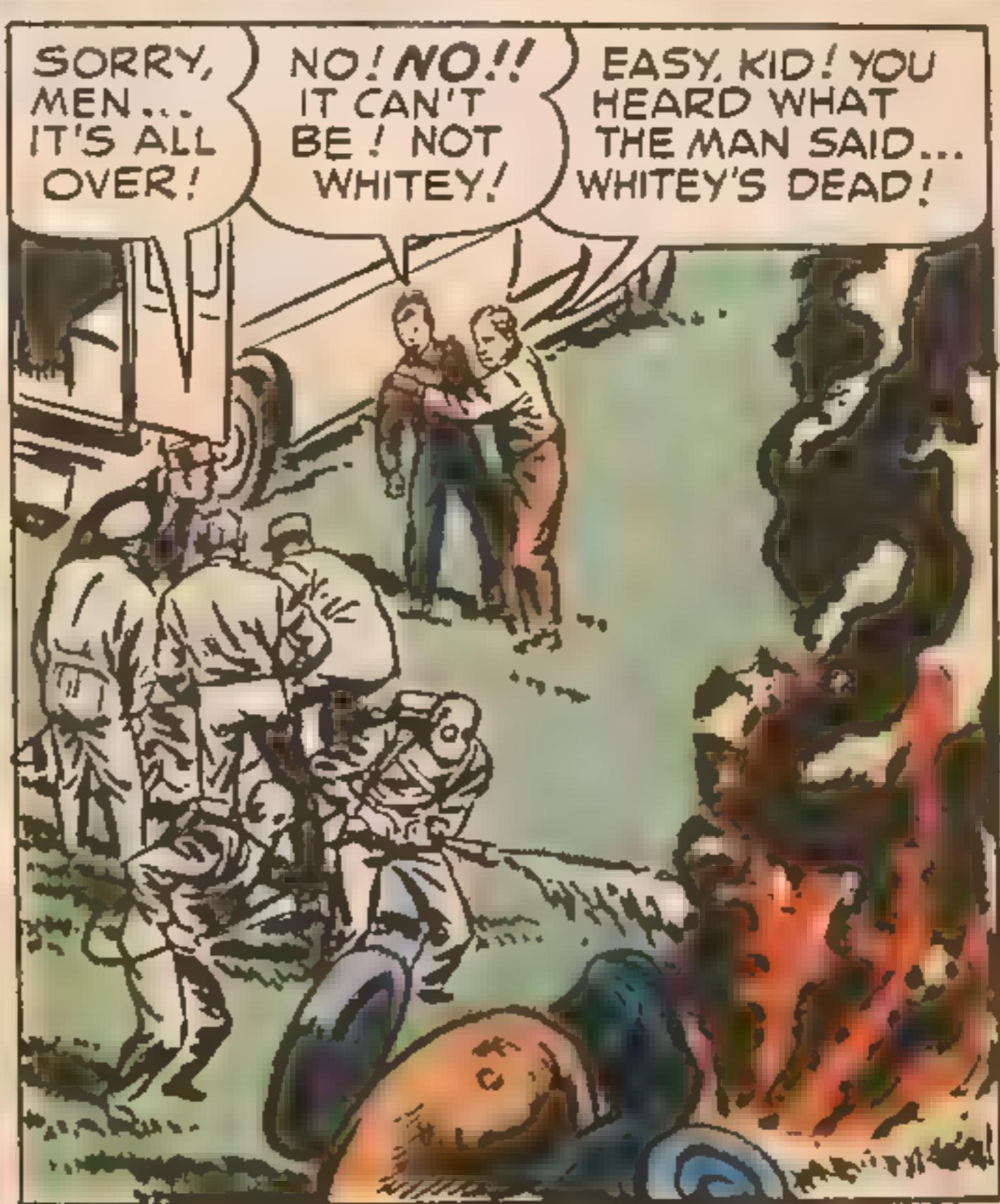
WHITEY! WHITEY!

TAKE A DEEP BREATH, KID. THIS AIN'T GONNA BE PRETTY!

SORRY, MEN... IT'S ALL OVER!

NO! NO!! IT CAN'T BE! NOT WHITEY!

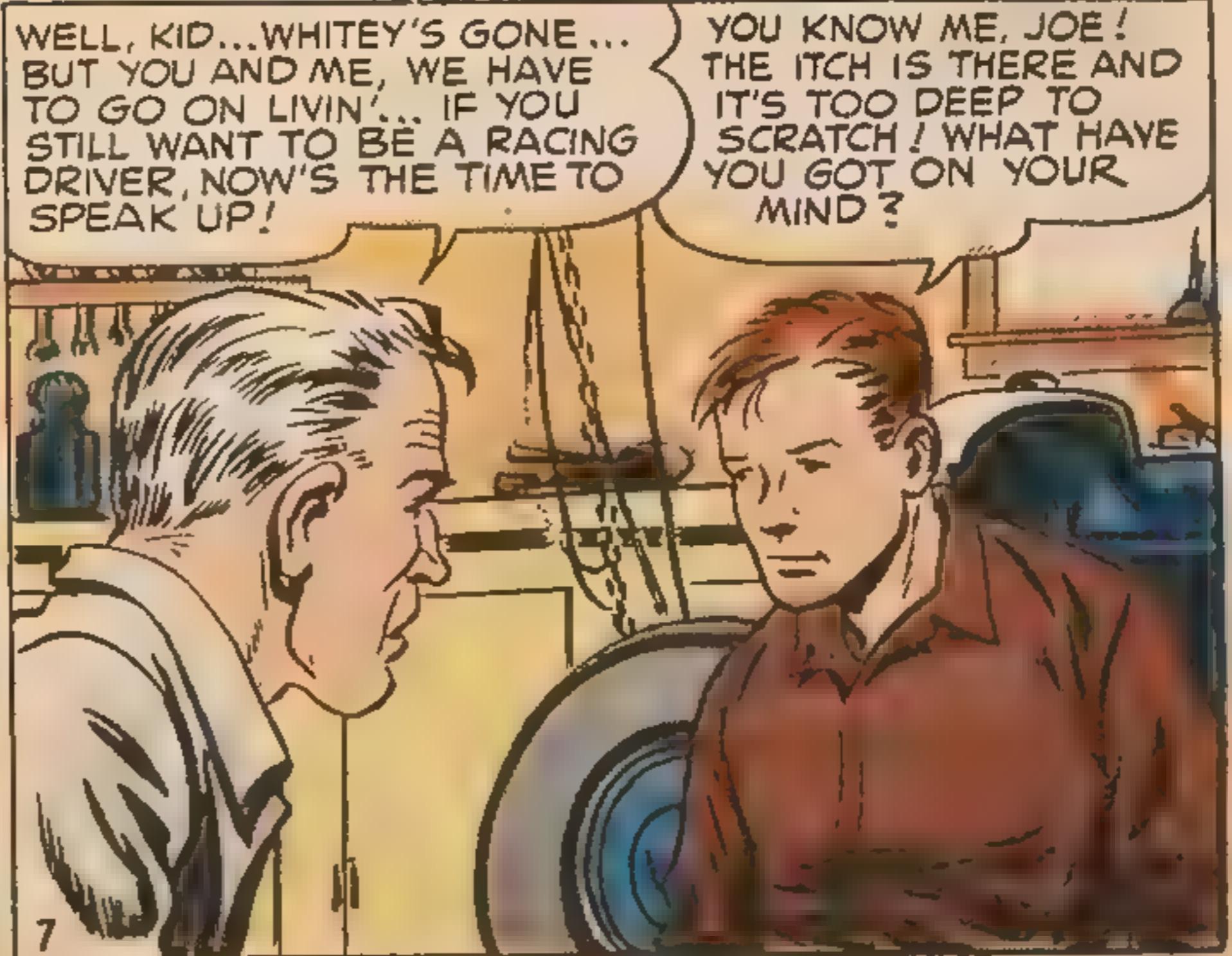
EASY, KID! YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID... WHITEY'S DEAD!



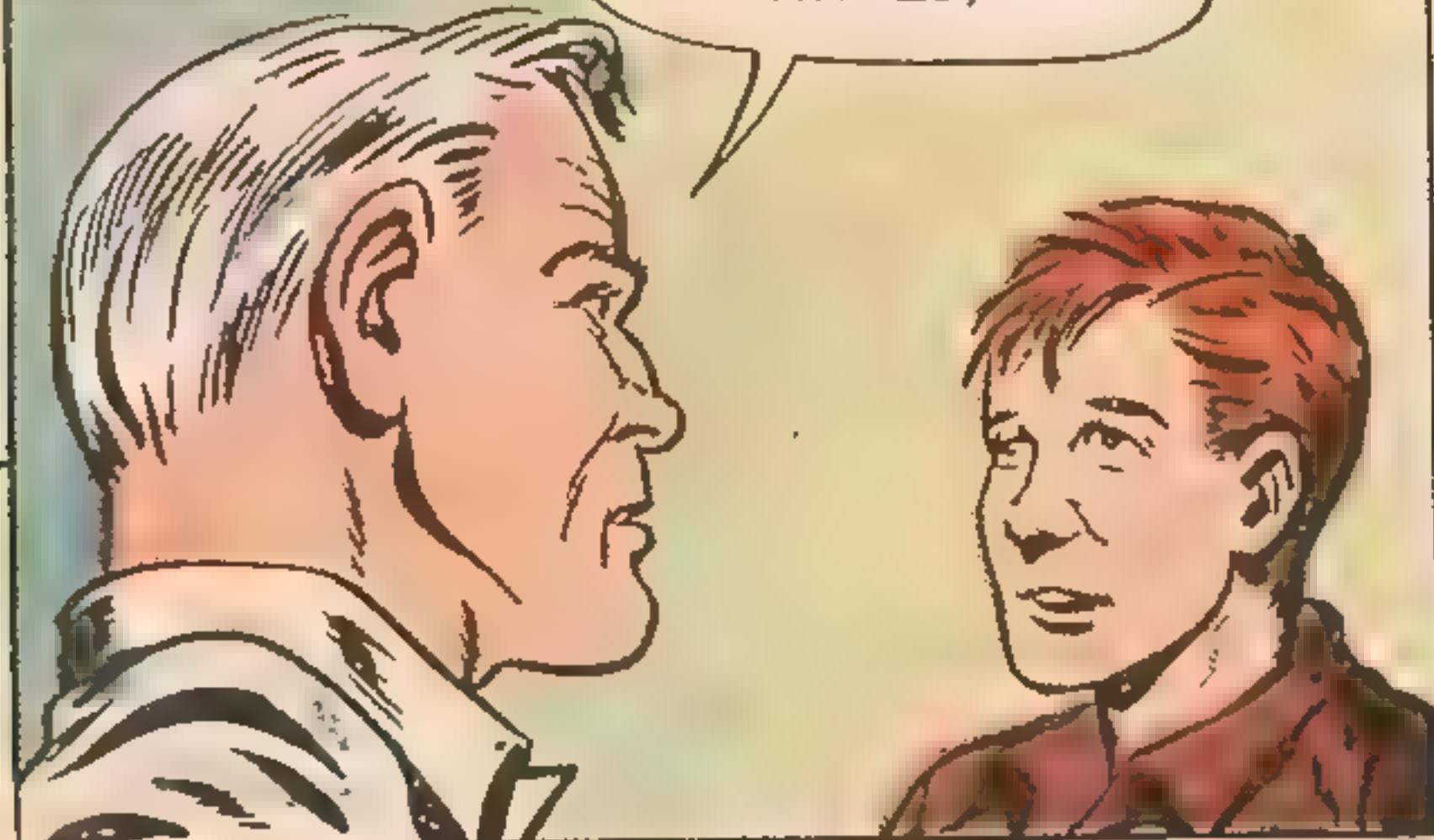
"IN THE SHORT WHILE WE HAD BEEN TOGETHER, WHITEY HAD PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD AND TRUE FRIEND... I HATED TO SEE HIM GO..."

WELL, KID... WHITEY'S GONE... BUT YOU AND ME, WE HAVE TO GO ON LIVIN'... IF YOU STILL WANT TO BE A RACING DRIVER, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP!

YOU KNOW ME, JOE! THE ITCH IS THERE AND IT'S TOO DEEP TO SCRATCH! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR MIND?

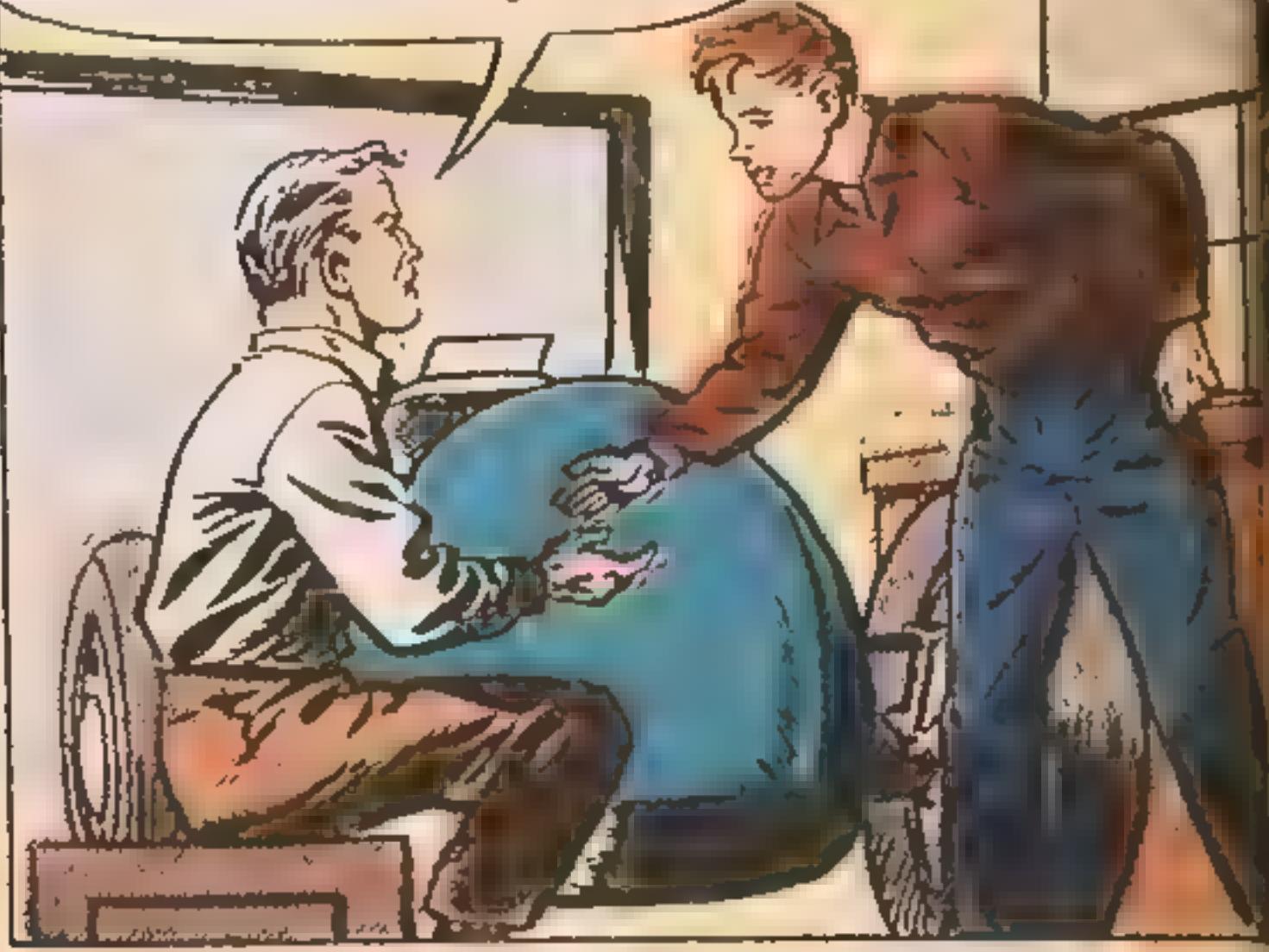


WELL, RED... THE AMBITION OF ALL OF US "HOT- ROD" MEN IS TO SEE A CAR OF OUR OWN IN THE 500 MILE INDIANAPOLIS SPEED CLASSIC. THAT'S THE **BIG TIME!** AND NOW, AFTER 40 YEARS OF FOLLOWING THE TRACKS I'VE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO BUY THE CAR TO WIN IT! I WANT **YOU** BEHIND THE WHEEL, KID!



THIS IS JANUARY... WE GOT UNTIL MAY 30, NEARLY FIVE MONTHS TO BUY THE CAR AND GET YOU AND IT INTO SHAPE. WHAT D'YA SAY?

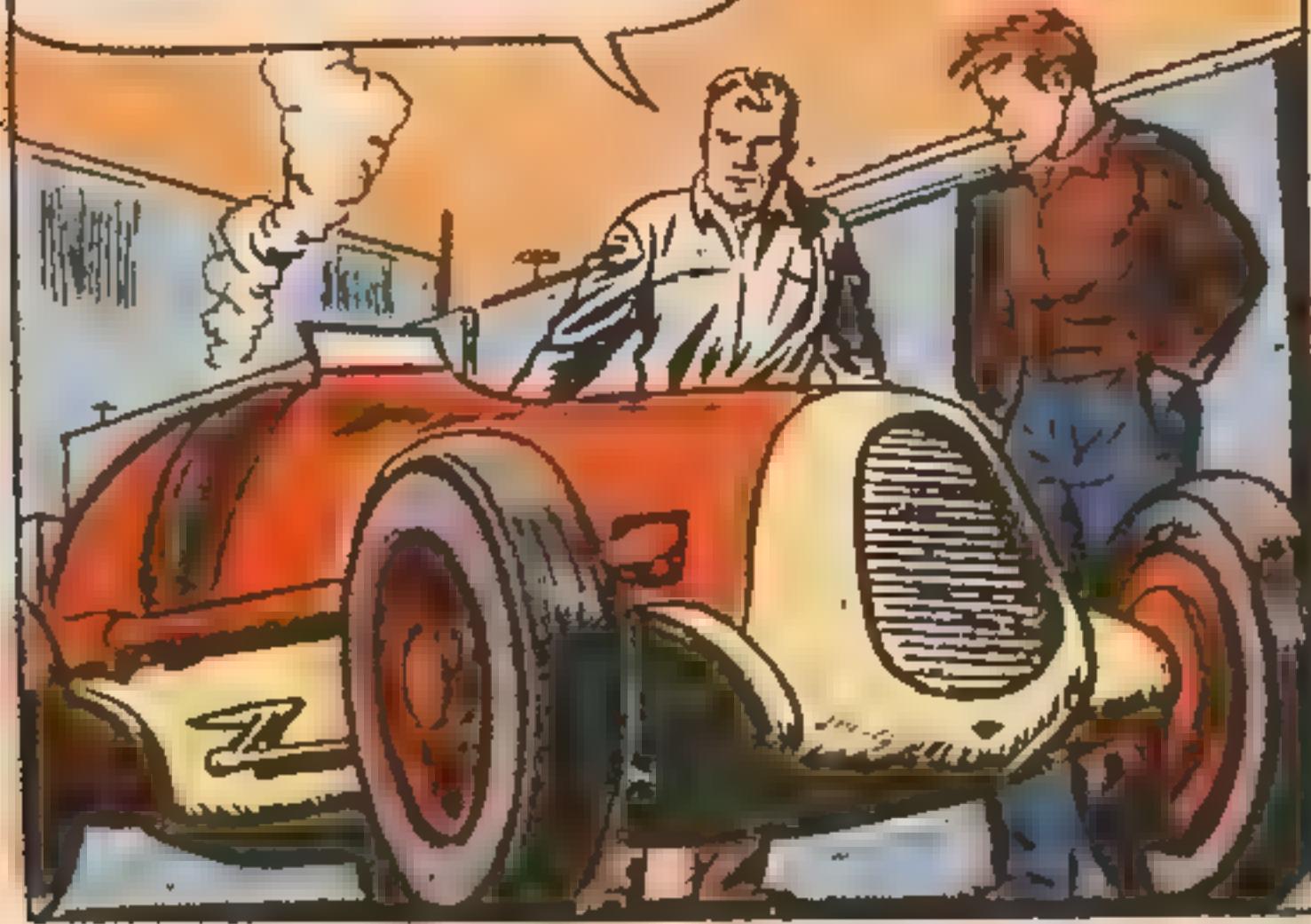
IT'S A DEAL!



"AND SO JOE BOUGHT THE NEW CAR..."

THERE SHE IS, KID. AN ITALIAN MADE MASERATI! ONE OF THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL JOBS ON WHEELS!

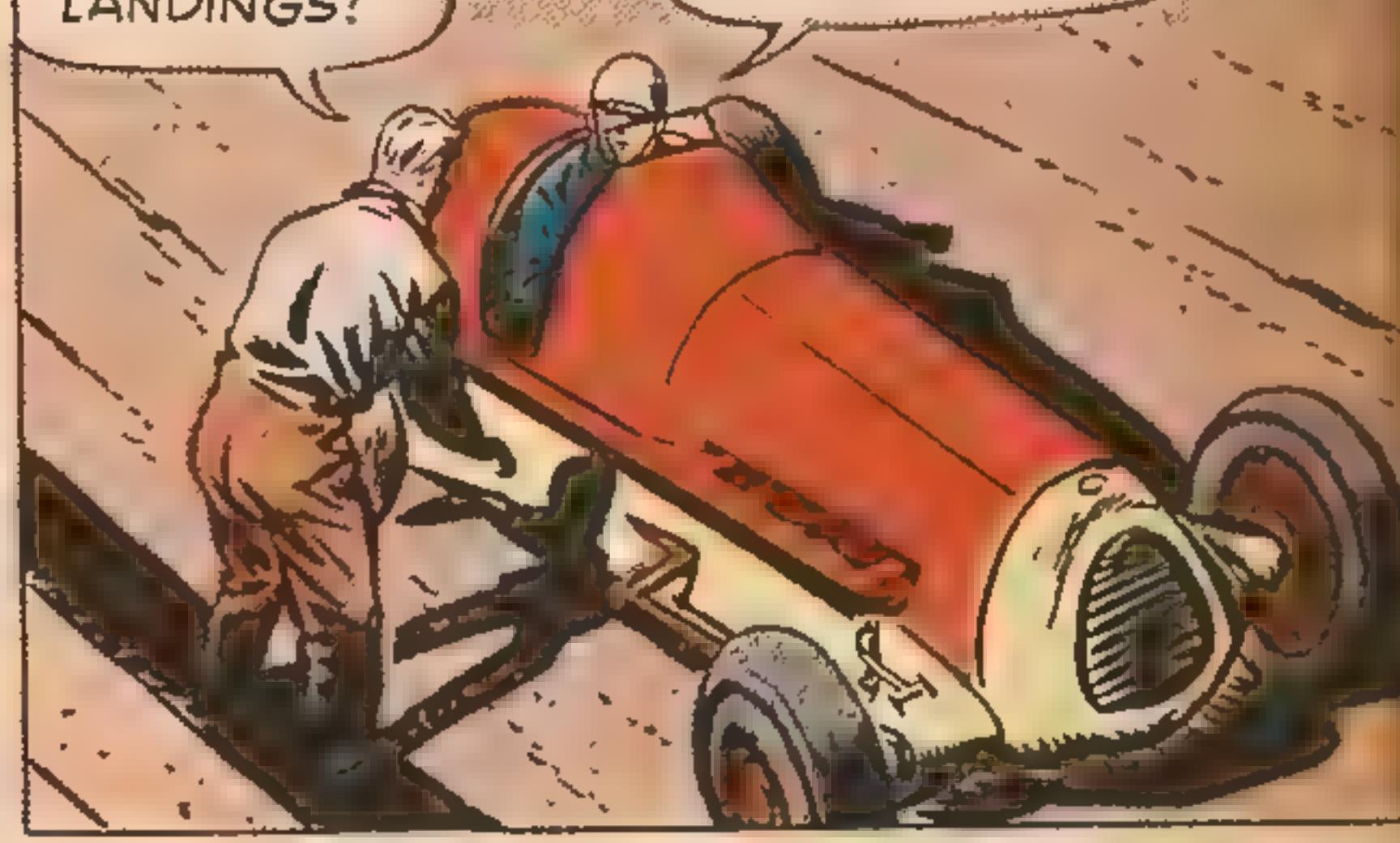
SHE'S A BRUTE, ALL RIGHT, JOE!



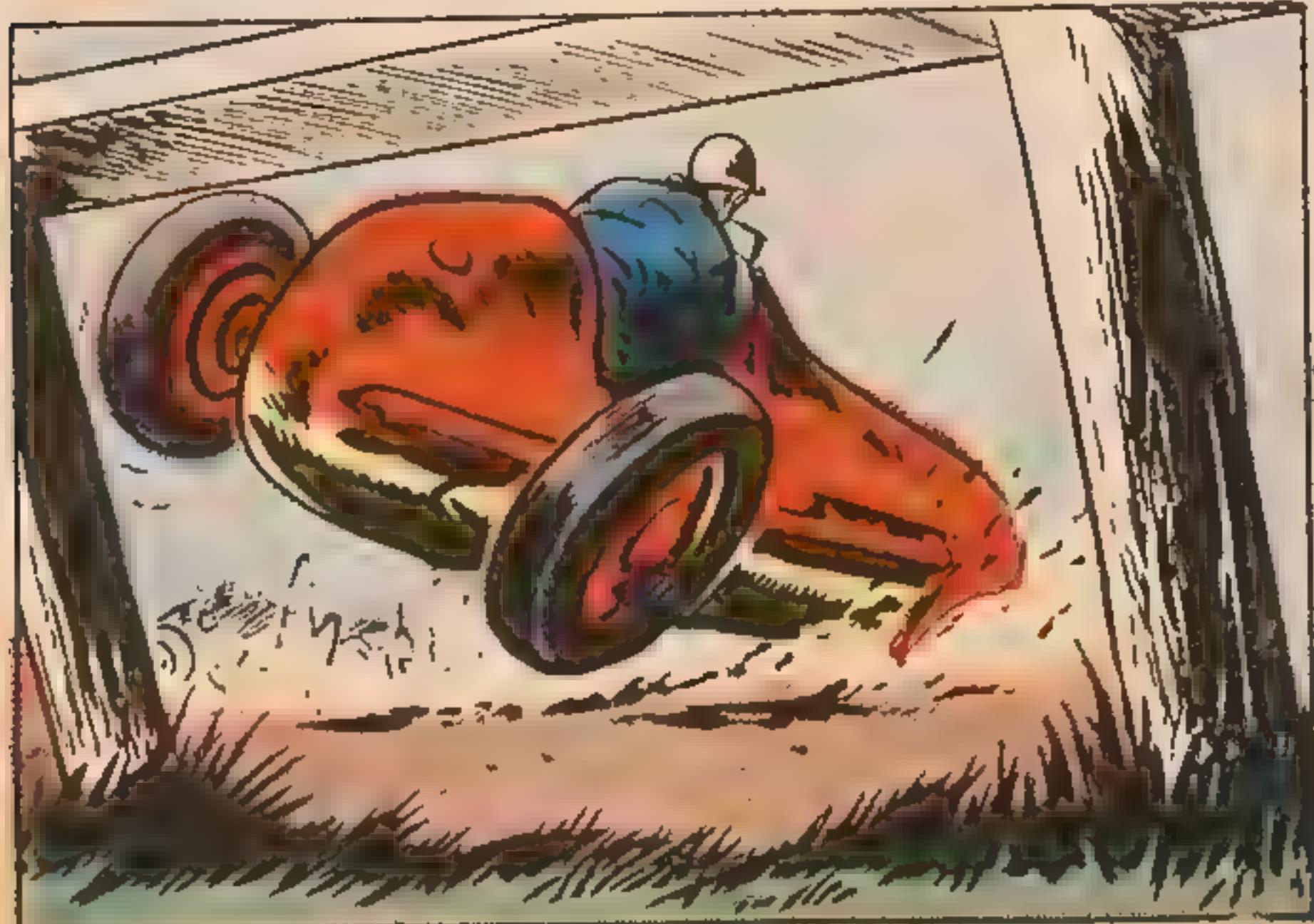
"WE FUSSED OVER THAT CAR LIKE IT WAS A NEW-BORN BABY, AND BY THE TIME THE INDIANAPOLIS CLASSIC ROLLED AROUND WE WERE READY... ALL THREE OF US."

GOOD LUCK, KID... AND HAPPY LANDINGS!

THANKS, JOE! GOLLY! THIS IS IT! THIS IS REALLY IT!

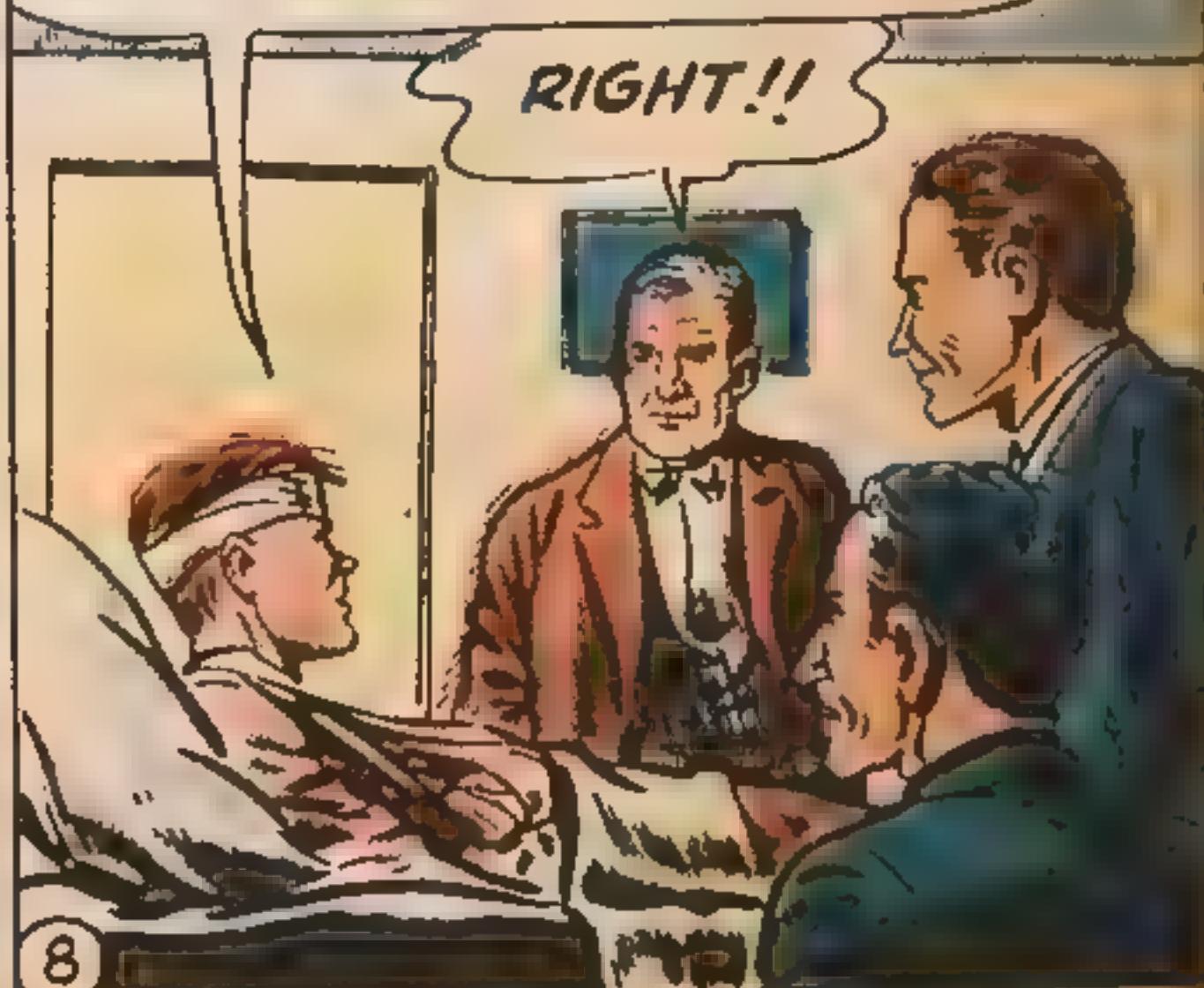


"THE MASERATI AND I WERE DOING SWELL UNTIL THAT BLOWOUT IN THE LAST LAP THREW US INTO A SPIN- AND I COULDN'T BRING HER OUT OF IT..."



IT FINISHED US FOR THIS YEAR, BUT WE'LL FIX UP THE MASERATI- AND NEXT YEAR WE'LL BE BACK! YES SIR! NEXT YEAR WE'LL REALLY BURN UP THE ROAD!

RIGHT!!



Uncle Sam bought 'em for his  
Marines—now YOU can have 'em  
**SUPER BARGAIN!**  
**WHILE THEY LAST!**



Their handsome jungle green canvas tops can be worn at the full 12-inch height—or half-laced and smartly folded down

**HUNTERS.** You can stalk your game thru brush and brambles and over rough rocks and boulders with easy speed and comfort, when your feet and legs are protected by these high grads U. S. Marine Jungle Boots

**FISHERMEN:** Perfectly suited for fishing. The heavy half-inch black genuine rubber slip-proof soles are just what fisher men need, and you're sure to appreciate the water-repellent insect-proof features of these boots.

**CAMPERS:** When your feet feel good you feel good all over! And never is this quite so true as when you're making long treks thru the woods and fields. These are the boots that belong in every well-planned camping outfit! They'll add so much to your fun and comfort!

**OUTDOOR WORKERS:** When you're on the job, there's nothing like sound, sturdy boots to see you thru a heavy day's work. And here they are—the best, he-man boots you've ever seen, even for many times this extraordinary sale price! Tell the other guys about 'em, too!

SEND:  
25c for  
Klein's  
Hunting &  
Fishing  
Handbook,  
Including  
1,000 Games

*Genuine*  
**"JUNGLE  
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- LIGHTWEIGHT FOR COMFORT!
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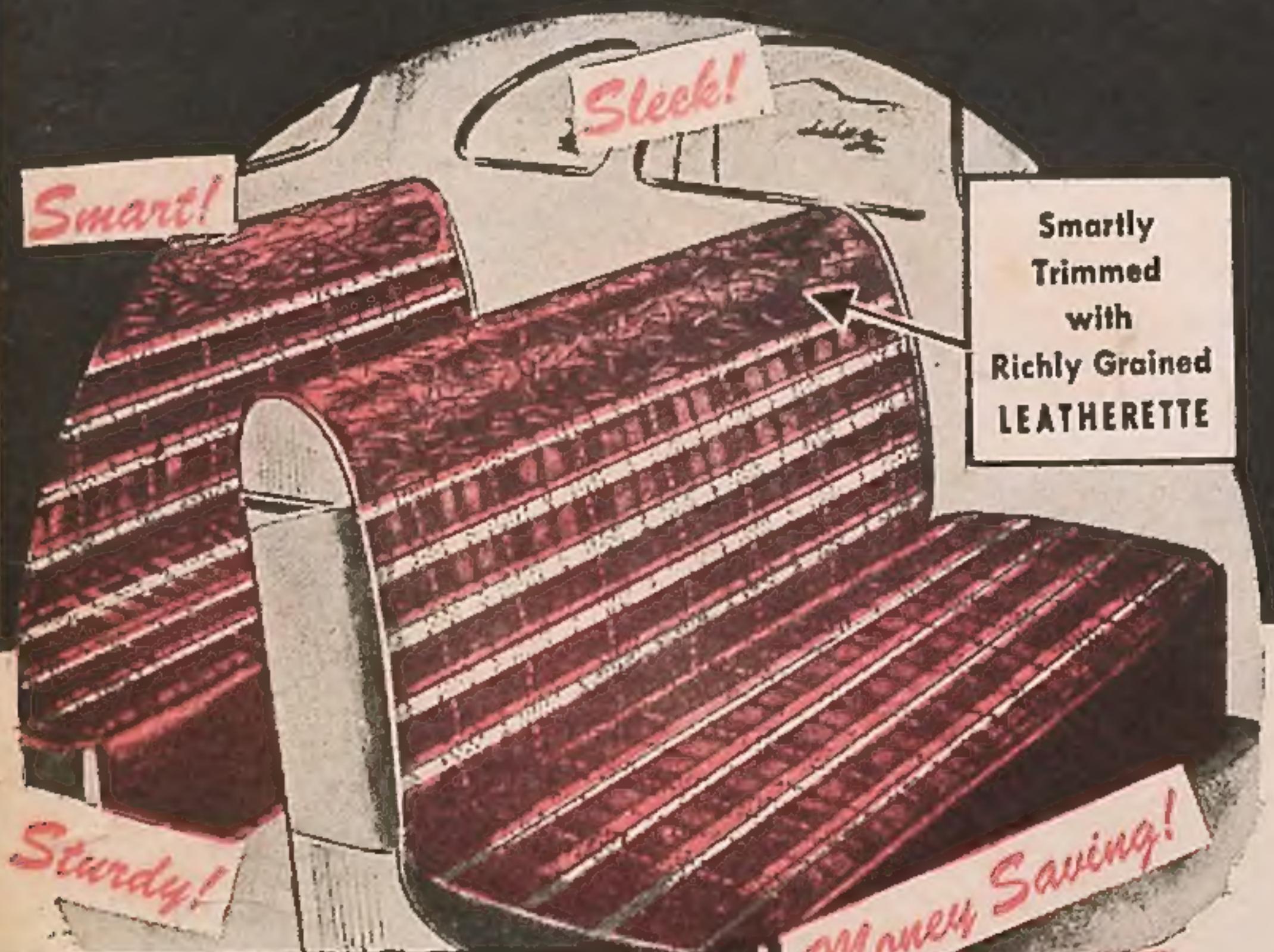
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